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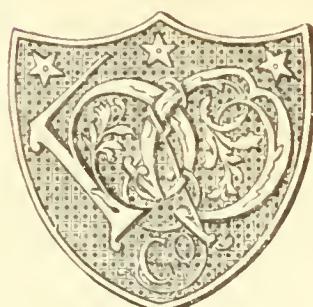
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THE
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

PART IV

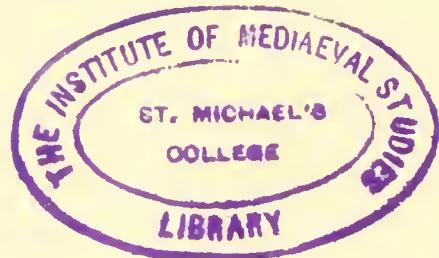


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ADVERTISEMENT

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F. J. C.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

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(15)
(16)
(17)

CHILD MAURICE

A. 'Childe Maurice,' Percy MS., p. 346; Hales and Furnivall, II, 502.

B. 'Child Noryce,' Motherwell's MS., p. 255; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 282.

C. 'Bob Norice,' Motherwell's MS., p. 510.

D. 'Gill Morice,' Motherwell's MS., p. 480.

E. 'Chield Morice,' Motherwell's MS., p. 165; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 269.

F. a. 'Gil Morrice,' Percy's *Reliques*, III, 93, 1765.
b. Letter of T. Gray, June, 1757 (?).

G. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I, 18, three stanzas; Jamieson, in *The Scots Magazine*, 1803, LXV, 698, two stanzas.

A was printed from the Percy manuscript by Jamieson, in his *Popular Ballads*, I, 8. Of B Motherwell says, 1827: "By testimony of a most unexceptionable description, but which it would be tedious here to detail, the editor can distinctly trace this ballad as existing in its present shape at least a century ago."

In his preface to the copy of the ballad in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (F), Percy remarks: "The following piece has lately run through two editions in Scotland, the second printed at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing 'to a lady, who favored the printers with a copy as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses ;' and 'any reader that can render it more correct or complete' is desired to oblige the public with such

improvements. In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places." The copy printed in 1755* and earlier had already "received very considerable modern improvements," as Percy goes on to say, the most noticeable of which is a conclusion of eight stanzas, in the taste of the middle of the last century. These, as also the four stanzas which had been handed about in manuscript, are omitted from this reprint.

Home's tragedy of *Douglas*, produced in Edinburgh in 1756, was founded upon the story of Gil Morice, and the popularity of the play seems to have given vogue to the ballad.† The sophisticated copy passed into recitation, and may very likely have more or less infected those which were repeated from ear-

* The edition of 1755 is not known now to exist. Mr David Laing showed Motherwell a copy, without place or date, with the title: *Gill Morice, An Ancient Scots Poem*. The foundation of the tragedy called *Douglas*, as it is now acted in the Concert-Hall, Canongate. There was no material difference between this edition and that which was reprinted in the *Reliques*, except that it lacked the four stanzas which Percy introduced. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 259, note.

In Herd's MSS, I, 7, II, 70, there are half a dozen more stanzas, from *The Weekly Magazine*, August 13, 1772, which continue the story still further. My lady flings herself over a craig, my lord seeks death in battle. But, as Sir Walter Scott notes in the margin, these verses are "formed on the conclusion of *Douglas*, which tragedy is founded on the

original ballad." These stanzas are printed by Jamieson, I, 21.

Mr Macmath has communicated to me an early copy of 'Gil Morice,' without place or date, in conjunction with a parody, entitled *The Seven Champions of the Stage*, printed in 1757, which satirizes Parson Home's efforts to get his *Agis* and his *Douglas* acted by Garrick. This copy of 'Gil Morice' might be another edition of that which Mr Laing possessed. Its variations, which are of slight consequence, will be given in the notes to F.

† The name of the heroine in the tragedy of *Douglas* was originally Lady Barnard, as in the ballad; it was altered to Lady Randolph when the play was produced in London. Motherwell, p. 257, note.

lier tradition. An old woman (Mrs Thomson, the reciter of E), who was born about the time when the ballad was printed, told Motherwell that she had learned 'Chield Morice' in her infancy from her grandmother, but at a later period of her life committed to memory 'Gil Morice,' "which began, with young lasses like her, to be a greater favorite and more fashionable than the set which her grandmother and old folks used to sing."*

Gray writes to Mason, June, 1757 (?): "I have got the old Scotch ballad on which Douglas was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence [Cambridge] to Aston."† He cites the first fifteen lines.

The copy in Smith's Scottish Minstrel, III, 106, is Herd's (Perry's), with omissions and changes. 'Child Nourice,' a fragment, in Buchan's MSS, I, 143, is of recent make.

The name of Barnard, a name, says Aytoun, quite foreign to Scotland, may have been adopted from 'Little Musgrave.' There is a marked similarity in the conclusion of the two ballads.

Aytoun, in his compilation, I, 147, 149, rejects the two stanzas, F 13, 14, beginning, "And when he came to broken brigue," as taken from 'Lady Maisry.' These stanzas are the most favorite of all commonplaces,

and belong as much to one ballad as another. They occur in one version or another of 'Lord Ingram,' 'Little Musgrave,' 'The Clerk's Twa Sons,' etc., and wearisomely often in the ballads in Buchan's collection.

The popularity of 'Gil Morice' since the middle of the last century has caused the story to be localized. The green wood, says Motherwell, was believed to be "the ancient forest of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire, and Lord Barnard's castle to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the Water of Carron, on the lands of Halbertshire." Gil Morice, "according to the unvarying traditions of the country, was remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair." Motherwell considers that the embellishments of the ballad may have been suggested by these traditions. But why should not these traditions have been derived from the embellished ballad? There had already been nearly four-score years for them to grow up at the date of the publication of his Minstrelsy.

B is translated by Wolff, Halle der Völker, I, 11, Hausschatz, p. 222; F by Loëve-Veimars, p. 316, with some retrenchment; Altingham's copy by Knortz, Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands, No 31.

A

Percy MS., p. 346; Hales and Furnivall, II, 502.

1 CHILDE MAURICE hunted ithe siluer wood,
He hunted itt round about,
And noebodye *that* he ffound therin,
Nor none there was with-out.

2

And he tooke his siluer combe in his hand,
To kembe his yellow loekes.

3 He sayes, Come hither, thou litle ffoot-page,
That runneth lowlye by my knee,
Ffor thou shalt goe to Iohn Stewards wiffe
And pray her speake with mee.

4
I, and greete thou doe *that* ladye well,
Euer soe well ffroe mee.

5 'And, as itt ffalls, as many times
As knotts beeene knitt on a kell,

of the matter Aytoun does not heed. It is difficult to understand why Aytoun printed the stanzas from Percy's Reliques, at I, 149 f, 2d ed., except as a simple courtesy to his correspondent.

† Already cited in The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland, Glasgow, 1871, p. 316.

* Minstrelsy, p. 269, note. Mr Aytoun considers that E is only the copy printed in the middle of the last century purged, in the process of oral transmission, of what was not to the popular taste, "and altered more." There is no doubt that a copy learned from print may be transformed in this way, but it is certain that old tradition does not come to a stop when a ballad gets into print. Mrs Thomson's account

Or marchant men gone to leene London,
Either to buy ware or sell.

6 'And, as itt ffalles, as many times
As any hart can thinke,
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole-house,
Writting with pen and inke :
Ffor if I might, as well as shee may,
This night I wold with her speake.

7 'And heere I send her a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And bidd her come to the siluer wood,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

8 'And there I send her a ring of gold,
A ring of precyous stone,
And bidd her come to the siluer wood,
Let ffor no kind of man.'

9 One while this litle boy he yode,
Another while he ran,
Vntill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,
I-wis he neuer blan.

10 And of nurture the child had good,
Hee ran vp hall and bower ffree,
And when he came to this lady ffaire,
Sayes, God you saue and see !

11 'I am come ffrom Ch[i]ld Maurice,
A message vnto thee ;
And Child Maurice, he greetes you well,
And euer soe well ffrom mee.

12 'And, as itt ffalls, as oftentimes
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,
Or marchant-men gone to leue London,
Either ffor to buy ware or sell.

13 'And as oftentimes he greetes you well
As any hart can thinke,
Or schoolemasters [are] in any schoole,
Wryting with pen and inke.

14 'And heere he sends a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And he bidds you come to the siluer wood,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

15 'And heere he sends you a ring of gold,
A ring of the precyous stone ;

He prayes you to come to the siluer wood,
Let ffor no kind of man.'

16 'Now peace, now peace, thou litle ffoot-page,
Ffor Christes sake, I pray thee !
Ffor if my lord heare one of these words,
Thou must be hanged hye !'

17 Iohn Steward stood vnder the castle-wall,
And he wrote the words euerye one,
* * * * *

18 And he ealled vnto his hors-keeper,
' Make readye you my steede !'
I, and soe hee did to his chamberlaine,
' Make readye thou my weede !'

19 And he cast a lease vpon his backe,
And he rode to the siluer wood,
And there he sought all about,
About the siluer wood.

20 And there he ffound him Child Maurice
Sitting vpon a blocke,
With a siluer combe in his hand,
Kembing his yellow locke[s.]

21 But then stood vp him Child Maurice,
And sayd these words trulye :
' I doe not know your ladye,' he said,
' If that I doe her see.'

22 He sayes, How now, how now, Child Maurice ?
Alacke, how may this bee ?
Ffor thou hast sent her loue-tokens,
More now then two or three.

23 'Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,
As greene as any grasse,
And bade her come to the siluer woode,
To hunt with Child Maurice.

24 'And thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,
A ring of precyous stone,
And bade her come to the siluer wood,
Let ffor noe kind of man.

25 'And by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,
The tone of vs shall dye !'

‘Now be my troth,’ sayd Child Maurice,
 ‘And *that* shall not be I.’

26 But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,
 And dried itt on the grasse,
 And soe ffast he smote att Iohn Stewart,
 I-wisse he neuer [did] rest.

27 Then hee pulled fforth his bright browne
 sword,
 And dried itt on his sleeve,
 And the ffirst good stroke Iohn Stewart
 stroke,
 Child Maurice head he did cleeue.

28 And he pricked itt on his swords poynt,
 Went singing there beside,
 And he rode till he came to *that* ladye
 ffaire,
 Wheras this ladye lyed.

29 And sayes, Dost thou know Child Maurice
 head,
 If *that* thou dost itt see ?
 And lapp itt soft, and kisse itt offt,
 Ffor thou louedst him better than mee.’

30 But when shee looked on Child Maurice head,
 Shee neuer spake words but three :
 ‘I neuer beare no child but one,
 And you haue slaine him trulye.’

31 Sayes, Wicked be my merrymen all,
 I gaue meate, drinke, and clothe !
 But cold they not haue holden me
 When I was in all *that* wrath !

32 ‘Ffor I haue slaine one of the curteousest
 knights
 That euer bestrode a steed,
 Soe haue I done one [of] the fairest ladyes
 That euer ware womans weede ! ’

B

Motherwell’s MS., p. 255 ; Motherwell’s Minstrelsy, p. 282. From the singing of Widow McCormick, Paisley, January 19, 1825. Learned by her of an old woman in Dumbarton : Motherwell’s Note Book, fol. 4.

1 CHILD NORYCE is a clever young man,
 He wavers wi the wind ;
 His horse was silver-shod before,
 With the beaten gold behind.

2 He called to his little man John,
 Saying, You don’t see what I see ;
 For O yonder I see the very first woman
 That ever loved me.

3 ‘Here is a glove, a glove,’ he said,
 ‘Lined with the silver grey ;
 You may tell her to come to the merry green-
 wood,
 To speak to Child Nory.

4 ‘Here is a ring, a ring,’ he says,
 ‘It’s all gold but the stane ;
 You may tell her to come to the merry green-
 wood,
 And ask the leave o nane.’

5 ‘So well do I love your errand, my master,
 But far better do I love my life ;
 O would ye have me go to Lord Barnard’s cas-
 tle,
 To betray away his wife ?’

6 ‘O don’t I give you meat,’ he says,
 ‘And don’t I pay you fee ?
 How dare you stop my errand ?’ he says ;
 ‘My orders you must obey.’

7 O when he came to Lord Barnard’s castle,
 He tinkled at the ring ;
 Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself
 To let this little boy in ?

8 ‘Here is a glove, a glove,’ he says,
 ‘Lined with the silver grey ;
 You are bidden to come to the merry green-
 wood,
 To speak to Child Nory.

9 ‘Here is a ring, a ring,’ he says,
 ‘It’s all gold but the stane ;
 You are bidden to come to the merry green-
 wood,
 And ask the leave o nane.’

10 Lord Barnard he was standing by,
And an angry man was he :
'O little did I think there was a lord in the
world
My lady loved but me !'

11 O he dressed himself in the holland smock,
And garments that was gay,
And he is away to the merry green-wood,
To speak to Child Nory.

12 Child Noryce sits on yonder tree,
He whistles and he sings :
'O wae be to me,' says Child Noryce,
'Yonder my mother comes !'

13 Child Noryce he came off' the tree,
His mother to take off the horse :
'Och alace, alace,' says Child Noryce,
'My mother was neer so gross !'

14 Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,
That hung low down by his knee ;

He cut the head off Child Noryce,
And put the body on a tree.

15 And when he came home to his castell,
And to his ladie's hall,
He threw the head into her lap,
Saying, Lady, there 's a ball !

16 She turned up the bloody head,
She kissed it frae cheek to chin :
'Far better do I love this bloody head
Than all my royal kin.

17 'When I was in my father's castel,
In my virginity,
There came a lord into the North,
Gat Child Noryce with me.'

18 'O wae be to thee, Lady Margaret,' he sayd,
'And an ill death may you die ;
For if you had told me he was your son,
He had neer been slain by me.'

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 510, from the singing of Mrs Storie, wife of William Storie, laborer, Lochwinnoch. A song of Mrs Storie's grandmother.

1 BOB NORICE is to the grein-wud gane,
He is awa wi the wind ;
His horse is siller-shod afore,
In the shynand gowd ahind.

2 He said unto his wee boy John,
I sie what ye dinna sie ;
I see the [first] woman that I eer luvit,
Or ever luvit me.

3 'Gae tak to hir this pair o gluvis,
They're o the siller-gray,
And tell her to cum to the merrie grein-wud
An speik to Bob Norice.

4 'Gae tak to her this gay gowd ring,
And it's aw gowd but the stane,
And tell her to cum to the merrie grein-wud,
And ask the leive o nane.

5 'Gae tak to her this braw manteil,
It's a' silk but the sleive,

And tell her to cum to the merrie green-wud,
And ax nae bauld Barnet's leive.'

6 'I daurna gang to Lord Barnet's castel,
I daurna gang for my lyfe ;
I daurna gang to Lord Barnet's castell,
To twyne him o his wife.'

7 'Do I nae pay you gowd ?' he said,
'Do I nae pay you fee ?
How daur you stand my bidding, Sir,
Whan I bid you to flee ?'

8 'Gif I maun gang to Lord Barnet's castel,
Sae sair agane my will,
I vow a vow, and I do protest,
It sall be dune for ill.'

9 But whan he came to Lord Barnet's castel
He tinklet at the ring ;
Tha war nane sae ready as Lord Barnet himself
To let the wee calland in.

10 'What news, what news, my bonnie wee boy ?
What news hae ye to me ?'
'Nae news, nae news, Lord Barnet,' he said,
'But your ladie I fain would see.'

11 'Here is a pair o' gloves to her,
Thay'r o' the silver gray ;
And tell her to cum to the merrie green-wud,
And speik to Bob Norice.'

12 'Here is a gay gowd ring to her,
It's aw gowd but the stane ;
And she maun cum to the merrie green-wud,
And speir the leive o' nane.'

13 'Here is a gay manteil to her,
It's aw silk but the sleive ;
And she maun cum to the merrie grein-wud,
And ask not bauld Barnet's leive.'

14 Then out bespack the yellow nurse,
Wi' the babie on her knee,
Sayand, Gif thay be cum frae Bob Norice,
They are weleum to me.'

15 'O haud your tung, ye yellow nurse,
Aloud an I heir ye lie ;
For they're to Lord Barnet's lady,
I trew that this be she.'

16 Lord Barnet's to a dressing-room,
And buskt him in woman's array,
And he's awa to the merrie green-wud,
To speik to Bob Norice.'

17 Bob Norice he sits on a tree,
He is whissland and singand ;

Says, Merrie, merrie may my hert be,
I see my mither enmand.'

18 Bob Norice he cam donn frae the trie,
To help his mother to licht fra her horss ;
'Och alace, alace,' says Bob Norice,
'My mither was neer sae gross !'

19 Lord Barnet had a not-brown sword,
That hung down by his knee,
And he has ent Bob Norice heid
Aff frae his fair bodie.'

20 He tuke the bluidy head in his hand,
And he brocht it to the ha,
And flang it into his lady's lap,
Sayand, Lady, there is a ba !'

21 She took the bluidy heid in her hand,
And kisst it frae cheik to chin,
Sayand, Better I lyke that weil faurit face
Nor aw my royal kin.'

22 'Whan I was in my father's bour,
A' in my dignity,
An Englis lord a visit came,
Gat Bob Norice wi me.'

23 Then out bespak Lord Barnet syne,
And a wae, wae man was he,
Sayand, Gif I had kent he was your son,
He wuld neer been killit be me.'

D

Motherwell's MS., p. 480, from the recitation of Widow Michael, a very old woman, as learned by her in Banffshire seventy years before. August, 1826.

1 GILL MORICE stood in stable-door,
With red gold shined his weed ;
A bonnie boy him behind,
Dressing a milk-white steed.

2 'Woe's me for you, maister,
Your name it waxes wide ;
It is not for your rich, rich robes,
Nor for your meikle pride,
But all is for yon lord's ladie,
She lives on Ithan side.'

3 'Here's to thee, my bonnie wee boy,
That I pay meat and fee ;
You will run on to Ithan side
An errand unto me.'

4 'If ye gar me that errand run,
Sae sair against my will,
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
I'll do your errand ill.'

5 'I fear nae ill of thee, boy,
I fear nae ill of thee ;
I fearna ill of my bonnie boy,
My sister's son are ye.'

6 'Ye'll tak here this green manteel,
It's lined with the frieze ;

Ye 'll bid her come to gude green-wood,
To talk with Gill Morice.

7 'Ye 'll tak here this sark o silk,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
Ye 'll bid her come to gude green-wood,
And ask not Burnard's leave.'

8 When he gade to Ithan side
They were hailing at the ba,
And four and twenty gay ladyes
They lookd ower castle wa.

9 'God mak you safe, you ladies all,
God mak you safe and sure ;
But Burnard's lady amang you all,
My errand is to her.

10 'Ye 'll tak here this green manteel,
It 's a' lined wi the frieze ;
Ye 're bidden come to gude green-wood
And speak to Gill Morice.

11 'Ye 'll tak here this sark of silk,
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
Ye 're bidden come to gude green-wood,
And ask not Burnard's leave.'

12 Up it stood the little nurice,
She winked with her ee :
'Welecome, welecome, bonnie boy,
With luve-tidings to me.

13 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye false nurice,
Sae loud 's I hear ye lie ;
It 's to the lady of the house,
I 'm sure ye are not shee.'

14 Then out and spoke him bold Burnard,
Behind the door stood he :
'I 'll go unto gude green-wood,
And see what he may be.

15 'Come, bring to me the gowns of silk,
Your petticoats so small,
And I 'll go on to gude green-wood,
I 'll try with him a fall.'

16 Gill Morice stood in gude green-wood,
He whistled and he sang :
'I think I see the woman come
That I have loved lang.'

17 'What now, what now, ye Gill Morice,
What now, and how do ye ?
How lang hae ye my lady lued ?
This day come tell to me.'

18 'First when I your lady loved,
In green-wood amang the thyme,
I wot she was my first fair love
Or ever she was thine.

19 'First when I your lady loved,
In green-wood amang the flouirs,
I wot she was my first fair love
Or ever she was yours.'

20 He 's taen out a lang, lang brand
That he was used to wear,
And he 's taen aff Gill Morice head,
And put it on a spear :
The soberest boy in a' the court
Gill Morice head did bear.

21 He 's put it in a braid basin,
And brocht it in the ha,
And laid it in his lady's lap ;
Said, Lady, tak a ba !

22 'Play ye, play ye, my lady,' he said,
'Play ye frae ha to bower ;
Play ye wi Gill Morice head,
He was your paramour.'

23 'He was not my paramour,
He was my son indeed ;
I got him in my mother's bower,
And in my maiden-weed.

24 'I got him in my mother's bower,
Wi meikle sin and shame ;
I brocht him up in good green-wood,
Got mony a shower o rain.

25 'But I will kiss his bluidy head,
And I will elap his chin ;
I 'll make a vow, and keep it true,
I 'll never kiss man again.

26 'Oftimes I by his cradle sat,
And fond to see him sleep ;
But I may walk about his grave,
The saut tears for to weep.'

27 'Bring eods, bring eods to my ladye,
Her heart is full of wae ;'
'None of your eods, Burnet,' she says,
'But lay me on the strae.'

28 'Pox on you, my lady fair,
That wudna telled it me ;
If I had known he was your son,
He had not been slain by me ;
And for ae penny ye wud hae gien
I wud hae gien him three.'

E

Motherwell's MS., p. 165; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 269. From the recitation of Mrs Thomson, Kilbarchan, seventy years of age, as learned from her mother at the Water of Leven, Dumbarton, when she was ten years old. March, 1825.

1 CHIELD MORRICE was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide ;
It was nae for his parentage,
Nor yet his meikle pride,
But it was for a lady gay,
That lived on Carron side.

2 'O Willie, my man, my errand gang,
And you maun rin wi speed ;
When other boys run on their feet,
On horsebaek ye shall ride.

3 'O master dear, I love you weel,
And I love you as my life,
But I will not go to Lord Barnard's ha,
For to tryst forth his wife.

4 'For the baron he's a man of might,
He neer could bide a taunt,
And ye shall see or it be late
How meikle ye'll hae to vaunt.'

5 'O you must rin my errand, Willie,
And you must rin wi speed,
And if you don't obey my high command
I'll gar your body bleed.

6 'And here it is a gay manteel,
It's a' gowd but the hem ;
Bid her eome speak to Chield Morice,
Bring naebody but her lane.

7 'And here it is a holland smock,
Her own hand sewed the sleeve ;

29 'Keep weel your land, Burnet,' she said,
'Your land and white monie ;
There's land eneuch in Norroway
Lies heirless I wot the day.'

30 The one was killed in the mornin air,
His mother died at een,
And or the mornin bells was rung
The threesome were a' gane.

Bid her eome speak to Chield Morice,
Ask not the baron's leave.'

8 'Since I must run this errand for you,
So sore against my will,
I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,
It shall be done for ill.'

9 For he did not ask the porter's leave,
Tho he stood at the gate,
But straight he ran to the big hall,
Where great folk sat at meat.

10 'Good hallow, gentle sir and dame,
My errand canna wait ;
Dame, ye must go speak to Chield Morice,
Before it be too late.

11 'And here it is a gay manteel,
It's a' goud but the hem ;
Ye must come speak to Child Morice,
Bring nae body but your lane.

12 'And here it is a holland smock,
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
You must come speak to Chield Morice,
Ask not the baron's leave.'

13 O aye she stamped wi her foot,
And winked wi her ee,
But a' that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wad na be.

14 'It's surely to my bouir-woman,
It canna be to me :'
'I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
And I trow that thou art she.'

15 Out then spak the wylie nurse,
Wi the bairn just on her knee :

‘If this be come fra Chield Morice,
It’s dear welcome to me.’

16 ‘Thon lies, thou lies, thou wylie nurse,
Sae loud’s I hear thee lie ;
I brought it to Lord Barnard’s lady,
And I trow thou binna she.’

17 Then up and rose him the bold baron,
And an angry man was he ;
He took the table wi his foot,
And keppd it wi his knee,
Till silver cup and eazar dish
In flinders they did flee.

18 ‘Go bring me one of thy cleeding,
That hings upon the pin,
And I’ll awa to the good green-wood,
And erack wi your leman.’

19 ‘I would have you stay at home, Lord Barnard,
I would have you stay at home ;
Never wyte a man for violence douee
That never thought you wrong.’

20 And when he to the green-wood went,
No body saw he there
But Chield Morice, on a milk-white steed,
Combing down his yellow hair.

21 Chield Morice sat in the gay green-wood,
He whistled and he sang :
‘O what means a’ thir folks coming ?
My mother tarries lang.’

22 ‘No wonder, no wonder, Chield Morice,’ he said,
‘My lady loved thee weel ;
For the whitest bit of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.

23 ‘But nevertheless now, Chield Morice,
For a’ thy gay beautie,
O nevertheless, Chield Morice,
Thy head shall go with me.’

24 He had a rapier by his side,
Hung low down by his knee ;
He strnck Chield Morice on the neck,
Till aff his head did flee.

25 Then he’s taen up that bloody head,
And stuck it on a spear,
And the meanest man in a’ his train
Gat Chield Morice head to bear.

26 The lady looked owre the castle-wa,
Wi meikle dool and down,
And there she saw Chield Morice head,
Coming trailing to the town.

27 But he’s taen up this bluidy head,
And dashed it against the wa :
‘Come down, come down, you ladies fair,
And play at this foot-ba.’

28 Then she’s taen up this bluidy head,
And she kissed it both cheek and chin :
‘I would rather hae a kiss o that bluidy
head
Than a’ thy earldom.

29 ‘I got him in my father’s bouir,
Wi meikle sin and shame,
And I brought him up in gay green-wood,
Beneath the heavy rain.

30 ‘Many a day have I rockd thy cradle,
And fondly seen thee sleep,
But now I’ll go about thy grave,
And sore, sore will I weep.’

31 ‘O woe be to thee, thou wild woman,
And an ill deid may thou die !
For if ye had tauld me he was your son,
He should hae ridden and gane wi me.’

32 ‘O hold your tongue, you bold baron,
And an ill death may ye die !
He had lands and rents enew of his ain,
He needed nane fra thee.’

33 ‘Then I’ll curse the hand that did the
deed,
The heart that thought him ill,
The feet that carried me speedilie
This comely youth to kill.’

34 This lady she died gin ten o’cloek,
Lord Barnard died gin twall,
And bonnie boy now, Sweet Willie,
What’s come o him I canna tell.

F

a. Percy's Reliques, III, 93, 1765. b. Letter of T. Gray to Mason, June, 1757 (?): Gray's Works, ed. Gosse, II, 316.

- 1 GIL MORRICE was an erles son,
His name it waxed wide ;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his mickle pride,
Bot it was for a lady gay,
That livd on Carron side.
- 2 ' Whair sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen,
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha,
And bid his lady cum ?
- 3 ' And ye maun rin errand, Willie,
And ye may rin wi pride ;
When other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ye sall ride.'
- 4 ' O no ! Oh no ! my master dear,
I dare nae for my life ;
I 'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
For to triest furth his wife.'
- 5 ' My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie,' he sayd,
' How can ye strive against the stream ?
For I sall be obeyd.'
- 6 ' Bot, O my master dear,' he ery'd,
' In grene-wod ye 're your lain ;
Gi owre sic thoehts, I walde ye rede,
For fear ye should be tain.'
- 7 ' Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,
Bid hir eum here wi speid ;
If ye refuse my heigh eommand,
I 'll gar your body bleid.
- 8 ' Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
'T is a' gowd but the hem ;
Bid hir eum to the gude grene-wode,
And bring name bot hir lain.
- 9 ' And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive ;
And bid hir eum to Gill Moriee,
Speir nae bauld baron's leave.'
- 10 ' Yes, I will gae your black errand,
Though it be to your eost ;

Sen ye by me will nae be warnd,
In it ye sall find frost.

- 11 ' The baron he 's a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt ;
As ye will see, before it 's nicht,
How sma ye hae to vaunt.
- 12 ' And sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I 'se mak a vow, and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill.'
- 13 And when he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And when [he] came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.
- 14 And when he eame to Barnard's ha,
Would neither chap nor ea,
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And liekly lap the wa.
- 15 He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait ;
Bot straith into the ha he cam,
Whair they were set at meit.
- 16 ' Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame,
My message winna waite ;
Dame, ye maun to the gude grene-wod,
Before that it be late.
- 17 ' Ye 're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'T is a' gowd bot the hem ;
You maun gae to the gude grene-wode,
Evn by your sel alone.
- 18 ' And there it is, a silken sarke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
Ye maun gae speik to Gill Moricee,
Speir nae bauld baron's leave.'
- 19 The lady stamped wi hir foot,
And winked wi hir ee ;
But a' that she eoud say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.
- 20 ' It 's surely to my bowr-woman ;
It neir could be to me :'
' I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady ;
I trow that ye be she.'

21 Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
The bairn upon hir knee :
' If it be cum frae Gill Morice,
It's deir weleunn to mee.'

22 'Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I heire ye lee ;
I broeht it to Lord Barnard's lady ;
I trow ye be nae shhee.'

23 Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee ;
He's tain the table wi his foot,
Sae has he wi his knee,
Till siller cup and eazar dish
In flinders he gard flee.

24 'Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
That hings upon the pin,
And I'll gae to the gude grene-wode,
And speik wi your lemmann.'

25 'O bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard,
I warde ye bide at hame ;
Neir wytte a man for violence
That neir wate ye wi nane.'

26 Gil Morice sate in gude grene-wode,
He whistled and he sang :
' O what mean a' the folk coming ?
My mother tarries lang.'

27 The baron came to the grene-wode,
Wi mickle dule and care,
And there he first spied Gill Morice,
Kameing his yellow hair.

28 'Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady loed thee weel ;
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.

29 'Yet neir the less now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great bewty,
Ye's rew the day ye eir' was born ;
That head sall gae wi me.'

30 Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae,

And thro Gill Morice fair body
He's gard cauld iron gae.

31 And he has tain Gill Morice head,
And set it on a speir ;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

32 And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And broeht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.

33 The lady sat on castil-wa,
Beheld baith dale and donn,
And there she saw Gill Morice head
Cum trailing to the toun.

34 'Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Bot and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.'

35 And she has tain hir Gill Morice,
And kissd baith mouth and chin :
' I was once as fow of Gill Morice
As the hip is o the stean.

36 'I got ye in my father's house,
Wi mickle sin and shame ;
I broeht thee up in gude green-wode,
Under the heavy rain.

37 'Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip ;
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weip.'

38 And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin :
' O better I loe my Gill Morice
Than a' my kith and kin ! '

39 'Away, away, ye ill woman,
And an il deith mait ye dee !
Gin I had kend he'd bin your son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee.'

G

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 18; Jamieson, in The Scots Magazine, 1803, LXV, 698, stanzas 1, 3.

1 GIL MORRICE sat in silver wood,

He whistled and he sang :

‘ Whar sall I get a bonny boy

My errand for to gang ? ’

2 He ca'd his foster-brither Willie :

‘ Come, win ye hose and shoon,

And gae unto Lord Barnard's ha,
And bid his lady come.’

* * * * *

3 And she has taen the bloody head,

And cast it i the brim,

Syne gathered up her robes o green,

And fast she followed him.

A. 1¹. siluen: compare 7³, 8³, 14³, 15³, etc.
2^{8, 4}. In the MS., these go with 3: compare 20.
3². rumeth.
4^{3, 4}. These precede what is printed as 6.
5¹, 6¹, 12¹. out many.
6³. as schoole masters: compare 13⁸.
6^{5, 6}. These lines may be the last half of a stanza. There is nothing corresponding in the page's repetition of his master's message.
17^{1, 2}. Joined in the MS. with 18.
18⁴. then my.
21. At least one stanza must be lost after 20.
22^{1, 2} precede 21, and 22^{3, 4} make a stanza with 21^{3, 4}: the order being 22^{1, 2}, 21, 22^{3, 4}.
22⁴. 2 or 3.
26¹. Only half the n in the MS. Furnivall.
30². but 3. 32¹. curteouset.
And for & throughout.
B. 2³. For is a later insertion. 2³, 6¹. Oh.
6^{1, 2}. Originally, O do I not, And do I not.
9³. to go to: come written over go.
13², 14³. of. 14². That is a later insertion.
18². And is a later insertion.
18⁴. Originally, He should neer have been.
C. “This ballad was forwarded to me by my good friend Andrew Crawfurd, of John's Hill, Lochwinnoch. He wrote it from the recitation of Mrs Storie, wife of William Storie, laborer, in Lochwinnoch. It was a song of Mrs Storie's grandmother. It is queried if this should not be Babe Norice. . . . The interlineary corrections were made in consequence of Mrs Storie singing the ballad over to myself.” Motherwell. The interlineary corrections have been adopted. The earlier readings follow.
Barnard for Barnet.
5⁴. speir nae bauld baron's. 6¹. Barnard's ha.

8³. and I doubly vow. 10¹. wee lad.

12¹. gay wanting. 13¹. braw manteil.

13⁴. nae bauld baron's. 16¹. to a busking gane.

16². drest him. 19¹. Barnard liftit his.

19⁸. has sneddit. 19⁴. And aff frae his bodie.

20⁴. lady wanting.

The affected spelling I suppose to be Crawfurd's.

7⁴, 9¹. quhan.

In the Appendix to his *Minstrelsy*, p. xvii, Motherwell adopts the reading Babe Norice in 1¹, and prints burning gowd in 1⁴.

D. “This copy is from the recitation of Margaret Paterson, alias widow Michael, a very old woman residing at Dovecote Ha, Barhead. She is a native of Banffshire, and learned the ballad there in her infancy. She mentions that she has heard it sung with many variations, but this copy was considered to be the right way. It is seventy years since she committed it to her memory. 4th August, 1826.” Motherwell.

E. In his *Minstrelsy*, p. 269, Motherwell says that the reciter learned the ballad from her grandmother. He goes on to say: She mentions that at a later period of her life she also committed to memory ‘Gill Morice,’ which began with young lasses like her to be a greater favorite and more fashionable than the set which her grandmother and other old folks used to sing, under the title of ‘Chield Morice.’

17⁵. Written and dezar dish, the d of and being carried on to the word following.

19³. douce makes no apparent sense. Motherwell prints done.

20¹. Stood originally And when he came to the green wood.

26². No doubt a corruption of the familiar Beheld baith dale and down.

29⁴. heaviy, perhaps representing the actual sound. *Motherwell prints heavy.*
 F. a. In eight-line stanzas. Wh and y are substituted for the initial quh and z cherished by ballad imitators.
 5⁴. shall. 30⁴. He's gar.
 b. 1². fame it waxed. 1⁴. Nae for.
 1⁶. Carron's. 3¹. Ye maun rin this.
 3². maun rin. 3³. feet.
 4¹. Ah na, ah na.

The four stanzas which follow, "produced and handed about in manuscript," in consequence of an advertisement, were introduced into his copy by Percy.

After 26:

His hair was like the threeds of gold,
 Drawne frae Minerva's loome ;
 His lipps like roses drapping dew,
 His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae,
 Gilt by the morning beam ;
 His cheeks like living roses glow,
 His een like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grene,
 Sweete as the infant spring,
 And like the mavis on the bush
 He gart the vallies ring.

After 27:

That sweetly wawd around his face,
 That face beyond compare ;
 He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
 A' rage but fell dispair.

The following stanzas were appended to the ballad in the edition reprinted by Percy :

'Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard,
 Obraid me not for shame !
 With that saim speir O pierce my heart,
 And put me out o pain.

'Since nothing bot Gill Morice head
 Thy jelous rage could quell,

Let that saim hand now tak hir life
 That neir to thee did ill.

'To me nae after days nor nichts
 Will eir be saft or kind ;
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
 And greet till I am blind.'

'Enouch of blood by me 's bin spilt,
 Seek not your death frae mee ;
 I rather lourd it had been my sel
 Than eather him or thee.

'With waefo wae I hear your plaint ;
 Sair, sair I rew the deid,
 That eir this cursed hand of mine
 Had gard his body bleid.

'Dry up your tears, my winsom dame,
 Ye neir can heal the wound ;
 Ye see his head upon the speir,
 His heart's blude on the ground.

'I curse the hand that did the deid,
 The heart that thocht the ill,
 The feet that bore me wi sik speid
 The comely youth to kill.

'I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
 As gin he were my ain ;
 I'll neir forget the dreiry day
 On which the youth was slain.'

The copy lent me by Mr Macmath lacks the four stanzas inserted by Percy, but has the eight given immediately above. The following are the variations from F.

2¹. will I. 7⁴. thy body.
 10². thy cost.
 18³. maun cum. 26¹. sits.
 26³. means a' these folks.
 26⁴. she tarrys.
 27¹. And whan he cam to guid.
 27³. first saw. 27⁴. Kemeing down.
 28². Than my, *misprint.* 30⁴. gard.
 34⁴. they lay. 35⁴. hip was.

The eight stanzas follow which are printed immediately above.

84

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

A. **a.** 'Bonny Barbara Allan,' Tea-Table Miscellany, IV, 46, ed. 1740; here from the edition of London, 1763, p. 343. **b.** 'Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allan,' Percy's Reliques, 1765, III, 131.

B. **a.** 'Barbara Allen's Cruelty,' etc., Roxburghe Ballads, II, 25; reprint of the Ballad Society, III, 433.

b. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 522. **c.** Broadside formerly belonging to Percy. **d.** Percy's Reliques, 1765, III, 125.

C. 'Barbara Allan,' Motherwell's MS., p. 288, from recitation.

A **a** is wrongly said by Stenhouse, The Scots Musieal Museum, IV, 213, to have appeared in Ramsay's Miscellany in 1724. It is not even in the edition of 1733, but, according to Mr Chappell, was first inserted in that of 1740. Ramsay's copy is repeated in Herd, 1769, p. 29, 1776, I, 19, Johnson's Museum, p. 230, No 221, and Ritson's Seotish Song, II, 196. **C** was perhaps derived from Ramsay, but possibly may have come down by purely oral tradition. Some later copies of **B** have Reading Town for Scarlet Town (Chappell).

The Scottish ballad is extended in Buchan's MSS, I, 90, Motherwell's MS., p. 671, to forty-one stanzas. In this amplified copy, which has no claim to be admitted here, the dying lover leaves his watch and gold ring, his Bible and penknife, a mill and thirty ploughs, nine meal-mills and the freights of nine ships, all

to tocher Barbara Allan. This is the ballad referred to by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe in Stenhouse's edition of the Museum, IV, 300*, as sung by the peasantry of Allandale. Doubtless it was learned by them from some stall-print.

Pepys makes this entry in his Diary, January 2, 1666: "In perfect pleasure I was to hear her [Mrs Knipp, an actress] sing, and especially her little Scotch song of Barbary Allen." Goldsmith, in his third essay, 1765, p. 14, writes: The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when an old dairy-maid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.' *

A **b** is translated by Loëve-Veimars, p. 379, von Marées, p. 34; **B** **d** by Bodmer, I, 85.

A

a. The Tea-Table Miscellany, IV, 46, ed. 1740; here from the London edition of 1763, p. 343. **b.** Percy's Reliques, III, 131, ed. 1765, "with a few conjectural emendations from a written copy."

1 It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

2 He sent his men down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
'O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

3 O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,

* Pepys is cited by James Farquhar Graham, The Scottish Songs, II, 157, and Goldsmith by Chappell, The Roxburghe Ballads, III, 433.

And when she drew the curtain by,
 'Young man, I think you 're dying.'

4 'O it 's I 'm sick, and very, very sick,
 And 't is a' for Barbara Allan :'
 'O the better for me ye 's never be,
 Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

5 'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
 'When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round and
 round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan ?'

6 He turnd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing :

'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.'

7 And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 And sighing said, she coud not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

8 She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
 And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
 It ery'd, Woe to Barbara Allan !

9 'O mother, mother, make my bed !
 O make it saft and narrow !
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I 'll die for him to-morrow.'

B

a. Roxburghe Ballads, II, 25 ; reprint of the Ballad Society, III, 433. b. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 522. c. A broadside formerly belonging to Bishop Percy. d. Percy's Reliques, 1765, III, 125.

1 In Scarlet Town, where I was bound,
 There was a fair maid dwelling,
 Whom I had chosen to be my own,
 And her name it was Barbara Allen.

2 All in the merry month of May,
 When green leaves they was springing,
 This young man on his death-bed lay,
 For the love of Barbara Allen.

3 He sent his man unto her then,
 To the town where she was dwelling :
 'You must come to my master dear,
 If your name be Barbara Allen.'

4 'For death is printed in his face,
 And sorrow 's in him dwelling,
 And you must come to my master dear,
 If your name be Barbara Allen.'

5 'If death be printed in his face,
 And sorrow 's in him dwelling,
 Then little better shall he be
 For bonny Barbara Allen.'

6 So slowly, slowly she got up,
 And so slowly she came to him.

And all she said when she came there,
 Young man, I think you are a dying.

7 He turnd his face unto her then :
 'If you be Barbara Allen,
 My dear,' said he, 'come pitty me,
 As on my death-bed I am lying.'

8 'If on your death-bed you be lying,
 What is that to Barbara Allen ?
 I cannot keep you from [your] death ;
 So farewell,' said Barbara Allen.

9 He turnd his face unto the wall,
 And death came creeping to him :
 'Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,
 And adieu to Barbara Allen !'

10 And as she was walking on a day,
 She heard the bell a ringing,
 And it did seem to ring to her
 'Unworthy Barbara Allen.'

11 She turnd herself round about,
 And she spy'd the corps a coming :
 'Lay down, lay down the corps of clay,
 That I may look upon him.'

12 And all the while she looked on,
 So loudly she lay laughing,
 While all her friends cry'd [out] amain,
 'Unworthy Barbara Allen !'

13 When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Then death came creeping to she :
'O mother, mother, make my bed,
For his death hath quite undone me.

14 'A hard-hearted creature that I was,
To slight one that lov'd me so dearly ;

I wish I had been more kinder to him,
The time of his life when he was near me.'

15 So this maid she then did dye,
And desired to be buried by him,
And repented her self before she dy'd,
That ever she did deny him.

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 288 ; from Mrs Duff, Kilbirnie, February 9, 1825.

1 IT fell about the Lammas time,
When the woods grow green and yellow,
There came a wooer out of the West
A wooing to Barbara Allan.

2 'It is not for your bonny face,
Nor for your beauty bonny,
But it is all for your tocher good
I come so far about ye.'

3 'If it be not for my comely face,
Nor for my beauty bonnie,
My tocher good ye'll never get paid
Down on the board before ye.'

4 'O will ye go to the Highland hills,
To see my white corn growing ?
Or will ye go to the river-side,
To see my boats a rowing ?'

5 O he 's awa, and awa he 's gone,
And death 's within him dealing,
And it is all for the sake of her,
His bonnie Barbara Allan.

6 O he sent his man unto the house,
Where that she was a dwelling :
'O you must come my master to see,
If you be Barbara Allan.'

7 So slowly aye as she put on,
And so stoutly as she gaed till him,
And so slowly as she could say,
'I think, young man, you 're lying.'

8 'O I am lying in my bed,
And death within me dwelling;
And it is all for the love of thee,
My bonny Barbara Allan.'

9 She was not ae mile frae the town,
Till she heard the dead-bell ringing:
'Och hone, oh hone, he 's dead and gone,
For the love of Barbara Allan !'

A. b. 1³. o the. 4⁴. a *wanting*.

5¹. Remember ye nat in the tavern, sir.

5². Whan ye the cups wer fillan.

5³. How ye. 6⁴. And *wanting*. 7¹. Then
hooily, hooily. 7². And hooily, hooily.

8². deid-bell knellan. 8³. that *wanting*.

8⁴. It *wanting*. 9⁴. I 'se.

B. a. Barbara Allen's Cruelty, or, The Young-
man's Tragedy. With Barbara Allen's
Lamentation for her Unkindness to her
Lover and her Self. . . . Printed for P.
Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back.
Black Letter.

13⁴. undone we.

b. Barbara Allen's Cruelty, or, The Young
Man's Tragedy. *No name of printer*.

1². for my own. 2². they were.

2⁴. the sake of.

3⁴. name is. 4⁴. thy name is.

5³. Then *wanting*. 6¹. she came to him.

6³. came to him. 6⁴. a *wanting*.

7². you are.

7⁴. As I am on my death-bed lying.

8¹. If you are on your death-bed lying.

8³. from your.

8⁴. Then farewell : said *wanting*.

9². on him.

9³. and *wanting* : to you all.

10¹. And *wanting* : out one day.

10². bells. 10³. And they.

11². And saw. 11³. corps said she.

12³. cry'd out. 13¹. in his.

13⁴. will quite undo me.

14¹. A *wanting*. 14³. more kind.

14⁴. In time of life. 15³. eer.

16. As she was lying down to die,
A sad feud she fell in;
She said, I pray take warning by
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

c. *Title the same as in a.* Printed and sold at the Printing-office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

1³. for my own. 2². they wore.
3⁴. name is. 4³. And thou.
4⁴. thy name is. 5³. O little.
6¹. she came to him. 6³. came to him.
6⁴. a *wanting*. 7². you are.
7⁴. As I am on my death-bed lying.
8³. from your.
8⁴. Then farewell: said *wanting*.
9². on him. 9³. to you all.
10¹. And *wanting*: out one day.
10². bells. 10³. And they.
11². And espy'd. 11³. corps said she.
12³. cry'd out.
13⁴. will quite undo me.
14¹. A *wanting*. 14³. more kind.

14⁴. In time of life.

15⁴. eer. 16 *as in b.*

d was “given, with some corrections, from an old printed copy in the editor’s possession.” That these corrections were considerable, we know from the *-* at the end. The old printed copy is very likely to have been c, and, if so, the ballad was simply written over. It does not seem necessary to give the variations under the circumstances. In 2³ Percy has Yong Jemmye Grove.

C. 2¹. bonny should perhaps be comely, as in 3¹.
4². Originally written To see my white . . . courting.
5². Originally dwelling. 5³. Originally it’s.
5⁴. The is written over His, probably as a conjecture.
7². After stoutly, slowly? as a conjectural emendation.
7⁴. lying. ‘An ingenious friend’ of Percy’s suggested the transposition of lying and dying in A 3^{2,4}.

85

LADY ALICE

A. ‘Lady Alice.’ a. Bell’s Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England, p. 127. b. Notes and Queries, Second Series, I, 418. c. Notes and Queries, Second Series, I, 354.

B. ‘Giles Collins and Proud Lady Anna,’ Gammer Gurton’s Garland, p. 38, ed. 1810.

THIS little ballad, which is said to be still of the regular stock of the stalls, is a sort of counterpart to ‘Lord Lovel.’ A writer in

Notes and Queries, Second Series, I, 418, says: This old song was refined and modernized by the late Richard Westall, R. A.

A

a. Bell’s Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England, p. 127, a stall copy. b. Edward Hawkins, in Notes and Queries, Second Series, I, 418. c. Notes and Queries, Second Series, I, 354, as heard sung forty years before 1856, “Uneda,” Philadelphia.

1 LADY ALICE was sitting in her bower-window,
Mending her midnight quoif.

And there she saw as fine a corpse
As ever she saw in her life.

2 ‘What bear ye, what bear ye, ye six men tall?
What bear ye on your shoulders?
‘We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,
An old and true lover of yours.’

3 'O lay him down gently, ye six men tall,
All on the grass so green,
And tomorrow, when the sun goes down,
Lady Alice a corpse shall be seen.'

4 'And bury me in Saint Mary's church,
All for my love so true,
And make me a garland of marjoram,
And of lemon-thyme, and rue.'

5 Giles Collins was buried all in the east,
Lady Alice all in the west,
And the roses that grew on Giles Collins's
grave,
They reached Lady Alice's breast.

6 The priest of the parish he chanced to pass,
And he severed those roses in twain ;
Sure never were seen such true lovers before,
Nor eer will there be again.

B

Gammer Gurton's Garland, p. 38, ed. 1810.

1 GILES COLLINS he said to his old mother,
Mother, come bind up my head,
And send to the parson of our parish,
For tomorrow I shall be dead. dead,
For tomorrow I shall be dead.

2 His mother she made him some water-gruel,
And stirrd it round with a spoon ;
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
And died before 't was noon.

3 Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
Mending her night-robe and coif ;
She saw the very prettiest corpse
She 'd seen in all her life.

4 'What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
Upon your shoulders so high ?'
'We bear the body of Giles Collins,
Who for love of you did die.'

5 'Set him down, set him down,' Lady Anna
she cry'd,
'On the grass that grows so green ;
Tomorrow, before the clock strikes ten,
My body shall lye by hisn.'

6 Lady Anna was buried in the east,
Giles Collins was buried in the west ;
There grew a lilly from Giles Collins
That touchd Lady Anna's breast.

7 There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
And cut this lilly in twain,
Which never there was seen before,
And it never will again.

A. a. 1². At midnight mending her quoif.
b. 1². Mending her midnight coif.
3⁸. before the sun.
4. *wanting.* 5⁸. grow, *misprinted.*
6¹. pass by. 6². And severd these.
6⁴. ever there will.
c. 1¹. at her. 1². A mending her midnight coif.

1⁸. the finest corpse. 1⁴. That ever.
2². Upon your shoulders strong.
2⁸. Sir Giles.
3, 4. *wanting.*
5¹. Lady Alice was. 5². Giles Collins all.
5³. A lily grew out of. 5⁴. And touched.
6. *wanting.*

86

YOUNG BENJIE

A. 'Young Benjie,' *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, III, 251, ed. 1803; III, 10, ed. 1833.

B. 'Bondsey and Maisry,' *Buehan's Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 265.

'VERKEL VEJEMANDSØN,' Grundtvig, IV, 151, No 198, invites a comparison with 'Young Benjie,' although the ballads, in the form in which they are now extant, are widely divergent. Verkel Vejemandson, seeing maid Gundelild shining in her virgin crown, makes a fiendish vow to rob her of it. He rides up to her house and asks where her father and mother are. They are away from home. He carries her off on his horse into the thickest of a wood, and bids her hold the beast while he makes a bed of leaves. He loses her in the thicket, and cannot find her, though he looks for her a day and two days. She goes to the strand and throws herself into the sea, saying, It was a very different bride-bed that my mother meant me to have. She is drawn out in a fisherman's net. Verkel swears that he has not seen her for eight years, but he is convicted of his crime, on evidence not given, and "clothes three stakes;" that is, he is hanged, and parts of his body are exposed on the wheels which crown the three posts of a gallows.

Sir Walter Scott's observations on the passage in which the drowned maid reveals the author of her death are too interesting to be spared :

"In this ballad the reader will find traces of a singular superstition, not yet altogether discredited in the wilder parts of Scotland. The lykewake, or watching a dead body, in itself a melancholy office, is rendered, in the idea of the assistants, more dismally awful by the mysterious horrors of superstition. In the interval betwixt death and interment, the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover round its mortal habitation, and, if invoked by certain

rites, retains the power of communicating, through its organs, the cause of its dissolution. Such inquiries, however, are always dangerous, and never to be resorted to unless the deceased is suspected to have suffered *foul play*, as it is called. It is the more unsafe to tamper with this charm in an unauthorized manner, because the inhabitants of the infernal regions are, at such periods, peculiarly active. One of the most potent ceremonies in the charm, for causing the dead body to speak, is setting the door ajar, or half open. On this account the peasants of Scotland sedulously avoid leaving the door ajar while a corpse lies in the house. The door must either be left wide open or quite shut; but the first is always preferred, on account of the exercise of hospitality usual on such occasions. The attendants must be likewise careful never to leave the corpse for a moment alone, or, if it is left alone, to avoid, with a degree of superstitious horror, the first sight of it.

"The following story, which is frequently related by the peasants of Scotland, will illustrate the imaginary danger of leaving the door ajar. In former times a man and his wife lived in a solitary cottage on one of the extensive Border fells. One day the husband died suddenly, and his wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse, or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door, and looked anxiously over the lonely moor for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up and sat in the bed, frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination

of the dead man's eye, and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a Catholic priest, passing over the wild, entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth, and said the paternoster backwards ; when the horrid look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed, and behaved itself as a dead man ought to do.

“ The ballad is given from tradition. I have been informed by a lady of the highest literary eminence [Miss Joanna Baillie], that

she has heard a ballad on the same subject, in which the scene was laid upon the banks of the Clyde. The chorus was,

O Bothwell banks bloom bonny,
and the watching of the dead corpse was said
to have taken place in Bothwell church.”

A is translated by Schubart, p. 164 ; by Gerhard, p. 88 ; by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, No 31.

A

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 251, ed. 1803 ; III, 10, ed. 1833. From tradition.

- 1 Of a' the maids o' fair Scotland
The fairest was Marjorie,
And Young Benjie was her ae true-love,
And a dear true-love was he.
- 2 And wow ! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu constantlie ;
But ay the mair, when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.
- 3 And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,
And she said she 'd chuse another luve,
And let Young Benjie gae.
- 4 And he was stout, and proud-hearted,
And thought o 't bitterlie,
And he 's gaen by the wan moon-light
To meet his Marjorie.
- 5 ‘ O open, open, my true-love,
O open, and let me in ! ’
‘ I dare na open, Young Benjie,
My three brothers are within.’
- 6 ‘ Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud 's I hear ye lie ;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude een to me.
- 7 ‘ But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I hae loved sae lang !
It sets ye chuse another love,
And let Young Benjie gang.’

- 8 Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her ee :
‘ I darena, darena let thee in,
But I 'll come down to thee.’
- 9 Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
O what ill hae I done ?
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her oer the linn.
- 10 The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith, laith to be dang,
But ere she wan the Lowden banks
Her fair colour was wan.
- 11 Then up bespak her eldest brother,
‘ O see na ye what I see ? ’
And out then spak her second brother,
‘ It 's our sister Marjorie ! ’
- 12 Out then spak her eldest brother,
‘ O how shall we her ken ? ’
And out then spak her youngest brother,
‘ There 's a honey-mark on her chin.’
- 13 Then they 've taen up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the grund :
‘ O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found ? ’
- 14 ‘ The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say.’
- 15 Wi doors ajar, and candle-light,
And torches burning clear,

The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

16 About the middle o the night
The cocks began to craw,
And at the dead hour o the night
The corpse began to throw.

17 'O wha has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As throw ye oer the linn?'

18 'Young Benjie was the first ae man
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout and proud-hearted,
He threw me oer the linn.'

19 'Sall we Young Benjie head, sister?
Sall we Young Benjie hang?'

B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 265.

1 'O COME along wi me, brother,
Now come along wi me;
And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry,
Into the water o Dee.'

2 The eldest brother he stepped in,
He stepped to the knee;
Then out he jumpd upo the bank,
Says, This water's nae for me.

3 The second brother he stepped in,
He stepped to the quit;
Then out he jumpd upo the bank,
Says, This water's wondrous deep.

4 When the third brother stepped in,
He stepped to the chin;
Out he got, and forward wade,
For fear o drowning him.

5 The youngest brother he stepped in,
Took's sister by the hand;
Said, Here she is, my sister Maisry,
Wi the hinny-draps on her chin.

6 'O if I were in some bonny ship,
And in some strange countrie,
For to find out some conjurer,
To gar Maisry speak to me!'

Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang?'

20 'Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye mauna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang.

21 'Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house
To wait Young Benjie on.

22 'And ay, at every seven year's end,
Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun drie,
To scug his deadly sin.'

7 Then out it speaks an auld woman,
As she was passing by:
'Ask of your sister what you want,
And she will speak to thee.'

8 'O sister, tell me who is the man
That did your body win?
And who is the wretch, tell me, likewise,
That threw you in the lin?'

9 'O Bondsey was the only man
That did my body win;
And likewise Bondsey was the man
That threw me in the lin.'

10 'O will we Boudsey head, sister?
Or will we Boudsey hang?
Or will we set him at our bow-end,
Lat arrows at him gang?'

11 'Ye winna Bondsey head, brothers,
Nor will ye Bondsey hang;
But ye'll take out his twa grey een,
Make Bondsey blind to gang.'

12 'Ye'll put to the gate a chain o gold,
A rose garland gar make,
And ye'll put that in Bondsey's head,
A' for your sister's sake.'

87

PRINCE ROBERT

A. 'Prince Robert,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*, II, 124, ed. 1802; III, 269, ed. 1833.

B. 'Earl Robert,' Motherwell's MS., p. 149; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 200.

C. 'Lord Robert and Mary Florence,' Motherwell's MS., p. 321.

D. 'Prince Robert,' Harris MS., fol. 29.

PRINCE ROBERT's mother poisons him because he has married against her will. He sends for his bride to come, but she is in time only for the funeral. The mother will give her nothing of her son's, not even the ring on his finger, all that she asks for. The bride's heart breaks before the mother's face.

There are other ballad-stories of a mother's

poisoning because of displeasure at a son's match, but I know of none which demands comparison with this very slender tale.

A is translated by Schubart, p. 122; by Doenniges, p. 57; A and B combined by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder*, No 36.

A

Scott's *Minstrelsy*, II, 124, ed. 1802; III, 269, ed. 1833: from the recitation of Miss Christian Rutherford.

1 PRINCE ROBERT has wedded a gay ladye,
He has wedded her with a ring;
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
But he daur na bring her haine.

2 'Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear,
Your blessing now grant to me !'
'Instead of a blessing ye shall have my curse,
And you 'll get nae blessing frae me.'

3 She has called upon her waiting-maid,
To fill a glass of wine;
She has called upon her fause steward,
To put rank poison in.

4 She has put it to her roudes lip,
And to her roudes chin;
She has put it to her fause, fause mouth,
But the never a drop gaed in.

5 He has put it to his bonny mouth,
And to his bonny chin,
He 's put it to his cherry lip,
And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

6 'O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
Your ae son and your heir;
O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,
And sons you 'll never hae mair.'

7 'O where will I get a little boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
To rin sae fast to Darlington,
And bid Fair Eleanor come ?'

8 Then up and spake a little boy,
That wad win hose and shoon,
'O I 'll away to Darlington,
And bid Fair Eleanor come.'

9 O he has run to Darlington,
And tirled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell
To let the bonny boy in ?'

10 'Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,
She 's made it baith gude and fine;
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,
And ye maun cuin till her and dine.'

11 It 's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,
The langest that ever were gane ;

But the steed it was wight, and the lady was
light,
And she cam linkin in.

12 But when she came to Sillertoun town,
And into Sillertoun ha,
The torches were burning, the ladies were
mourning,
And they were weeping a'.

13 'O where is now my wedded lord,
And where now can he be?
O where is now my wedded lord?
For him I canna see.'

14 'Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,
'And just gane to be laid in the clay;
Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,
'And just gane to be buried the day.'

15 'Ye 'se get nane o his gowd, ye 'se get nane o
his gear,
Ye 'se get nae thing frae me;
Ye 'se na get an inch o his gude broad land,
Tho your heart suld burst in three.'

16 'I want nane o his gowd, I want nane o his
gear,
I want nae land frae thee;
But I 'll hae the ring that 's on his finger,
For them he did promise to me.'

17 'Ye 'se na get the ring that 's on his finger,
Ye 'se na get them frae me;
Ye 'se na get the ring that 's on his finger,
An your heart suld burst in three.'

18 She 's turn'd her back unto the wa,
And her face unto a rock,
And there, before the mother's face,
Her very heart it broke.

19 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair,
And out o the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o the tother a brier.

20 And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier,
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear.

B

Motherwell's MS. p. 149.; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 200: from the recitation of Mrs Thomson, Kilbarchan, a native of Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, aged betwixt sixty and seventy.

1 It 's fifty miles to Sittingen's Rocks,
As eer was ridden or gane;
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,
But he dare na bring her hame.
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,
But he dare na bring her hame.

2 His mother, she called to her waiting-maid,
To bring her a pint o wine:
'For I dinna weel ken what hour of the day
That my son Earl Robert shall dine.'

3 She 's put it to her fause, fause cheek,
But an her fause, fause chin;
She 's put it to her fause, fause lips,
But never a drap went in.

4 But he 's put it to his bonny cheek,
Aye and his bonny chin;
He 's put it to his red rosy lips,
And the poison went merrily doun.

5 'O where will I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
That will gang quickly to Sittingen's Rocks,
And bid my lady come?'

6 It 's out then speaks a bonny boy,
To Earl Robert was something akin:
'Many a time have I ran thy errand,
But this day wi the tears I 'll rin.'

7 Bat when he came to Sittingin's Rocks,
To the middle of a' the ha,
There were bells a ringing, and music playing,
And ladies dancing a'.

8 'What news, what news, my bonny boy?
What news have ye to me?
Is Earl Robert in very good health,
And the ladies of your countrie?'

9 'O Earl Robert 's in very good health,
And as weel as a man can be;
But his mother this night has a drink to be
druken,
And at it you must be.'

10 She called to her waiting-maid,
To bring her a riding-weed,
And she called to her stable-groom,
To saddle her milk-white steed.

11 But when she came to Earl Robert's bouir,
To the middle of a' the ha,
There were bells a ringing, and sheets doun
hinging,
And ladies mourning a'.

12 'I've come for none of his gold,' she said,
'Nor none of his white monie,
Excepting a ring of his smallest finger,
If that you will grant me.'

13 'Thou'll not get none of his gold,' she said,
'Nor none of his white monie ;

Thou'll not get a ring of his smallest finger,
Tho thy heart should break in three.'

14 She set her foot unto a stane,
Her back unto a tree ;
She set her foot unto a stane,
And her heart did break in three.

15 The one was buried in Mary's kirk,
The other in Mary's quire ;
Out of the one there grew a birk,
From the other a bonnie brier.

16 And these twa grew, and these twa threw,
Till their twa craps drew near ;
So all the warld may plainly see
That they loved each other dear.

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 321, from Agnes Laird, Kilbarchan,
June 21, 1825.

1 LORD ROBERT and Mary Florence,
They were twa children young ;
They were scarce seven years of age
Till love began to spring.

2 Lord Robert loved Mary Florence,
And she lov'd him above power ;
But he durst not for his cruel mother
Bring her unto his bower.

3 It was nineteen miles to Strawberry Castle,
As good as ever was rode or gane,
But the lord being light, and the steed being
swift,
Lord Robert was hame gin noon.

4 'A blessing, a blessing, dear mother,' he cries,
'A blessing I do crave !'
'A blessing, a blessing, my son Lord Robert,
And a blessing thou shalt have.'

5 She called on her chamber-maid
To fill up a glass of wine,
And so clever was her cursed fingers
To put the rank poison in.

6 'O wae be to you, mother dear,' he cries,
'For working such a wae ;

For poisoning of your son Lord Robert,
And children you have nae mae.

7 'O where will I get a pretty little boy
That'll rin him my errands sune ?
That will rin unto Strawberry Castle,
And tell Mary Florence to cum ?'

8 'Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Your eldest sister's son,
That will rin unto Strawberry Castle,
And tell Mary Florence to come.'

9 When he came unto Strawberry Castle
He tirled at the pin,
And so ready was Mary Florence hersell
To open and let him in.

10 'What news, what news, my pretty little boy ?
What news hast thou brocht here ?'
With sichin and sabbin and wringing his
hands,
No message he could refer.

11 'The news that I have gotten,' he says,
'I cannot weel declair ;
But my grandmother has prepar'd a feast,
And fain she would hae thee thair.'

12 She called on her stable-groom
To dress her swiftest steed ;

For she knew very weel by this pretty little boy
That Lord Robert was dead.

13 And when she came to Knotingale Castle
She tirled at the pin,
And so ready was Lord Robert's mother
To open and let her in.

14 'What news, what news, Mary Florence?' she says,
'What news has thou to me?'
'I came to see your son Lord Robert,
And fain would I him see.'

15 'I came not for his gude red gold,
Nor for his white monie,
But for the ring on his wee finger,
And fain would I it see.'

16 'That ring thou cannot see, Mary Florence;
That ring thou 'll never see;
For death was so strong in Lord Robert's
breast
That the gold ring burst in three.'

17 She has set her foot unto a stone,
Her back unto a tree;
Before she left Knotingale Castle
Her heart it brak in three.

D

Harris MS., fol. 29, from the recitation of Mrs Molison.

1 PRINCE ROBERT he has wedded a wife,
An he daurna bring her hame;
The queen
His mither was much to blame.

* * * * *

2 'It is the fashion in oor countrie, mither,
I dinna ken what it is here,
To like your wife better than your mither,
That . . . bought you sae dear.'

3 She called upon her best marie,
An tippet her wi a ring,
To bring to her the rank poison,
To gie Prince Robert a dram.

4 She put it to her cheek, her cheek,
She put it to her chin;
She put it to her fause, fause lips,
But neer a drap gaed in.

5 She put it to his cheek, his cheek,
She put it to his chin;
She put it to his rosy lips,
An the rank poison gaed in.

6 'Whare will I get a bonnie boy,
Wha will win meat an fee,
Wha will rin on to . . . bower,
Bring my gude ladie to me?'

7 'Here am I, a bonnie boy,
Willin to win meat an fee,
Wha will rin on to . . . bower,
An bring your gude ladie.'

8 'Whan you come to broken brig,
Tak aff your coat an swim;
An whan you come to grass growin,
Tak aff your shoon an rin.'

9 An whan he cam to broken brig,
He coost his coat an swam,
An whan he cam to grass growin,
Set doon his feet an ran.

10 An whan he cam to the ladie's bower,
He fand her a' her lane,
•

* * * * *

11 An syne she kissed his wan, wan lips,
•

9². a added later.

16³, 17¹, 17³. ring, ed. 1802; rings, ed. 1833.
B. 2². *Changed in the MS.* to O bring me.
7², 11². a' added later.

15³. grew an; the next word looks like buk, but
is erased, and birk substituted. Mother-
well printed bush.

88

YOUNG JOHNSTONE

A. 'The Cruel Knight,' Herd, *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 305; I, 165, ed. 1776.

B. a. 'Young Johnstone,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 193. **b.** 'The Young Johnstone,' Finlay's *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, II, 71.

C. 'Sweet William and the Young Colonel,' Motherwell's MS., p. 310.

D. 'Johnston Hey and Young Caldwell,' Motherwell's MS., p. 639.

E. 'Lord John's Murder,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 20.

F. 'Young Johnston,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. xx, XVIII, one stanza.



PINKERTON inserted Herd's 'Cruel Knight,' A, in his *Select Scottish Ballads*, I, 69, with alterations and omissions. Motherwell enters in his Note-Book, p. 6, that he had received from Mrs Gentles, Paisley, 'The Young Johnstone,' "different in some measure from the copy in Finlay's Ballads." Of the version printed in his *Minstrelsy* (B a), undoubtedly that which was derived from Mrs Gentles, he says, "for a few verbal emendations recourse has been had to Mr Finlay's copy (B b)." These versions should therefore not have differed considerably, Finlay suppressed "Young Johnstone's reason for being sae late a coming in," "as well as a concluding stanza of inferior merit;" in this rejection he was not followed by Motherwell. Christie, I, 156, gives E "with some alterations from the way it was sung" by an old woman; petty variations, such as one must think could not have impressed themselves upon a memory unapt to retain things of more importance. 'Young Johnstone' in Chambers's *Twelve Romantic Scottish Ballads*, p. 19, is made up mostly from B a, B b, E, like the copy in the same editor's *Scottish Ballads*, p. 293, but handles tradition very freely.

E seems to be A altered, or imperfectly remembered, with the addition of a few stanzas. Motherwell remarks of his version, what is true of all the others but E, that the ballad throws no light on Young Johnstone's motive

for stabbing his lady. An explanation was afforded by the reciter: "The barbarous act was committed unwittingly, through Young Johnstone's suddenly waking from sleep, and, in that moment of confusion and alarm, unhappily mistaking his mistress for one of his pursuers." And this is the turn which is given to the act in E 13 :

'Ohon, alas, my lady gay,
To come sae hastilie!
I thought it was my deadly foe,
Ye had trysted into me.'

The apology may go for what it is worth. Awake or waking, Young Johnstone's first instinct is as duly to stab as a bull-dog's is to bite.

C 5, 9, 13 are taken from 'The Lass of Roch Royal:' cf. No 76, B 17, C 2, E 9, H 3. D 6 recalls 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' No 74, A 8, B 11; A 13, B 25, C 26, D 30, E 15, 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' No 73, B 34, D 17; D 31, 32, 'The Twa Brothers,' No 49, B 4, C 4, 5, D 5, 7, E 6, 7, F 5, 6, G 4, 5.

A, with the last two stanzas of B a, is translated by Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder*, No 27; E by Gerhard, p. 157; Aytoun, II, 110 by Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, No 30, p. 94, with abridgment; Pinkerton's copy by Grundtvig, No 20, p. 136.

A

Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 305.

1 THE knight stands in the stable-door,
As he was for to ryde,
When out then came his fair lady,
Desiring him to byde.

2 'How can I byde? how dare I byde?
How can I byde with thee?
Have I not kill'd thy ae brother?
Thou hadst nae mair but he.'

3 'If you have kill'd my ae brother,
Alas, and woe is me!
But if I save your fair body,
The better you'll like me.'

4 She's tane him to her secret bower,
Pinnd with a siller pin,
And she's up to her highest tower,
To watch that none come in.

5 She had na well gane up the stair,
And entered in her tower,
When four and twenty armed knights
Came riding to the door.

6 'Now God you save, my fair lady,
I pray you tell to me,
Saw you not a wounded knight
Come riding by this way?'

7 'Yes, bloody, bloody was his sword,
And bloody were his hands;

8 'Light down, light down then, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
The better you will him pursue
When you shall lightly dine.'

9 'We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for your wine;
I would gie thrice three thousand pounds
Your fair body was mine.'

10 Then she's gane to her secret bower,
Her husband dear to meet;
But he drew out his bloody sword,
And wounded her sae deep.

11 'What aileth thee now, good my lord?
What aileth thee at me?
Have you not got my father's gold,
But and my mother's fee?'

12 'Now live, now live, my fair lady,
O live but half an hour,
There's neer a leech in fair Scotland
But shall be at thy bower.'

13 'How can I live? how shall I live?
How can I live for thee?
See you not where my red heart's blood
Runs trickling down my knee?'

* * * * *

B

a. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 193, from the recitation of
Mrs Gentles, Paisley. b. Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 71,
from two recited copies.

1 YOUNG Johnstone and the young Colnel
Sat drinking at the wine:
'O gin ye wad marry my sister,
It's I wad marry thine.'

2 'I wadna marry your sister
For a' your houses and land;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come oer the strand.'

3 'I wadna marry your sister
For a' your gowd so gay;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come by the way.'

4 Young Johnstone had a little small sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he stabbed it through the young Colnel,
That word he neer spak mair.

5 But he's awa to his sister's bower,
He's tirled at the pin:
'Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late a coming in?'

‘I hae been at the school, sister,
Learning young clerks to sing.’

6 ‘I ’ve dreamed a dreary dream this night,
I wish it may be for good ;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Colnel was dead.’

7 ‘Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be ;
For I have killed the young Colnel,
And thy own true-love was he.’

8 ‘If ye hae killed the young Colnel,
O dule and wae is me !
But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,
And hae nae power to flee.’

9 And he ’s awa to his true-love’s bower,
He ’s tirled at the pin :
‘Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late a coming in ?’
‘It ’s I hae been at the school,’ he says,
‘Learning young clerks to sing.’

10 ‘I have dreamed a dreary dream,’ she says,
‘I wish it may be for good ;
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young Colnel was dead.’

11 ‘Hawks and hounds they may seek me,
As I trow well they be ;
For I hae killed the young Colnel,
And thy ae brother was he.’

12 ‘If ye hae killed the young Colnel,
O dule and wae is me !
But I care the less for the young Colnel,
If thy ain body be free.

13 ‘Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and take a sleep ;
And I will go to my easement,
And carefully I will thee keep.’

14 He had not weel been in her bower-door,
No not for half an hour,
When four and twenty belted knights
Came riding to the bower.

15 ‘Well may you sit and see, lady,
Well may you sit and say ;

Did you not see a bloody squire
Come riding by this way ?’

16 ‘What colour were his hawks ?’ she says,
‘What colour were his hounds ?
What colour was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds ?’

17 ‘Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds ;
But milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds.’

18 ‘Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds ;
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds.

19 ‘Light down, light down now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine ;
And the steed be swift that he rides on,
He ’s past the brig o Lyne.’

20 ‘We thank you for your bread, fair lady,
We thank you for your wine ;
But I wad gie thrie three thousand pound
That bloody knight was taen.’

21 ‘Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and take a sleep ;
For thy enemies are past and gone,
And carefully I will thee keep.’

22 But Young Johnstone had a little wee sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he stabbed it in fair Annet’s breast,
A deep wound and a sair.

23 ‘What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone ?
What aileth thee at me ?
Hast thou not got my father’s gold,
Bot and my mither’s fee ?’

24 ‘Now live, now live, my dear ladye,
Now live but half an hour,
And there ’s no a leech in a’ Scotland
But shall be in thy bower.’

25 ‘How can I live ? how shall I live ?
Young Johnstone, do not you see
The red, red drops o my bonny heart’s blood
Rin trinkling down my knee ?’

26 'But take thy harp into thy hand,
And harp out owre yon plain,
And neer think mair on thy true-love
'Than if she had never been.'

27 He hadna weel been out o the stable,
And on his saddle set,
Till four and twenty broad arrows
Were thrilling in his heart.

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 310, from the recitation of Jeanie Nicol, May 4, 1825.

1 SWEET WILLIAM and the young Colnel
One day was drinking wine :
'It's I will marry your sister,
If ye will marry mine.'

2 'I will not marry your sister,
Altho her hair be brown ;
But I'll keep her for my liberty-wife,
As I ride thro the town.'

3 William, having his two-edged sword,
He leaned quite low to the ground,
And he has given the young Colnel
A deep and a deadly wound.

4 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,
Till he came to his mother's bower ;
'O open, open, mother,' he says,
'And let your auld son in.'

5 'For the rain rains owre my yellow hair,
And the dew draps on my chin,
And trembling stands the gallant steed
That carries me from the ground.'

6 'What aileth thee, Sweet William ?' she says,
'What harin now hast thou done ?'
'Oh I hae killed the young Colnel,
And his heart's blood sair does run.'

7 'If ye hae killed the young Colnel,
Nae shelter ye'll get frae me ;
May the two-edged sword be upon your heart,
That never hath power to flee !'

8 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,
Till he came to his sister's bower ;
'Oh open, open, sister,' he says,
'And let your brother in.'

9 'For the rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew draps on my chin,
And trembling stands the gallant steed
That carries me from the ground.'

10 'What aileth thee, Sweet William ?' she says,
'What harm now hast thou done ?'
'Oh I have killed the young Colnel,
And his heart's blood sair doth run.'

11 'If ye hae killed the young Colnel,
Nae shelter ye'll get frae me ;
May the two-edged sword be upon your heart,
That never hath power to flee !'

12 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,
Till he came to his true-love's bower ;
'Oh open, oh open, my true-love,' he says,
'And let your sweetheart in.'

13 'For the rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew draps on my chin,
And trembling stands the gallant steed
That carries me from the ground.'

14 'What aileth thee, Sweet William ?' she says,
'What harm now hast thou done ?'
'Oh I hae killed thy brother dear,
And his heart's blood sair doth run.'

15 'If ye hae killed my brother dear,
It's oh and alace for me !
But between the blankets and the sheets
It's there I will hide thee !'

16 She's taen him by the milk-white hand,
She's led him thro chambers three,
Until she came to her own chamber :
'It's there I will hide thee.'

17 'Lye down, lye down, Sweet William,' she says,
'Lye down and take a sleep ;
It's owre the chamber I will watch,
Thy fair bodie to keep.'

18 She had not watched at the chamber-door
 An hour but only three,
 Till four and twenty belted knichts
 Did seek his fair bodie.

19 'O did you see the hunt?' she says,
 'Or did you see the hounds?
 Or did you see that gallant steed,
 That last rade thro the town?'

20 'What colour was the fox?' they said,
 'What colour was the hounds?
 What colour was the gallant steed,
 That's far yont London toun?'

21 'O dark grey was the fox,' she said,
 'And light grey was the hounds,
 But milk-white was the gallant steed
 That's far yont London town.'

22 'Rise up, rise up, Sweet William,' she says,
 'Rise up, and go away;
 For four and twenty belted knights
 Were seeking thy bodye.'

23 Sweet William, having his two-edged sword,
 He leaned it quite low to the ground,
 And he has given his own true-love
 A deep and a deadly wound.

24 'What aileth thee, Sweet William?' she says,
 'What harm now have I done?
 I never harmed a hair of your head
 Since ever this love began.'

25 'Oh live, oh live, my own true-love,
 Oh live but half an hour,
 And the best doctor in London town
 Shall come within thy bower.'

26 'How can I live? how shall I live?
 How can I live half an hour?
 For don't you see my very heart's blood
 All sprinkled on the floor?'

27 William, having his two-edged sword,
 He leaned it quite low to the ground,
 And he has given his own bodie
 A deep and a deadly wound.

D

Motherwell's MS., p. 639, from the recitation of an Irish-woman, wife of John French, a porter at the quay of Ayr.

1 JOHNSTON HEY and Young Caldwell
 Were drinking o the wine:
 'O will ye marry my sister?
 And I will marry thine.'

2 'I winna marry your sister,
 Altho her locks are broun;
 But I'll make her my concubine,
 As I ride through the toun.'

3 Syne Johnston drew a gude braid sword,
 That hang down by his knee,
 And he has run the Young Caldwell
 Out through the fair bodie.

4 Up he gat, and awa he rade,
 By the clear light o the moon,
 Until he came to his mother's door,
 And there he lichtit doun.

5 'Whare hae ye been, son Willie,' she said,
 'Sae late and far in the night?'
 'O I hae been at yon new slate house,
 Hearing the clergy speak.'

6 'I dreamd a dream, son Willie,' she said,
 'I doubt it bodes nae gude;
 That your ain room was fu o red swine,
 And your bride's bed daubd wi blude.'

7 'To dream o blude, mither,' he said,
 'It bodeith meikle ill;
 And I hae slain a Young Caldwell,
 And they're seeking me to kill.'

8 'Gin ye hae slain a Young Caldwell,
 Alace and wae is me!
 But gin your fair body's free frae skaith,
 The easier I will be.'

9 Up he gat, and awa he rade,
 By the clear light o the mune,
 Until he cam to his sister's bower,
 And there he lichtit doun.

10 'Whare hae ye been, brither,' she said,
 'Sae late and far in the night ?'
 'O I hae been in yon new slate house,
 Hearing the clergy speak.'

11 'I dreamd a dream, brither,' she said,
 'I doubt it bodes nae gude ;
 I dreamd the ravens eat your flesh,
 And the lions drank your blude.'

12 'To dream o blude, sister,' he said,
 'It bodeth meikle ill ;
 And I hae slain a Young Caldwell,
 And they 're seeking me to kill.'

13 'Gin ye hae slain a Young Caldwell,
 Alace and wae is me !
 To be torn at the tail o wild horses
 Is the death I weet ye 'll die.'

14 Up he gat, and awa he rade,
 By the clear light o the mune,
 Untill he cam to his true-love's bower,
 And there he lichtit doun.

15 'Whare hae ye been, Love Willie,' she said,
 'Sae late and far in the night ?'
 'O I hae been in yon new sklate house,
 Hearing the clergy speak.'

16 'I dreamd a dream, Willie,' she said,
 'I doubt it bodes nae gude ;
 I dreamd the ravens ate your flesh,
 And the lions drank your blude.'

17 'To dream o ravens, love,' he said,
 'Is the loss o a near friend ;
 And I hae killd your brither dear,
 And for it I 'll be slain.'

18 'Gin ye hae slain my ae brither,
 Alace and wae is me !
 But gin your fair body's free frae skaith,
 The easier I will be.

19 'Lye doun, lye doun, Love Willie,' she said,
 'Lye doun and tak a sleep ;
 And I will walk the castel wa,
 Your fair bodie to keep.'

20 He laid him doun within her bowr,
 She happit him wi her plaid,

And she 's awa to the castle-wa,
 To see what would betide.

21 She hadna gane the castle round
 A time but only three,
 Till four and twenty beltit knichts
 Cam riding ower the lea.

22 And whan they came unto the gate,
 They stude and thus did say :
 ' O did ye see yon bludie knicht,
 As he rade out this way ? '

23 ' What colour was his hawk ? ' she said,
 ' What colour was his hound ?
 What colour was the gudely steed
 The bludie knicht rade on ? '

24 ' Nut-brown was his hawk,' they said,
 ' And yellow-fit was his hound,
 And milk-white was the goodly steed
 The bluidie knicht rade on.'

25 ' Gin nut-brown was his hawk,' she said,
 ' And yellow-fit was his hound,
 And milk-white was the gudely steed,
 He 's up to London gone.'

26 They spurrd their steeds out ower the lea,
 They being void o fear ;
 Syne up she gat, and awa she gade,
 Wi tidings to her dear.

27 ' Lye still, lye still, Love Willie,' she said,
 ' Lye still and tak your sleep ;'
 Syne he took up his good braid sword,
 And wounded her fu deep.

28 ' O wae be to you, Love Willie,' she said,
 ' And an ill death may ye die !
 For first ye slew my ae brither,
 And now ye hae killd me.'

29 ' Oh live, oh live, true-love,' he said,
 ' Oh live but ae half hour,
 And there 's not a docter in a' London
 But sall be in your bower.'

30 ' How can I live, Love Willie,' she said,
 ' For the space of half an hour ?
 Dinnae ye see my clear heart's blood
 A rinnin down the floor ? '

31 'Tak aff, tak aff my holland sark,
And rive 't frae gare to gair,
And stap it in my bleeding wounds ;
They 'll may be bleed nae mair.'

32 Syne he took aff her holland sark,
And rave 't frae gare to gair,
And stappit it in her bleeding wounds,
But aye they bled the mair.

33 'Gae dress yoursell in black,' she said,
'And gae whistling out the way,
And mourn nae mair for your true-love
When she 's laid in the clay.'

34 He leaned his halbert on the ground,
The point o 't to his breast,
Saying, Here three sauls ['] gaun to heaven ;
I hope they 'll a' get rest.

E

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 20.

1 LORD JOHN stands in his stable door,
Says he, I will gae ride,
His lady, in her bigly bower ?
Desired him to bide.

2 'How can I bide ? how can I bide ?
How shall I bide wi thee ?
When I hae killd your ae brother ;
You hae nae mair but he.'

3 'If ye hae killd my ae brother,
Alas, and wae is me !
If ye be well yoursell, my love,
The less matter will be.

4 'Ye 'll do you to yon bigly bower,
And take a silent sleep,
And I 'll watch in my highest tower,
Your fair body to keep.'

5 She has shut her bigly bower,
All wi a silver pin,
And done her to the highest tower,
To watch that nane come in.

6 But as she looked round about,
To see what she could see,
There she saw nine armed knights
Come riding oer the lea.

7 'God make you safe and free, lady,
God make you safe and free !
Did you see a bludy knight
Come riding oer the lea ?'

8 'O what like was his hawk, his hawk ?
And what like was his hound ?
If his steed has ridden well,
He 's passd fair Scotland's strand.

9 'Come in, eome in, gude gentlemen,
And take white bread and wine ;
And aye the better ye 'll pursue,
The lighter that ye dine.'

10 'We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for the wine,
And I woud gie my lands sae broad
Your fair body were mine.'

11 She has gane to her bigly bower,
Her ain gude lord to meet ;
A trusty brand he quickly drew,
Gae her a wound sae deep.

12 'What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire
To wreak itself on me,
When thus I strove to save thy life,
Yet served for sic a fee ?'

13 'Ohon, alas, my lady gay,
To come sae hastilie !
I thought it was my deadly foe,
Ye had trysted into me.

14 'O live, O live, my gay lady,
The space o ae half hour,
And nae a leech in a' the land
But I 'se bring to your bower.'

15 'How can I live ? how shall I live ?
How can I live for thee ?
Ye see my blude rin on the ground,
My heart's blude by your knee.

16 'O take to flight, and flee, my love,
O take to flight, and flee !
I woudna wish your fair body
For to get harm for me.'

17 'Ae foot I winna flee, lady,
Ae foot I winna flee ;

I've dune the crime worthy o death,
It's right that I shoud die.

For ere the morn, at this same time,
Ye'll deal the same at mine.'

8 'O deal ye well at my love's lyke
The beer but an the wine ;

F

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xx, XVIII.

As Willie and the young Colnel
Were drinking at the wine,

'O will ye marry my sister?' says Will,
'And I will marry thine.'

A. 10⁴. very deep, *in the edition of 1776.*
 B. a. 4¹. *Motherwell informs us, p. 200, that the original reading was* little small sword ; also he stabbed in 4³.
 b. *Finlay's version is compounded from two, and Motherwell's, since it adopts readings from Finlay's, is compounded from three ; but Motherwell's has nevertheless been preferred, on account of its retaining stanzas which Finlay omitted. Besides, Motherwell gives us to understand that his changes are few.*
 3². gowd and fee. 3⁴. come oer the sea.
 4¹. nut-brown sword. 4³. he ritted.
 5². And he 's. 5³. dear Johnstone.
 5⁵, 6. *wanting.*
 6¹, 10¹. dreamed a dream this night, she says.
 6², 10². be good.
 7¹, 11¹. They are seeking me with hawks and hounds.
 8², 12². A dule. 9¹. his lover's. 9⁵, 6. *wanting.*
 12³. But I gie na sae much for.
 12⁴. is free. 13⁴. I 'll thee.
 14¹, 2. She hadna weel gane up the stair,
And entered in her tower.
 14³. Till. 4⁴. the door.
 15¹, 2. O did you see a bloody squire,
A bloody squire was he.
 15³. O did you see. 15⁴. riding oer the lea.
 16¹. she cried. 17⁸. And.
 19¹. But light ye down now.
 19³. be good he rides upon. 19⁴. of Tyne.

20¹. bread, ladie. 20³. But *wanting* : pounds.
 20⁴. Your fair bodie was mine.
 21³, 4. For there 's four an'l twenty belted knights
Just gone out at the gate.
 22¹. had a wee penknife.
 22³, 4. And he ritted it through his dear ladie,
And wounded her sae sair.
 25. How can I live, my dear Johnstone ?
How can I live for thee ?
O do ye na see my red heart's blood
Run trickling down my knee ?
 26. But go thy way, my dear Johnstone,
And ride along the plain,
And think no more of thy true love
Than she had never been.
 27. *wanting.*
 C. 19¹. Oh. 25¹. O : *the first.*
 D. 1³, 5³, 15³. Oh. 15¹. he been.
 18¹. ae *corrected from ain.*
 19³. wa *corrected from round.*
 24¹. she said. 29¹. O : *the first.*
 Caldwell is an obvious corruption of Colonel.
 E. The alterations according to the singing of Christie's old woman are, as usual with him in such cases, utterly insignificant.
 2¹. How can I bide, how shall. 2². How can.
 3⁴. will it. 6³. she did see. 10². for your.
 15³. rins.

89

FAUSE FOODRAGE¹

A. 'Fa'se Footrage,' Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 3.

B. 'The Eastmure King and the Westmure King, Motherwell's MS., p. 341.

C. 'Eastmuir King,' Harris MS., No 18, fol. 22.

A WAS printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 73, 1802, "chiefly" from Mrs Brown's MS.; in fact, with not quite forty petty alterations. Scott remarks that the ballad has been popular in many parts of Scotland. Christie, I, 172, had heard it sung by an old Banffshire woman, who died in 1866, at the age of nearly eighty, with very little difference from Scott's copy.*

The resemblance of the verse in A 31, 'The boy stared wild like a gray gose-hawke,' to one in 'Hardyknute,' 'Norse een like gray goss-hawk stared wild,' struck Sir Walter Scott as suspicious, and led him "to make the strictest inquiry into the authenticity of the song. But every doubt was removed by the evidence of a lady of high rank [Lady Douglas of Douglas, sister to Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, as we are informed in the edition of 1833], who not only recollects the ballad as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses." It is quite possible that Mrs Brown may unconsciously have adopted this verse from the tiresome and affected Hardyknute, so much esteemed in her day. One would be only too glad were this the only corruption which the ballad had undergone. On the contrary, while not calling in question the substantial genuineness of the ballad, we must admit that the form in which we have received it is an enfeebled one, without much flavor or

color; and some such feeling no doubt affected Sir Walter's mind, more than the reminiscence of 'Hardyknute,' which, of itself, is of slight account.

A tale 'How the king of Estmure Land married the king's daughter of Westmure Land' is mentioned in "The Complaint of Scotland," and there has been considerable speculation as to what this tale might be, and also as to what localities Estmure Land and Westmure Land might signify. Seeing no clue to a settlement of these questions, I pass them by, with the simple comment that no king of Estmure Land marries the king of Westmure Land's daughter in this ballad or any other.

Three kings (King Easter and King Wester, A, the Eastmure king and the Westmure king, B, C, and King Honor, A, the king of Onorie, B, King Luve, C), court a lady, and the third, who woos for womanhood and beauty, B, wins her. The Eastmure king, B, the Westmure, C, kills his successful rival on his wedding-day. According to the prosaic, not at all ballad-like, and evidently corrupted account in A, there is a rebellion of nobles four months after the marriage, and a certain False Foodrage takes it upon himself to kill the king. The murderer spares the queen, and if she gives birth to a girl will spare her child also, but if she bears a boy the boy is to die.

* "As far as he can remember, the old woman gave the story in fewer verses." Christie gives the ballad from Scott (omitting stanzas 10-18), "with slight alterations from the way she sung it." These alterations are: 1¹, has omitted. 4¹, Then some *for* O some. 26³, fair castle *for* bonny castle (bonny in Scott, 1833; fair in Scott, 1802). 29², is right *for*

was right. 29⁴, Ere ever you *for* Or ever ye. Dean Christie's memory, it seems, retains the most inconsiderable variations, while it is not so good for larger things. See the note at Christie, I, 128, 'Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter,' in this volume, and other ballads.

In A the queen escapes from custody before her time comes, and gives birth to a boy in the swines' sty. Lots are cast to see who shall go find the queen (the narrative is very vague here), and the lot falls on Wise William, who sends his wife in his stead. The queen induces this woman to exchange children with her, Wise William's wife having a girl. After some years Wise William reveals to the boy that he is rightful lord of the castle (and we may suppose royal dignity) which False Foodrage has usurped. The boy kills False Foodrage and marries Wise William's daughter. Some of these incidents are wanting in B. For Wise William's wife we have simply a poor woman in the town.

'Fause Foodrage' is closely related to a Scandinavian ballad, especially popular in Denmark, where it is found in not less than twenty-three manuscripts :

Danish. A, 'Ung Villum,' *Danske Viser*, No 126, III, 135, 66 stanzas; B, 'Vold og Mord,' *Levninger*, II, 64, No 12, 64 stanzas; C, 'Lille Villum,' *Kristensen*, I, 305, No 111, 15 stanzas; also, *Tragica*, No 18, not seen. Icelandic. 'Kvæði af Loga í Vallarhlíð,' *Íslensk fornkvæði*, I, 235, No 28, 55 stanzas. Swedish. 'Helleman Unge,' *Arwidsson*, I, 132, No 15, 13 stanzas (imperfect). Färöe, in unprinted copies. There are more incidents in the Danish ballad, and too many, but something, without doubt, has been lost from the English, which, however, preserves these essential points: A man that has wedded a woman who had another lover is killed by his competitor shortly after his marriage; a boy is born, who is passed off as a girl; this boy, before he has attained manhood, slays his father's murderer.

In the Danish 'Young William,' A, Svend of Voldesløv, rich in gold, woos Lisbet, who prefers William for his good qualities. Svend shuts himself up in his room, sick with grief. His mother and sister come and go. The mother will get him a fairer maid, and gives him the good rede not to distress himself about a girl that is plighted to another man. The sister gives a bad rede, to kill William, and so get the bride. The mother remarks that a

son is coming into being who would revenge his father's death. The business can be done, says Svend, before that son is born, and immediately after takes occasion to meet William as he is passing through a wood, and kills him. Forty weeks gone, Lisbet gives birth to a son, but Svend is told that she has borne a daughter. Young William attains to the age of eighteen, and is a stalwart youth, given to games of strength. One day when he is putting the stone with a peasant, the two fall out, and the peasant, being roughly treated, calls out, You had better avenge your father's death. Young William hastens to his mother, and asks whether his father's death had been by violence, and, if so, who killed him. The mother thinks him too young to wield a sword: he must summon Svend to a court. This is done. Svend informs his uncle that he is summoned to court by William, and asks what he is to do. The uncle had always been told that Lisbet's child was a girl. I shall never live to see the day, says Svend, when I shall beat a woman at tricks. Svend goes to the court, attended by many of his uncle's men. William charges him with the murder of his father, for which no compensation has been offered. Svend says not a penny will be paid, and William draws his sword and cuts him down. For killing Svend William is summoned to court by Svend's brother, Nilus. Nilus demands amends. William says they are quit, with brother against father, and he will marry Nilus's sister (whom he has already carried off). Never, says Nilus, for which William finds it necessary to kill him. He then rides to his mother, who asks what amends have been offered for his father's death, and, on hearing that William has killed both the murderer and his brother, clasps him to her heart, for all her grief is now over.

No other Scandinavian copy besides Danish A has the killing of Nilus, which may be regarded as an aftergrowth. In the Icelandic version, the sister, so far from putting her brother up to the murder, bursts into tears when her brother tells what he has done, because she knows that revenge will follow. The murderer offers himself to his former love in

place of her husband, at the very moment when she is bowed in anguish over the dead body. She replies significantly, He is not far from me that shall revenge him. All the Scandinavian copies have the three chief points of the story except the Swedish, which lacks the first half.

Another Scandinavian ballad has many of the features of 'Young William:' Danish, 'Liden Engel,' A, *Danske Viser*, No 127, III, 147; B, *Levninger*, II, 82, No 13; C, *Kristensen*, I, 254, No 97, a fragment. Norwegian, 'Unge Ingelbrett,' *Bugge*, p. 110, No 23, derived from the Danish. According to Danish A, and for the most part B, Liden Engel (who, by the way, is of Westerris) carries off a bride by force. Her brother burns him and all his people in a church in which they have taken refuge, the lady being saved by lifting her on shields up to a window, whence she is taken by her natural friends. It is the mother that suggests the setting of the church on fire, and the first act of the daughter, after getting out of the church with singed hair, is to fall on her bare knees and pray that she may have a son who will take vengeance on her brother. A son is born, and called after his father, but his existence is as far as possible kept secret. As he grows up his mother is always saying to him, Thine uncle was the death of thy fathier. The boy wishes to serve the king; the mother says, Go, but remember thy father's death. The

king observes that the youth has always a weight on his mind, and on his asking the cause Little Engel answers that his uncle had slain his father and paid no boot. The king says, If you wish to revenge his death, as it is quite proper you should, I will lend you three hundred men. When the uncle is informed that Little Engel is coming against him he declares that he had never heard of such a person before: so the secret has been well kept. Little Engel burns his uncle and all his people in a stone chamber in which they had shut themselves up.

In the Norwegian-Danish ballad Engel, or Ingelbrett, the second simply kills his uncle with a sword. The offence given in this case is not the carrying off a bride by force, but the omitting to ask the brother's consent to the marriage, though that of all the rest of the family had been obtained: another instance of the danger of such neglect in addition to those already mentioned in the preface to 'The Cruel Brother,' I, 142.

'Fause Foodrage' has some affinity with 'Jellon Grame.'

Scott's copy is translated by Schubart, p. 102; Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, I, 33, and Hausschatz, p. 211; Doenniges, p. 51; Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, No 28.

'Ung Villum' is translated by Prior, III, 422, No 170; 'Liden Engel' by the same, III, 379, No 164.

A

Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 3.

1 KING EASTER has courted her for her gowd,
King Wester for her fee,
King Honor for her lands sae braid,
And for her fair body.

2 They had not been four months married,
As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
Against them did rebel.

3 And they cast kaivles them amang,
And kaivles them between,
And they cast kaivles them amang
Wha shoud gae kill the king.

4 O some said yea, and some said nay,
Their words did not agree;
Till up it gat him Fa'se Footrage,
And sware it shoud be he.

5 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' man boon to bed,

King Honor and his gay ladie
In a hie chamer were laid.

6 Then up it raise him Fa'se Footrage,
While a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

7 O four and twenty silver keys
Hang hie upon a pin,
And ay as a door he did unlock,
He has fastend it him behind.

8 Then up it raise him King Honor,
Says, What means a' this din !
Now what 's the matter, Fa'se Footrage ?
O wha was 't loot you in ?

9 'O ye my errand well shall learn
Before that I depart ;'
Then drew a knife baith lang and sharp
And pierced him thro the heart.

10 Then up it got the Queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee :
'O spare my life now, Fa'se Footrage !
For I never injured thee.

11 'O spare my life now, Fa'se Footrage !
Until I lighter be,
And see gin it be lad or lass
King Honor has left me wi.'

12 'O gin it be a lass,' he says,
'Well nursed she shall be ;
But gin it be a lad-bairn,
He shall be hanged hie.

13 'I winna spare his tender age,
Nor yet his hie, hie kin ;
But as soon as cer he born is,
He shall mount the gallows-pin.'

14 O four and twenty valiant knights
Were set the Queen to guard,
And four stood ay at her bower-door,
To keep baith watch and ward.

15 But when the time drew till an end
That she should lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile
To set her body free.

16 O she has birled these merry young men
Wi strong beer and wi wine,
Until she made them a' as drunk
As any wallwood swine.

17 'O narrow, narrow is this window,
And big, big am I grown !'
Yet thro the might of Our Ladie
Out at it she has won.

18 She wanderd up, she wanderd down,
She wanderd out and in,
And at last, into the very swines' sty,
The Queen brought forth a son.

19 Then they east kaivles them amang
Wha should gae seek the Queen,
And the kaivle fell upon Wise William,
And he 's sent his wife for him.

20 O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The Queen fell on her knee ;
'Win up, win up, madame,' she says,
'What means this courtesie ?'

21 'O out of this I winna rise
Till a boon ye grant to me,
To change your lass for this lad-bairn
King Honor left me wi.'

22 'And ye maun learn my gay gose-hawke
Well how to breast a steed,
And I shall learn your turtle-dow
As well to write and read.

23 'And ye maun learn my gay gose-hawke
To wield baith bow and brand,
And I shall learn your turtle-dow
To lay gowd wi her hand.

24 'At kirk or market where we meet,
We dare nae mair avow
But, Dame how does my gay gose-hawk ?
Madame, how does my dow ?'

25 When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought long ;
Out has he taen King Honor's son,
A hunting for to gang.

26 It sae fell out at their hunting,
Upon a summer's day,

That they cam by a fair castle,
Stood on a sunny brae.

27 'O dinna ye see that bonny castle,
Wi wa's and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you shoud be heir.'

28 'How I shoud be heir of that castle
In sooth I canna see,
When it belongs to Fa'se Footrage,
And he's nae kin to me.'

29 'O gin ye shoud kill him Fa'se Footrage,
You woud do what is right;
For I wot he killd your father dear,
Ere ever you saw the light.'

30 'Gin ye should kill him Fa'se Footrage,
There is nae man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she dares no take you hame.'

31 The boy stared wild like a gray gose-hawke,
Says, What may a' this mean!

32 'O gin I be King Honor's son,
By Our Ladie I swear,
This day I will that traytour slay,
And relieve my mother dear.'

33 He has set his bent bow till his breast,
And lap the castle-wa,
And soon he's siesed on Fa'se Footrage,
Wha loud for help gan ca.

34 'O hold your tongue now, Fa'se Footrage,
Frae me you shanno flee;
Syne pierced him through the foul fa'se heart,
And set his mother free.'

35 And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi the best half of his land,
And sae has he the turtle-dow
Wi the truth of his right hand.

B

Motherwell's MS., p. 341.

1 THE Eastmure king, and the Westmure king,
And the king of Onorie,
They have all courted a pretty maid,
And guess wha she micht be.

2 The Eastmure king courted her for gold,
And the Westmure king for fee,
The king of Onore for womanheid,
And for her fair beautie.

3 The Eastmure king swore a solemn oath,
He would keep it till May,
That he would murder the king of Onore,
Upon his wedding day.

4 When bells was rung, and psalms was sung,
And all men bonne for sleep,
Up and started the Eastmure king
At the king of Onore's head.

5 He has drawn the curtains by —
Their sheets was made of dorn —

And he has murdered the king of Onore,
As innocent as he was born.

6 This maid she awak'd in the middle of the night,
Was in a drowsy dream;
She found her bride's-bed swim with blood,
Bot and her good lord slain.

7 'What will the court and council say?
What will they say to me?
What will the court and council say
But this night I've murder'd thee?'

8 Out and speaks the Eastmure king:
'Hold your tongue, my pretty may,
And come along with me, my dear,
And that court ye'll never see.'

9 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon a gray;
She turnd her back against the court,
And weeping rode away.

10 'Now if you be with child,' he says,
'As I truw well you be,

If it be of a lassie-bairn,
I 'll give her nurses three.

11 'If it be a lassie-bairn,
If you please she 'll get five ;
But if it be a bonnie boy,
I will not let him live.'

12 Word is to the city gone,
And word is to the town,
And word is to the city gone,
She 's delivered of a son.

13 But a poor woman in the town
In the same case does lye,
Wha gived to her her woman-child,
Took awa her bonnie boy.

14 At kirk or market, whereer they met,
They never durst avow,
But 'Thou be kind to my boy,' she says,
'I 'll be kind to your bonnie dow.'

15 This boy was sixteen years of age,
But he was nae seventeen,
When he is to the garden gone,
To slay that Eastmure king.

16 'Be aware, be aware, thou Eastmure king,
Be aware this day of me ;
For I do swear and do declare
Thy botcher I will be.'

17 'What aileth thee, my bonnie boy ?
What aileth thee at me ?
I 'm sure I never did thee wrang ;
Thy face I neer did see.'

18 'Thou murdered my father dear,
When scarce conceived was I ;
Thou murdered my father dear,
When scarce conceived was me :'
So then he slew that Eastmure king,
Beneath that garden tree.

C

Harris MS., No 18, fol. 22 : derived from Jannie Scott, an old Perthshire nurse, about 1790.

1 EASTMUIR king, and Wastmuir king,
And king o Luve, a' three,
It 's they coost kevils them amang,
Aboot a gay ladie.

2 Eastmuir king he wan the gowd,
An Wastmuir king the fee,

3 Thae twa kings, they made an aith,
That, be it as it may,
They wad slay him king o Luve,
Upon his waddin day.

4 Eastmuir king he brak his aith,
An sair penance did he ;
But Wastmuir king he made it oot,
An an ill deid mat he dee !

B. 4⁴. Onore's feet *originally*. 5³. Onores.

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JELLON GRAME.

A. a. 'Jellon Grame and Lillie Flower,' A. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 4. **b.** 'Jellon Grame,' Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 20, 1802.

B. 'Hind Henry,' Motherwell's MS., p. 443.

C. 'May-a-Row,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 231.

D. 'Lady Margerie,' Crome's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 222.

'JELLON GRAME' was first given to the world in Scott's Minstrelsy, in 1802. The editor says of this copy, **A b**, "This ballad is published from tradition, with some conjectural emendations. It is corrected by a copy in Mrs Brown's MS. [A a], from which it differs in the concluding stanzas. Some verses are apparently modernized." The only very important difference between Scott's version and Mrs Brown's is its having four stanzas of its own, the four before the last two, which are evidently not simply modernized, but modern.

There is a material difference between the story furnished by **A** and what we learn from the three other copies. Jellon Grame sends for his love Lillie Flower to come to the wood. She is very eager to go, though warned by the messenger that she may never come back. Jellon Grame, who has already dug her grave, kills her because her father will hang him when it is discovered that she has had a child by him. He brings up the child as his sister's son. One day, when the boy asks why his mother does not take him home, Jellon Grame (very unnaturally) answers, I slew her, and there she lies: upon which the boy sends an arrow through him.

In **B**, **C**, **D**, the man is Henry, Hind Henry, **B**, **C**; the maid is May Margerie, **B**, May-a-Roe, **C**, Margerie, **D**. Margerie, in **B**, receives a message to come to the wood to make her love a shirt, which surprises her, for no month had passed in the year that she had not made him three. Nevertheless, she goes, though warned by her mother that there is a plot against her life. She is stopped in the wood

by Hind Henry, who kills her because she loves Brown Robin. Word is carried that Margerie has been slain; her sister hastens to the wood, takes under her care the child which Margerie was going with, and calls him Brown Robin, after his father. The lad goes to the wood one day after school to pull a hollin wand, and meets Hind Henry at the place where the mother had been killed. No grass is growing just there, and the boy asks Hind Henry why this is so. Hind Henry, not less frank than Jellon Grame, says, That is the very spot where I killed your mother. The boy catches at Henry's sword and runs him through.

C has nearly the same incidents as **B**, diluted and vulgarized in almost twice as many verses. Brown Robin is made to be Hind Henry's brother. The sister does not appear in the action, and the child is brought up by the murderer, as in **A**, but is named Robin Hood, after that bold robber. On hearing from Hind Henry how his mother had come to her death, young Robin sends an arrow to his heart.

A story is supplied from the "traditions of Galloway" for the fragmentary, and perhaps heterogeneous, verses called **D**; I suppose by Allan Cunningham. Margerie was beloved by two brothers, and preferred the elder. Henry, the younger, forged a billet to her by which he obtained a meeting in a wood, when he reproached her for not returning his feelings: sts 1, 2. "She expostulated with him on the impropriety of bringing her into an unfrequented place for the purpose of winning affec-

tions which, she observed, were not hers to bestow ;" but expostulations as to improprieties producing but slight effect in "those rude times," told him plainly that she was with child by his brother. Henry drew his sword and killed Margerie. The elder brother, who was hunting, was apprised of mischief by the omens in stanza 4. "Astonished at this singular phenomenon, he immediately flew to the bower of his mistress, where a page informed him she was gone to the 'silver wood,' agreeably to his desire. Thither he spurred his horse, and, meeting Henry with his bloody sword still in his hand, inquired what he had been killing." The other replied as in stanza 5. "A mutual explanation took place, and Henry fell by the sword of his unhappy brother."

The resemblance of this ballad at the beginning to 'Child Maurice' will not escape notice. Silver Wood, or the silver wood, is found in 'Child Maurice,' A 1, G 1. A 14, B 10, C 15, is a commonplace: see No 66, A 28, 29, B 20, 21, D 9, E 40; No 70, B 25; No 81, K 13. B 13 is found in 'Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter,' B 24: cf. A 15. The phenomenon in D 4 we have had in No 65, D 17.

'Jellon Grame,' and particularly versions B, C, D, may be regarded as a counterpart to 'Fause Foodrage,' and especially to versions B, C, of that ballad. In 'Fause Foodrage,' B, C, and 'Jellon Grame,' B, C, D, a woman has two lovers. The one who is preferred is killed by the other in 'Fause Foodrage'; in 'Jellon Grame' the woman herself is killed by the lover she has rejected. This kind of interchange is familiar in ballads. In both 'Fause Foodrage' and 'Jellon Grame' the son of the woman, before he comes to manhood, takes vengeance on the murderer.

'Jellon Grame,' as well as 'Fause Foodrage,' has certainly suffered very much in transmission. It is interesting to find an ancient and original trait preserved even in so extremely corrupted a version as C of the present ballad, a circumstance very far from unexampled. In stanza 18 we read that the child who is to avenge his mother "grew as big in a year auld as some boys woud in three," and we have a faint trace of the same extraordinary thriving in B 15: "Of all the youths was at that school none could with him compare." So in one of the Scandinavian ballads akin to 'Fause Foodrage,' and more remotely to 'Jellon Grame,' the corresponding child grows more in two months than other boys in eight years :

Mei voks unge Ingelbrett
í dei maanar tvaa
hell hine smaabonni
vokse paa atte aar.

Bugge, Norske Folkeviser, No 23, st. 17, p. 113.

This is a commonplace: so again Bugge, No 5, sts 7, 8, p. 23. Compare Robert le Diable, and Sir Gowther.

In B 14 we are told that the boy was called by his father's name (C 17 is corrupted). This is a point in the corresponding Scandinavian ballads: Danske Viser, No 126, st. 21, No 127, st. 34; Levninger, No 12, st. 26, No 13, st. 18; Íslenzk fornkvæði, No 28, st. 33b; Bugge, No 23, st. 16; Kristensen, I, No 97, sts 7, 11, No 111, st. 9.

A b is translated by Schubart, p. 69; by Arndt, Blütenlese, p. 234.

A

a. A. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 4. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 20, 1802.

1 O JELLON GRAME sat in Silver Wood,
He whistled and he sang,

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And he has calld his little foot-page,
His errand for to gang.

2 'Win up, my bonny boy,' he says,
'As quick as eer you may;
For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower,
Before the break of day.'

3 The boy he's buckled his belt about,
And thro the green-wood ran,
And he came to the ladie's bower-door,
Before the day did dawn.

4 'O sleep ye, or wake ye, Lillie Flower ?
The red run's i the rain :'
'I sleep not aft, I wake right aft ;
Wha's that that kens my name ?'

5 'Ye are bidden come to Silver Wood,
But I fear you'll never win hame ;
Ye are bidden come to Silver Wood,
And speak wi Jellon Grame.'

6 'O I will gang to Silver Wood,
Though I shoud never win hame ;
For the thing I most desire on earth
Is to speak wi Jellon Grame.'

7 She had no ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Ere she came to a new made grave,
Beneath a green oak tree.

8 O then up started Jellon Grame,
Out of a bush hard bye :
'Light down, light down now, Lillie Flower,
For it's here that ye maun ly.'

9 She lighted aff her milk-white steed,
And knelt upon her knee :
'O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame !
For I'm nae prepar'd to die.'

10 'Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,
Maun shortly see the light ;
But to see it weltring in my blude
Woud be a piteous sight.'

11 'O shoud I spare your life,' he says,
'Until that bairn be born,
I ken fu well your stern father
Woud hang me on the morn.'

12 'O spare my life now, Jellon Grame !
My father ye neer need dread ;
I'll keep my bairn i the good green wood,
Or wi it I'll beg my bread.'

13 He took nae pity on that ladie,
Tho she for life did pray ;
But piereed her thro the fair body,
As at his feet she lay.

14 He felt nae pity for that ladie,
Tho she was lying dead ;
But he felt some for the bonny boy,
Lay weltring in her blude.

15 Up has he taen that bonny boy,
Gien him to nurices nine,
Three to wake, and three to sleep,
And three to go between.

16 And he's brought up that bonny boy,
Calld him his sister's son ;
He thought nae man would eer find out
The deed that he had done.

17 But it sae fell out upon a time,
As a hunting they did gay,
That they rested them in Silver Wood,
Upon a summer-day.

18 Then out it spake that bonny boy,
While the tear stood in his eye,
'O tell me this now, Jellon Grame,
And I pray you dinna lie.'

19 'The reason that my mother dear
Does never take me hame ?
To keep me still in banishment
Is baith a sin and shame.'

20 'You wonder that your mother dear
Does never send for thee ;
Lo, there's the place I slew thy mother,
Beneath that green oak tree.'

21 Wi that the boy has bent his bow,
It was baith stout and lang,
And through and thro him Jellon Grame
He's gard an arrow gang.

22 Says, Lye you thare now, Jellon Grame,
My mellison you wi ;
The placee my mother lies buried in
Is far too good for thee.

B

Motherwell's MS., p. 443.

1 WORD has come to May Margerie,
In her bower where she sat :
' You are bid come to good green-wood,
To make your love a shirt.'

2 'I wonder much,' said May Margerie,
' At this message to me ;
There is not a mouth gone of this year
But I have made him three.'

3 Then out did speak her mother dear,
A wise woman was she ;
Said, Stay at home, my daughter May,
They seek to murder thee.

4 'O I'll cast off my gloves, mother,
And hang them up, I say ;
If I come never back again,
They will mind you on May.

5 'Go saddle my horseback,' she said,
' It's quick as ever you may,
And we will ride to good green-wood ;
It is a pleasant day.'

6 And when she came to good green-wood,
It's through it they did ride ;
Then up did start him Hind Henry,
Just at the lady's side.

7 Says, Stop, O stop, you May Margerie,
Just stop I say to thee ;
The boy that leads your bridle reins
Shall see you red and blue.

8 It's out he drew a long, long brand,
And stroked it ower a strae,
And through and through that lady's sides
He made the cauld weapon gae.

9 Says, Take you that now, May Margerie,
Just take you that from me,
Because you love Brown Robin,
And never would love me.

10 There was less pity for that lady,
When she was lying dead,
As was for her bony infant boy,
Lay swathed amang her bleed.

11 The boy fled home with all his might,
The tear into his ee :
' They have slain my lady in the wood,
With fear I'm like to die.'

12 Her sister's ran into the wood,
With greater grief and eare,
Sighing and sobbing all the way,
Tearing her cloaths and hair.

13 Says, I'll take up that fair infant,
And lull him on my sleeve ;
Altho his father should wish me woe,
His mother to me was leeve.

14 Now she has taken the infant up,
And she has brought him hame,
And she has called him Brown Robin,
That was his father's name.

15 And when he did grow up a bit,
She put him to the lair,
And of all the youths was at that school
None could with him compare.

16 And it fell once upon a day
A playtime it was come,
And when the rest went from the school,
Each one to their own home,

17 He hied him unto good green-wood,
And leapt from tree to tree ;
It was to pull a hollin wand,
To play his ownself wi.

18 And when he thus had passed his time,
To go home he was fain,
He chanced to meet him Hind Henry,
Where his mother was slain.

19 'O how is this,' the youth cried out,
' If it to you is known,
How all this wood is growing grass,
And on that small spot grows none ?'

20 'Since you do wonder, bonnie boy,
I shall tell you anon ;
That is indeed the very spot
I killed your mother in.'

21 He catched hold of Henry's brand,
And stroked it ower a strae,

And thro and thro Hind Henry's sides
He made the cauld metal gae.

22 Says, Take you that, O Hind Henry,
O take you that from me,

For killing of my mother dear,
And her not hurting thee.

C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 231.

- 1 WHEN spring appear'd in all its bloom,
And flowers grew fresh and green,
As May-a-Roe she set her down,
To lay gowd on her seam.
- 2 But word has come to that lady,
At evening when 't was dark,
To meet her love in gude greenwood,
And bring to him a sark.
- 3 'That 's strange to me,' said May-a-Roe,
'For how can a' this be ?
A month or twa is scarcely past
Sin I sent my lovie three.'
- 4 Then May-a-Roe lap on her steed,
And quickly rade away ;
She hadna ridden but hauf a mile,
Till she heard a voice to say :
- 5 'Turn back, turn back, ye ventrous maid,
Nae farther must ye go ;
For the boy that leads your bridle rein
Leads you to your overthrow.'
- 6 But a' these words she neer did mind,
But fast awa did ride ;
And up it starts him Hynde Henry,
Just fair by her right side.
- 7 'Ye 'll tarry here, perfidious maid,
For by my hand ye 'se dee ;
Ye married my brother, Brown Robin,
Whan ye shoud hae married me.'
- 8 'O mercy, mercy, Hynde Henry,
O mercy have on me !
For I am eight months gane wi child,
Therefore ye 'll lat me be.'
- 9 'Nae mercy is for thee, fair maid,
Nae mercy is for thee ;
You married my brother, Brown Robin,
Whan ye shoud hae married me.'

10 'Ye will bring here the bread, Henry,
And I will bring the wine,
And ye will drink to your ain love,
And I will drink to mine.'

11 'I winna bring here the bread, fair maid,
Nor yet shall ye the wine,
Nor will I drink to my ain love,
Nor yet shall ye to thine.'

12 'O mercy, mercy, Hynde Henry,
Until I lighter be !
Hae mercy on your brother's bairn,
Tho ye hae nane for me.'

13 'Nae mercy is for thee, fair maid,
Nae mercy is for thee ;
Such mercy unto you I 'll gie
As what ye gae to me.'

14 Then he 's taen out a trusty brand,
And stroakd it ower a strae,
And thro and thro her fair body
He 's gart cauld iron gae.

15 Nae meen was made for that lady,
For she was lying dead ;
But a' was for her bonny bairn,
Lay spartling by her side.

16 Then he 's taen up the bonny bairn,
Handled him tenderlie,
And said, Ye are o my ain kin,
Tho your mother ill used me.

17 He 's washen him at the crystal stream,
And rowd him in a weed,
And namd him after a bold robber
Who was calld Robin Hood.

18 Then brought to the next borough's town,
And gae him nurses three ;
He grew as big in ae year auld
As some boys woud in three.

19 Then he was sent to guid squeel-house,
To learn how to thrive ;
He learnt as muckle in ae year's time
As some boys would in five.

20 'But I wonder, I wonder,' said little Robin,
 'Gin eer a woman bare me;
 For mony a lady spiers for the rest,
 But nae ane spiers for me.'

21 'I wonder, I wonder,' said little Robin,
 'Were I of woman born;
 Whan ladies my comrades do caress,
 They look at me wi scorn.'

22 It fell upon an evening-tide,
 Was ae night by it lane,
 Whan a' the boys frae guid squeel-house
 Were merrily coming hame,

23 Robin parted frae the rest,
 He wishd to be alane;
 And when his comrades he dismist,
 To guid greenwood he 's gane.

24 When he eame to guid greenwood,
 He clamb frae tree to tree,
 To pou some o the finest leaves,
 For to divert him wi.

25 He hadn'a pu'd a leaf, a leaf,
 Nor brake a branch but ane,
 Till by it eame him Hynde Henry,
 And bade him lat alane.

26 'You are too bauld a boy,' he said,
 'Sae impudent you be,
 As pu the leaves that 's nac your ain,
 Or yet to touch the tree.'

27 'O mercy, mercy, gentleman,
 O mercy hae on me!
 For if that I offence hae done,
 It was unknown to me.'

28 'Nae boy comes here to guid greenwood
 But pays a fine to me;
 Your velvet coat, or shooting-bow,
 Which o them will ye gie ?'

29 'My shooting-bow arches sae well,
 Wi it I canno part;
 Lest wer 't to send a sharp arrow
 To pierce you to the heart.'

30 He turnd him right and round about,
 His countenance did change :

31 'Ye seem to be a boy right bauld ;
 Why can ye talk sae strange ?

32 'I'm sure ye are the bauldest boy
 That ever I talkd wi ;
 As for your mother, May-a-Roe,
 She was neer sae bauld to me.'

33 'O, if ye knew my mother,' he said,
 'That 's very strange to me ;
 And if that ye my mother knew,
 It 's mair than I coud dee.'

34 'Sae well as I your mother knew,
 Ance my sweet-heart was she ;
 Because to me she broke her vow,
 This maid was slain by me.'

35 'O, if ye slew my mother dear,
 As I trust ye make nae lie,
 I wyte ye never did the deed
 That better paid shall be.'

36 'O mercy, mercy, little Robin,
 O mercy hae on me !'
 'Sic mercy as ye pac my mother,
 Sic mercy I 'll gie thee.'

37 'Prepare yourself, perfidious man,
 For by my hand ye 'se dee ;
 Now come 's that bluidy butcher's end
 Took my mother frae me.'

38 Then he hae chosen a sharp arrow,
 That was baith keen and smart,
 And let it fly at Hynde IIenry,
 And pierced him to the heart.

39 These news hae gaen thro Stirling town,
 Likewise thro Hunting-ha;
 At last it reachd the king's own court,
 Amang the nobles a'.

40 When the king got word o that,
 A light laugh then gae he,
 And he 's sent for him little Robin,
 To come right speedilie.

41 He 's putten on little Robin's head
 A ribbon and gowden crown,
 And made him ane o 's finest knights,
 For the valour he had done.

D

Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 222.

* * * * *

1 'D' ye mind, d' ye mind, Lady Margerie,
When we handed round the beer?
Seven times I fainted for your sake,
And you never dropt a tear.

2 'D' ye mind, d' ye mind, Lady Margerie,
When we handed round the wine?
Seven times I fainted for your sake,
And you never fainted once for mine.'

* * * * *

3 And he's taen the baby out of her womb
And thrown it upon a thorn :

'Let the wind blow east, let the wind blow west,
The cradle will rock its lone.'

* * * * *

4 But when brother Henry's cruel brand
Had done the bloody deed,
The silver-buttons flew off his coat,
And his nose began to bleed.

* * * * *

5 'O I have been killing in the silver wood
What will breed mickle woe;
I have been killing in the silver wood
A dawdy and a doe.'

* * * * *

A. a. 10⁴. piteouus.

- b. 1². he sharpd his broad-sword lang.
- 1⁴. An errand.
- 2². quickly as ye.
- 3¹. boy has. 3³. ladye's bower.
- 4¹. or omitted. 4². red sun's on.
- 4^{3, 4}. wanting.
- 5^{1, 2}. as 4^{3, 4}: I doubt ye'll.
- 5^{3, 4}. wanting.
- 6. wanting. 7¹. had na.
- 8². there bye.
- 9⁴. no. 11². were born.
- 11³. Full weel I ken your auld.
- 12². ye need na. 12³. babe in gude.
- 13¹. on Lillie Flower.
- 14¹. for Lillie Flower.
- 14². Where she. 14³. bonny bairn.
- 14⁴. That lay.
- 15³. Three to sleep and three to wake.
- 16¹. he bred.
- 16³. And he thought no eye could ever see.
- 17¹. O so it fell upon a day.
- 17². When hunting they might be.
- 17³. That omitted.
- 17⁴. Beneath that green aik tree.

18-20.

And mony were the green wood flowers
Upon the grave that grew,
And marvell'd much that bonny boy
To see their lovely hue.

'What's paler than the prymrose wan?
What's redder than the rose?
What's fairer than the lilye flower
On this wee know that grows?'

O out and answered Jellon Grame,
And he spake hastilie;
'Your mother was a fairer flower,
And lies beneath this tree.'

'More pale she was, when she sought my grace,
Than prymrose pale and wan,
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood,
That down my broad-sword ran.'

22¹. Lie ye. 22². gang you wi.B. 12¹. sisters ran: into altered to unto.

91

FAIR MARY OF WALLINGTON

A. 'Fair Mary of Wallington,' Lovely Jenny's Garland, three copies, as early as 1775.

B. 'Lady Mazery,' Herd's MSS: **a**, I, 186; **b**, II, 89.

C. 'The Bonny Earl of Livingston,' Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 5.

D. 'The Laird o Livingstone,' Dr John Hill Burton's MS., No 2.

E. 'Mild Mary,' Motherwell's MS., p. 123.

F. 'Lord Darlington.' **a.** Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 183. **b.** The Borderer's Table Book, VII, 178.

'FAIR MARY OF WALLINGTON' was communicated to Bishop Percy, with other "old Scots Songs," in 1775, by Roger Halt, and presumably in a copy of the garland from which it is here printed. **A** was given by Ritson, from an inferior edition, with corrections, and the title changed to 'Fair Mabel of Wallington,' in The Northumberland Garland, 1793, p. 38 of the reprint of Northern Garlands, 1809. Ritson's copy is repeated in Bell's Rhymes of Northern Bards, 1812, p. 147, and in Richardson's Borderer's Table Book, VI, 141.

The story is very well preserved and very well told in **A**. All the seven sisters of a family are destined to die of their first child. Five having so died already, one of the remaining two expresses a resolution never to marry, since she is sure that she will go the way of the others. She is told that a knight has been there, asking for her hand. Then in three quarters of a year they may come to her burial. When her husband's mother welcomes her to her castle and bowers, the bride responds, under the operation of her melancholy conviction, I think they'll soon be yours. At the end of three quarters of a year she sends messages to her family: to her mother to come to her sickening or her wake;* to her

sister to remain in maidenhood, and escape the doom of the family. When the mother arrives the young wife is in extremities.† She gives rings to her mother, who is all to blame, gives rings to her husband, and with a razor opens her side, and takes out an heir for the house. In **D** we are told that five boys had been cut from their mothers, Mary's sisters, before. In **B** the remaining sister declares that no man shall ever lie by her side; but her mother says she shall marry though she live but three quarters of a year: so, nearly, in **C**.

A Breton ballad, 'Pontplancoat,' **A**, Luzel, I, 382, **B**, p. 386, exhibits such correspondences with the English and Scottish that we cannot hesitate to assume that it has the same source.

In the first version Pontplancoat marries Marguerite for his third wife. He is obliged by affairs to leave her, and has a dream which disturbs him so much that he returns home the same night. This dream is that his wife has been three days in travail, and it proves true. A spoon is put in the lady's mouth, an incision made in her right side, and a son taken out. This is Pontplancoat's third son, and each of them has been extracted from his mother's side. He has had three wives of the

* The stanza which should convey this part of the message is wanting, but may be confidently supplied from the errand-boy's repetition.

† The three steeds in **B** 23-25, the tiring out of the black and of the brown, and the endurance of the white, are found

in 'Lady Maisry,' No 65, **B**, **C**, **E**, **F**, and this passage perhaps belongs to that ballad. It may, however, have been a commonplace. There is something similar in Bugge, p. 130, No 26 **B**, 6-8, and Landstad, p. 512, No 57, 24-27. For the milk-white geese, **E** 7, see No 66, **C** 22, No 73, **A**, note.

name of Marguerite, and they have all died in this way.

Marguerite, in the other version, is told by her mother that she is to marry Pontplancourt. Marguerite signifies her obedience, but Pontplancourt has already had four wives of her name, all of whom "had been opened," and she shall be the fifth. As before, Pontplancourt is obliged to go away, and during his absence he receives letters which inform him that his wife is in labor and that the chances are against a normal delivery. He returns instantly. The lady has been three days in labor. A silver ball is put into her mouth, her right side opened with a knife, and a son extracted. Pontplancourt has four sons besides, all of whom have been brought into the world in this way.

English A is localized in Northumberland, and Mary made the wife of a Sir William Fenwick of Wallington. According to notes of Percy, he had not been able to find a Sir William Fenwick, lord of Wallington, with a wife of the name of Mary. Were a Sir William and Lady Mary Fenwick authenticable, a nice historical question would arise between them and some baron and baroness of the family Pontplancourt in Finistère, Brittany.

An extensively disseminated Scandinavian ballad has been assumed to be of kin with 'Mary of Wallington,' and in one version or another has resemblances which may possibly come from unity of origin, but the general likeness is certainly not striking. The published texts are: Norwegian, 'Maalfrí,' Bugge, *Gamle norske Folkeviser*, p. 122, No 25, A, B. Icelandic, 'Málfriðar kvæði,' Íslensk fornkvæði, I, 208, No 24, A-D. Swedish, 'Herr Peder och Malfred,' Afzelius, I, 70, No 14. Danish, A, 'Esben og Malfred,' "Tragica, No 26," *Danske Viser*, III, 208, No 133; B, C, Kristensen, I, 232, No 87, A, B; D, E, 'Malfreds Død,' Kristensen, II, 232, No 69, A, B; F, 'Liden Malfreds Vise,' Feilberg, *Fra Heden*, p. 119; G, 'Herr Peder og Liden Malfred,' Berggreen's *Danske Folkesange*, 3d ed., p. 172, No 88. The Danish ballad is

preserved in ten manuscripts, and Grundtvig possessed not less than twenty-two traditional Danish versions and two Swedish, which he did not live to print.

The Norwegian ballad is most like, or least unlike, the English. Maalfrí, a king's only daughter, is married to Karl, king of England. It was spaed to her when she was yet a maid that she should die of her twelfth lying in; she has already born eleven children. The king purposing to leave her for a time, she reminds him of the prophecy. He defies spaewives and goes, but after three days dreams that Maalfrí's cloak is cut in two, that her hair is cut to bits, etc.; and this sends him home, when he learns that two sons have been cut from her side. He throws himself on his sword. Maalfrí, Malfred, is, in the other Norse ballads, also an only daughter, and dies in her twelfth child-birth, in all but Icelandic B, C, D, where the first is fatal to her. There are no other important diversities, and the resemblances in the details of the Norse and the English ballads are these two: the wife being fated to die of her first child in Icelandic B, C, D, and the Cæsarean operation in the Norwegian versions.

It is barely worth mentioning that there is also a German ballad, in which a maid (only eleven years old in most of the versions) begs her mother not to give her to a husband, because she will not live more than a year if married, and dies accordingly in child-birth: 'Hans Markgraf,' "Bothe, Frühlings-Almanach, 1806, p. 132," reprinted in Büsching und von der Hagen's *Volkslieder*, p. 30, Erlach, II, 136, Mittler, No 133; "Alle bei Gott die sich lieben," Wunderhorn, 1808, II, 250, Erlach, IV, 127, Mittler, No 128; Hoffmann und Richter, *Schlesische Volkslieder*, p. 12, No 5, Mittler, No 132. To these may be added 'Der Graf und die Bauerntochter,' Ditfurth, II, 8, No 9; 'Der Mutter Fluch,' Meinert, p. 246. In these last it is the mother who objects to the marriage, on account of her daughter's extreme youth.*

Stein, and breaks her heart. The chair of stone in the English ballad, like the chair of oak, is a customary seat of the mother's, and she is very far from breaking her heart. Nothing can be built on such accidents.

* Uhland, *Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage*, IV, 107, cites the chair of stone in English A 12, 18, as bringing to mind Bothe, st. 14, Wunderhorn, st. 12, where he mother sits down auf einen breiten Stein, an ein harten

A

Lovely Jenny's Garland, three copies, as early as 1775, but without place or date.

1 WHEN we were silly sisters seven,
sisters were so fair,
Five of us were brave knights' wives,
and died in childbed lair.

2 Up then spake Fair Mary,
marry woud she name ;
If ever she came in man's bed,
the same gate wad she gang.

3 ' Make no vows, Fair Mary,
for fear they broken be ;
Here 's been the Knight of Wallington,
asking good will of thee.'

4 ' If here 's been the knight, mother,
asking good will of me,
Within three quarters of a year
you may come bury me.'

5 When she came to Wallington,
and into Wallington hall,
There she spy'd her mother dear,
walking about the wall.

6 ' You 're welcome, daughter dear,
to thy castle and thy bowers ;'
' I thank you kindly, mother,
I hope they 'll soon be yours.'

7 She had not been in Wallington
three quarters and a day,
Till upon the ground she could not walk,
she was a weary prey.

8 She had not been in Wallington
three quarters and a night,
Till on the ground she coud not walk,
she was a weary wight.

9 ' Is there neer a boy in this town,
who 'll win hose and shunn,
That will run to fair Pudlington,
and bid my mother come ?'

10 Up then spake a little boy,
near unto a-kin ;
' Full oft I have your errands gone,
but now I will it run.'

11 Then she calld her waiting-maid
to bring up bread and wine :
' Eat and drink, my bonny boy,
thou 'll neer eat more of mine.'

12 ' Give my respects to my mother,
[as] she sits in her chair of stone,
And ask her how she likes the news,
of seven to have but one.'

13 [' Give my respects to my mother,
as she sits in her chair of oak,
And bid her come to my sickening,
or my merry lake-wake.]

14 ' Give my love to my brother
William, Ralph, and John,
And to my sister Betty fair,
and to her white as bone.'

15 ' And bid her keep her maidenhead,
be sure make much on 't,
For if eer she come in man's bed,
the same gate will she gang.'

16 Away this little boy is gone,
as fast as he could run ;
When he came where brigs were broke,
he lay down and swum.

17 When he saw the lady, he said,
Lord may your keeper be !
' What news, my pretty boy,
hast thou to tell to me ?'

18 ' Your daughter Mary orders me,
as you sit in a chair of stone,
To ask you how you like the news,
of seven to have but one.'

19 ' Your daughter gives commands,
as you sit in a chair of oak,
And bids you come to her sickening,
or her merry lake-wake.'

20 ' She gives command to her brother
William, Ralph, and John,
[And] to her sister Betty fair,
and to her white as bone.'

21 ' She bids her keep her maidenhead,
be sure make much on 't,

For if eer she came in man's bed,
the same gate woud she gang.'

22 She kiekt the table with her foot,
she kiekt it with her knee,
The silver plate into the fire,
so far she made it flee.

23 Then she calld her waiting-maid
to bring her riding-hood,
So did she on her stable-groom
to bring her riding-steed.

24 'Go saddle to me the black [the black,]
go saddle to me the brown,
Go saddle to me the swiftest steed
that eer rid [to] Wallington.'

25 When they came to Wallington,
and into Wallington hall,
There she spy'd her son Fenwick,
walking about the wall.

26 'God save you, dear son,
Lord may your keeper be !
Where is my daughter fair,
that used to walk with thee ?'

27 He turnd his head round about,
the tears did fill his ee :
'T is a month,' he said, 'since she
took her chambers from me.'

28 She went on
and there were in the hall
Four and twenty ladies,
letting the tears down fall.

29 Her daughter had a scope
into her cheek and into her chin,
All to keep her life
till her dear mother eame.

30 'Come take the rings off my fingers,
the skin it is so white,
And give them to my mother dear,
for she was all the wite.

31 'Come take the rings off my fingers,
the veins they are so red,
Give them to Sir William Fenwick,
I 'm sure his heart will bleed.'

32 She took out a razor
that was both sharp and fine,
And out of her left side has taken
the heir of Wallington.

33 There is a raee in Wallington,
and that I rue full sare ;
Tho the eradle it be full spread up,
the bride-bed is left bare.

B

Herd's MSS : a, I, 186 ; b, II, 89.

1 'WHEN we were sisters seven,
An five of us deyd wi child,
And there is nane but you and I, Mazery,
And we 'll go madens mild.'

2 But there came knights, and there came
squires,
An knights of high degree ;
She pleaseid hersel in Levieston,
Thay wear a comly twa.

3 He has bought her rings for her fingers,
And garlands for her hair,
The brooehis till her bosome braid ;
What wad my love ha mair ?

4 She had na been in Liveingston
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till she was as big wi bairn
As ony lady could gae.

5 The knight he knocked his white fingers,
The goude rings flew in twa :
'Halls and bowers they shall go wast
Ere my bonny love gie awa ! '

6 The knight he knocked his white fingers,
The goude rings flew in foure :
'Halls and bowers they shall go waste
Eren my bonny lady gie it ore ! '

And he has brought her on to Livingston,
And made her lady thear.

7 The knight he knocked his white fingers,
 The lady[s] sewed and sung ;
 It was to comfort Lady Mazery,
 But her life-days wear na long.

8 'O whare will I get a bonny boy,
 That will win bothi hoos and shoon,
 That will win his way to Little Snoddown,
 To my mother, the Queen ?'

9 Up and stands a bonny boy,
 Gonde yellow was his hair ;
 I wish his mother mickle grace at him,
 And his trew-love mickle mare.

10 'Here am I a bonny boy,
 That will win baith hoos an shoon,
 That will win my way to Little Snoddown,
 To thy mother, the Queen.'

11 'Here is the rings frae my fingers,
 The garlands frae my hair,
 The broches fray my bosom braid ;
 Fray me she 'll nere get mare.

12 'Here it is my weeding-goun,
 It is a' goude but the hem ;
 Gi it to my sister Allen,
 For she is left now bird her lane.

13 'When you come whare brigs is broken,
 Ye 'l bent your bow and swim ;
 An when ye come whare green grass grows,
 Ye 'l slack your shoon and run.

14 'But when you come to yon castle,
 Bide neither to chap nor ea,
 But you 'l set your bent bow to your breast,
 And lightly loup the wa,
 And gin the porter be half-gate,
 Ye 'll be ben throw the ha.'

15 O when he came whare brigs was broken,
 He bent his bow and swam ;
 An when he came where green grass grows,
 He slackd his shoon an ran.

16 And when he came to yon castel,
 He stayed neither to chap no ca'l,
 But bent his bow unto his breast,
 And lightly lap the wa';
 And gin the porter was hafe-gate,
 He was ben throw the ha'l.

17 'O peace be to you, ladys a'l !
 As ye sit at your dine
 Ye ha little word of Lady Mazerë,
 For she drees mickel pine.

18 'Here is the rings frae her fingers,
 The garlands frae her hair,
 The broches frae her bosome brade ;
 Fray her ye 'l nere get mare.

19 'Here it is her weeding-goun,
 It is a' goude but the hem ;
 Ye 'll ge it to her sister Allen,
 For she is left bird her lane.'

20 She ea'd the table wi her foot,
 And coped it wi her tae,
 Till siller cups an siller cans
 Unto the floor did gae.

21 'Ye wash, ye wash, ye bonny boy,
 Ye wash, and come to dine ;
 It does not fit a bonny boy
 His errant for to tine.

22 'Ge saddle to me the black, the black,
 Ge saddle to me the brown,
 Ge saddle to me the swiftest steed
 That ever rid frae a town.'

23 The first steed they saddled to her,
 He was the bonny black ;
 He was a good steed, an a very good steed,
 But he tiyrd eer he wan the slack.

24 The next steed they saddled to her,
 He was the bonny brown ;
 He was a good steed, an a very good steed,
 But he tiyrd ere he wan the town.

25 The next steed they saddled to her,
 He was the bonny white ;
 Fair fa the mair that fo'd the fole
 That carried her to Mazeree['s] lear !

26 As she gaed in at Leivingston,
 Thair was na mickel pride ;
 The scobs was in her lovely mouth,
 And the razer in her side.

27 'O them that marrys your daughter, lady,
 I think them but a foole ;
 A married man at Martimass,
 An a widdow the next Yule !'

28 'O hold your toun new, Livingston,
Let all your folly abee;
I bear the burden in my breast,
Mun suffer them to dee.'

29 Out an speaks her Bird Allen,
For she spake ay through pride ;

' That man shall near be born,' she says,
' That shall ly down by my side.'

30 'O hold your toun now, Bird Allen,
Let all your folly abee;
For you shall marry a man,' she says,
' Tho ye shoud live but rathes three.'

C

Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 5.

1 'O we were sisters seven, Maisry,
And five are dead wi child ;
There is nane but you and I, Maisry,
And we 'll go maidens mild.'

2 She hardly had the word spoken,
And turnd her round about,
When the bonny Earl of Livingston
Was calling Maisry out.

3 Upon a bonny milk-white steed,
That drank out of the Tyne,
And a' was for her Ladie Maisry,
To take her hyne and hyne.

4 Upon a bonny milk-white steed,
That drank out o the Tay,
And a' was for her Lady Maisry,
To carry her away.

5 She had not been at Livingston
A twelve month and a day,
Until she was as big wi bairn
As any ladie cound gae.

6 She calld upon her little foot-page,
Says, Ye maun run wi speed,
And bid my mother come to me,
For of her I 'll soon have need.

7 'See, there is the brootch frae my hause-bane,
It is of gowd sae ried ;
Gin she winna come when I 'm alive,
Bid her come when I am dead.'

8 But ere she wan to Livingston,
As fast as she cound ride,
The gaggs they were in Maisry's mouth,
And the sharp sheers in her side.

9 Her good lord wrang his milk-white hands,
Till the gowd rings flaw in three :
' Let ha's and bowers and a' gae waste,
My bonny love 's taen frae me !'

10 'O hold your tongne, Lord Livingston,
Let a' your mourning be ;
For I bare the bird between my sides,
Yet I maun thole her to die.'

11 Then out it spake her sister dear,
As she sat at her head :
' That man is not in Christendoom
Shall gar me die sicken dead.'

12 'O hold your tongne, my ae daughter,
Let a' your folly be,
For ye shall be married ere this day week
Tho the same death you should die.'

D

Dr John Hill Burton's MS., No 2.

1 'HERE it is was sisters seven,
And five is died with child ;
Was non but you and I, Hellen,
And we 'se be maidens mild.'

2 They hadna been maidens o bonny Snawdon
A twalvemonth and a day,
When lairds and lords a courting came,
Seeking Mary away.

3 The bonny laird of Livingstone,
He liket Mary best ;
He gae her a ring, a royal ring,
And he wedded her at last.

4 She hed na been lady o Livingstone
 A twalvemonth and a day,
 When she did go as big wi bairn
 As iver a woman could be.

* * * *

7 The knights were wringin their white fingers,
 And the ladys wer tearin their hair ;
 It was a' for the lady o Livingstone,
 For a word she never spake mare.

8 Out and spake her sister Hellen,
 Where she sat by her side ;
 'The man shall never be born,' she said,
 'Shall ever make me his bride.

9 'The man,' she said, 'that would merry me,
 I 'de count him but a feel,

To merry me at Whitsunday,
 And bury me at Yele.'

10 Out and spak her mother dear,
 Whare she sat by the fire :
 'I bare this babe now from my side,
 Maun suffer her to die.

11 'And I have six boys now to my oyes,
 And none of them were born,
 But a hole cut in their mother's side,
 And they from it were shorne.'

12

6 'Wi four and twenty buirdlie men
 Atween ye and the wun,
 And four and twenty bonnie mays
 Atween ye and the sun.

7 'Four and twenty milk-white geese,
 Stretching their wings sae wide,
 Blawing the dust aff the high-way,
 'That Mild Mary may ride.'

8 They took to them their milk-white steeds,
 Set her upon a grey,
 And wi a napkin in her hand
 Weeping she rade away.

9 O they rade on that lee-lang nicht,
 And part o the neist day also,
 And syne she saw her auld good mother
 Stand in the gates below.

10 'You 'r welcome, welcome, dochter,' she said,
 'To your biggins and your bowers ;'
 'I thank ye kindly, mither,' she said,
 'But I doubt they 'll sune be yours.'

* * * *

3 'There were seven sisters o us a',
 We were a' clad in white ;
 And five of them were married,
 And in child-bed they died.'

4 'Ye shall not be drest in black,
 Nor sall ye be in broun ;
 But ye'se be drest in shining gowd,
 To gae glittering thro the town.

5 'Your father sall ride before you,' she said,
 'And your brother sall ride ahin ;
 Your horses fore-feet siller shod,
 And his hind anes wi gowd shall shine.

E

Motherwell's MS., p. 123, from the recitation of Mrs Macqueen, Lochwinnoch.

F

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 183.
 b. The Borderer's Table Book, VII, 178, communicated by J. H. Dixon; "transcribed from a MS. copy in possession of an antiquarian friend," collated with a.

1 'O we were seven brave sisters,
 Five of us died wi child,
 And nane but you and I, Maisry,
 So we'll gae maidens mild.'

2 'O had your tongue, now Lady Margaret,
 Let a' your folly be;
 I'll gar you keep your true promise
 To the lad ayont the sea.'

3 'O there is neither lord nor knight
 My love shall ever won,
 Except it be Lord Darlington,
 And here he winna come.'

4 But when the hour o twall was past,
 And near the hour o one,
 Lord Darlington came to the yetts,
 Wi thirty knights and ten.

5 Then he has wedded Lady Margaret,
 And brought her oer the sea,
 And there was nane that lived on earth
 Sae happy as was she.

6 But when nine months were come and gane
 Strong travailing took she,
 And nae physieian in the land
 Could ease her maladie.

7 'Where will I get a little wee boy,
 Will won baith meat and fee,

That will gae on to Seaton's yetts,
 Bring my mother to me?'

8 'O here am I, a little wee boy,
 That will won meat and fee,
 That will gae on to Seaton's yetts,
 And bring your mother to thee.'

9 Then he is on to Seaton's yetts,
 As fast as gang could he;
 Says, Ye must come to Darlington,
 Your daughter for to see.

10 But when she came to Darlington,
 Where there was little pride,
 The seobbs were in the lady's mouth,
 The sharp sheer in her side.

11 Darlington stood on the stair,
 And gart the gowd rings flee:
 'My ha's and bowers and a' shall gae waste,
 If my bonny love die for me.'

12 'O had your tongue, Lord Darlington,
 Let a' your folly be;
 I boor the bird within my sides,
 I'll suffer her to die.

13 'But he that marries my daughter,
 I think he is a fool;
 If he marries her at Candlemas,
 She'll be frae him ere Yule.

14 'I had seven anee in companie,
 This night I go my lane;
 And when I come to Clyde's water,
 I wish that I may drown.'

A. The copy of the garland here used is much more correct than the other two, but still not carefully printed. The garland gives the ballad in eight stanzas of eight verses.

1¹. so were sisters.

6². bower: perhaps we should read towers.

8². weight, which makes sense, but, taking rhyme into account, the change seems requisite: cf. 30².

15². eame: come in the other copies.

16². swim. 19¹. of aik?

19². weary lake-wake? if so, also 13².

27¹. his eyes. 28². downfal.

30¹. finger. 30². weight.

31¹. of: veine.

B. a. Stanzas 5-7 should come after 26, but the changes which have been traditionally made in 7, to adapt the passage to its actual position, render the restoration of the right order impracticable. 7¹ is not comforting.

2². An lords?

3³. brooeh is.

12⁴. now to bird: cf. 19⁴.

13². bent: so the other copy.

13⁴. Ye. 14². clap nor cae' : cf. 16².
 15¹. come. 16². war (?). 17¹. a¹.
 19³. to my. 20². coped : caped ?
 21. *After this these lines are struck out :*

Nor yet do (to?) a well-ford made
 Her errant for to set (let?).

22¹. Ga. 23⁴. stack (?).
 29². throught. 30⁴. luve, *in my copy.*
The spelling is in several places doubtful.

b appears to be a transcript of **a** : the spelling
 is somewhat regulated.

3³. broatch is. 6². in twa.
 8². wun. 8³. will rin.
 8³, 10³. Little Snod Down.
 9³. of him. 12⁴. bird her lane.
 16². into. 18³. broch is.
 20². caped it. 21¹, 2. Gae wash.
 22¹, 2, 3. Go, Go, Gae. 23⁴. slack.
 25⁴. lear wanting. 26³. scobs wanting.
 30⁴. live : rather.

C. 10⁴. here : e added in different ink.

D. 1⁴. maiden. 7¹. ringin.
 9¹. that w^d. 10³. I hear.
 E. 6². the win' originally : i seems to have
 been changed to u.

F. a. 13¹. But her.
 b. 2⁴. the lord.
 3². my true love eer shall be.
 3⁴. And he winna come here to me.
 5¹. It's he. 6³. And neer a leech in a'.
 7². That will win meat.
 7⁴. And bring your.

8. O out then spake the little foot-page,
 And knelt on bended knee :
 O here, etc.

8². will win both.
 11¹. Lord Darlington. 12³. side.
 13¹. He that marries a daughter o mine.
 13². I wot. 13³. Candemas tide.
 13⁴. at Yule.
 14³. When I come to the salt water.

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BONNY BEE HOM

A. 'Bonny Bee Ho'm,' Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 6 ; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 185.

B. 'The Enchanted Ring,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 169.

A WAS given from the manuscript by Jamieson "verbatim," that is, with a few slight variations ; the first stanza earlier, in the Scots Magazine, October, 1803, p. 700.

For the ring (chain, **A** 7) that makes a man invulnerable, and that which indicates by the discoloration of the stone that his love is dead

* Also 'Bonny Molly Stewart,' Maidment's Scotish Ballads and Songs, 1859, p. 128, and the Reply to 'Cromlet's Lilt,' Maidment's Scotish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary, 1868, II, 59.

† There are six double stanzas in Johnson's Museum, p. 118, to which Stenhouse, IV, 115, adds a concluding one, the fourth of Heid's. "This ballad," Stenhouse was informed, "was composed about the beginning of the last century by a young widow in Galloway, whose husband was drowned on a voyage to Holland." His authority was probably traditional, and all the information except the date, and, to be accurate, the widowhood, is found in the song itself. Motherwell, Minstrelsy, Introduction, p. lxxii, note 37, ob-

or untrue, see 'Hind Horn,' I, 200 f ; for the vows in **A** 3, 4, **B** 3, 'Clerk Saunders,' at p. 156 f of this volume.* The like vows are adopted into a song called 'The Lowlands of Holland,' found in Herd's MSS, I, 97, and inserted in his Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 2 ; a fragment, but all that concerns us.†

serves that neither Herd's nor Johnson's copy is so full "as one which may occasionally be met with in stall editions published about sixty years ago :" 1827. Logan, who prints two vulgar versions, or rather perversions, in which a bridegroom is pressed into the king's sea-service on the night of his marriage, Pedlar's Pack, p. 22, says : "A more lengthened version of the same ballad in the Scotch dialect will be found in Book First of A Selection of Scots Songs, Harmonised. . . . By Peter Urbani, Professor of Music, Edinburgh, circa 1794." Christie, I, 236, says that 'The Lowlands of Holland' was sung in his father's family, in Aberdeenshire, as far back as the middle of the last century. Herd's copy is translated by Talvij, Churakteristik, p. 594.

1 'My love has built a bony ship, and set her
on the sea,
With seven score good mariners to bear her
company ;
There's three score is sunk, and three score
dead at sea,
And the Lowlands of Holland has twin'd my
love and me.'

2 'My love he built another ship, and set her on
the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her
hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea
began to rout,
My love then and his bonny ship turnd wither-
shins about.'

3 'There shall neither coif come on my head
nor comb come in my hair ;
There shall neither coal nor candle-light shine
in my bower mair ;
Nor will I love another one until the day I
die,
For I never lovd a love but one, and he's
drowned in the sea.'

4 'O had your tongue, my daughter dear, be still
and be content ;
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye neen nae
sair lament :'
'O there is none in Gallow, there's none at a'
for me,
For I never lovd a love but one, and he's
drowned in the sea.'

A

Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No 6.

1 By Arthur's Dale as late I went
I heard a heavy moan ;
I heard a ladie lamenting sair,
And ay she cried Ohone !

2 'Ohon, alas ! what shall I do,
Tormented night and day !
I never loved a love but ane,
And now he's gone away.'

3 'But I will do for my true-love
What ladies woud think sair ;
For seven year shall come and go
Ere a kaim gang in my hair.'

4 'There shall neither a shoe gang on my foot,
Nor a kaim gang in my hair,
Nor eer a coal nor candle-light
Shine in my bower nae mair.'

5 She thought her love had been on the sea,
Fast sailling to Bee Hom ;
But he was in a quiet chamer,
Hearing his ladie's moan.

6 'Be husht, be husht, my ladie dear,
I pray thee mourn not so ;
For I am deep sworn on a book
To Bee Hom for to go.'

7 She has gien him a chain of the beaten gowd,
And a ring with a ruby stone :
'As lang as this chain your body binds,
Your blude can never be drawn.'

8 'But gin this ring shoud fade or fail,
Or the stone shoud change its hue,
Be sure your love is dead and gone,
Or she has proved untrue.'

9 He had no been at Bonny Bee Hom
A twelve month and a day,
Till, looking on his gay gowd ring,
The stone grew dark and gray.

10 'O ye take my riches to Bee Hom,
And deal them presentlie,
To the young that caunna, the auld that maunna,
And the blind that does not see.'

11 Now death has come into his bower,
And split his heart in twain ;
So their twa souls flew up to heaven,
And there shall ever remain.

B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 169.

1 IN Lauderdale I chane'd to walk,
And heard a lady's moan,
Lamenting for her dearest dear,
And aye she cried, Ohon!

2 'Sure never a maid that eer drew breath
Had harder fate than me ;
I'd never a lad but one on earth,
They forc'd him to the sea.

3 'The ale shall neer be brewin o malt,
Neither by sea nor land,
That ever mair shall cross my hause,
Till my love comes to hand.

4 'A handsome lad, wi shoulders broad,
Gold yellow was his hair ;
None of our Scottish youths on earth
That with him could compare.'

5 She thought her love was gone to sea,
And landed in Bahome ;
But he was in a quiet chamber,
Hearing his lady's moan.

6 'Why make ye all this moan, lady ?
Why make ye all this moan ?
For I'm deep sworn on a book,
I must go to Bahome.

7 'Traitors false for to subdue
Oer seas I'll make me boun,
That have trepand our kind Scotchmen,
Like dogs to ding them down.'

8 'Weell, take this ring, this royal thing,
Whose virtue is unknown ;
As lang's this ring's your body on,
Your blood shall neer be drawn.

9 'But if this ring shall fade or stain,
Or change to other hue,

Come never mair to fair Scotland,
If ye're a lover true.'

10 Then this couple they did part,
With a sad heavy moan ;
The wind was fair, the ship was rare,
They landed in Bahome.

11 But in that place they had not been
A month but barely one,
Till he lookd on his gay gold ring,
And riven was the stone.

12 Time after this was not expir'd
A month but scarcely three,
Till black and ugly was the ring,
And the stone was burst in three.

13 'Fight on, fight on, you merry men all,
With you I'll fight no more ;
I will gang to some holy place,
Pray to the King of Glore.'

14 Then to the chapel he is gone,
And knelt most piteouslie,
For seven days and seven nights,
Till blood ran frae his knee.

15 'Ye'll take my jewels that's in Bahome,
And deal them liberallie,
To young that cannot, and old that mannot,
The blind that does not see.

16 'Give maist to women in child-bed laid,
Can neither fecht nor flee ;
I hope she's in the heavens high,
That died for love of me.'

17 The knights they wrang their white fingers,
The ladies tore their hair ;
The women that neer had children born,
In swoon they down fell there.

18 But in what way the knight expir'd,
No tongue will eer declare ;
So this doth end my mournful song,
From me ye'll get nae mair.

A. 10⁸. To the young that canna
The auld that that maunna.

B. 11⁸. Till they. 12⁴. And stone.

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LAMKIN

A. 'Lamkin,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 176.

B. 'Lambert Linkin,' Motherwell's MS., p. 15; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 290.

C. 'Lamerlinkin,' Motherwell's MS., p. 9.

D. 'Bold Rankin,' Maidment's New Book of Old Ballads, p. 73; Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 246, V.

E. 'Lambkin,' Kinloch MSS, V, 246; retouched by Kinloch, II, 27.

F. 'Long Lankyn.' **a.** Notes and Queries, Second Series, II, 324. **b.** Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, II, 281.

G. 'Long Lonkin,' Richardson's Borderer's Table Book, 1846, VIII, 410; Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, 1835, p. 11.

H. 'Bauld Rankin,' Kinloch MSS, I, 306.

I. Skene MSS, p. 75.

J. 'Lammikin,' Kinloch MSS, V, 371.

K. 'Long Longkin,' Percy Papers, communicated by Rev. P. Parsons, 1775.

L. 'Lamkin,' Motherwell's MS., p. 14.

M. 'Cruel Lammikin.' **a.** Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, Adversaria, p. 60. **b.** Kinloch MSS, VI, 31.

N. 'Lamkin,' Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, Journal of Excursions, No 2.

O. 'Lammikin,' Kinloch MSS, V, 375.

P. 'Lammikin,' Herd's MSS, I, 25; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 145.

Q. 'Lammikin,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 45.

R. 'Lammikin,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 55.

S. 'Lambkin,' Motherwell's Note-Book, fol. 13.

T. Recited by Ellen Healy, as sung by a woman living near Killarney.

U. 'Lamkin.' **a.** Allingham's Ballad Book, p. xxxiii. **b.** The same, p. 297, No 56.

V. Harris MS., No 28, fol. 27 b.

'LAMMIKIN: an Old Scotch Ballad,' Aberdeen, Lewis and James Smith, 1862, said to be edited by the Rev. Dr John Burnett Pratt, Episcopal minister at Cruden, Aberdeenshire, is made up of **A**, **B**, **P**, **Q**, **R**, with such alterations as seemed good to the editor, and a few interpolated stanzas.

'Long Lonkin,' edited by A. O. Bell, C. E., York, 1846 (Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, III, 93), I have not seen, but presume it to be a componnded copy.

The story is told without material variation in all the numerous versions. A mason has built a castle for a nobleman, cannot get his pay, and therefore seeks revenge. The name

given the builder is Lamkin, **A**, **C**, **E**, **L**, **M**, **N**, **S**, **U**; Lammikin, **J**, **O**, **P**, **Q**; Lankin, Lonkin, **F** **b**, **G**, **I**; Lantin, **T**; Long Lankyn, or Long Longkin, **F** **a**, **G**, **K**; Rankin, **D**, **H**; Balankin, or Lambert Linkin, **B**; Balcanqual, **R**. That of the nobleman is Lord Wearie, Weire, **A**, **M**, **P**, **Q**, **U** **b**; Lord Earie, **N**; Erley, Earley, **J**; Murray, **I**; Arran, **C**; Montgomery, **E**; Cassilis, **S**; he is lord of Prime Castle, **B**. The lord, having occasion to leave his family, fears mischief from the man whom he has wronged, and enjoins his wife to keep the castle well fastened. Precautions are taken, but nevertheless his enemy effects an entrance through some aperture that has not been secured, **B**, **C**,

F, G, H, P, R, U b, or by connivance with a nurse, A, D, E, I. Most of the servants are away. To get at the lady, Lamkin, as we may call him, by advice of the nurse inflicts some hurt on the babe in the cradle, stabbing it, or "nipping" it, and its cries bring the mother down. The lady proffers large sums of gold to save her life, but Lamkin does not care for gold now. He gloats over his opportunity, and bids the nurse, or a maid-servant, or even one of the daughters of the house, to scour a silver bason to hold the lady's noble blood. The lord has a presentiment of calamity at home, and, returning, finds his house red with the blood of his wife and child. Lamkin is hanged, B, F, I, or burned, C, H, or boiled in a pot full of lead, D. The nurse is burned, A, B, D, F, H, or hanged, C, Q, or boiled in a caldron, I.*

In K, the oldest version, except perhaps P, which is greatly inferior, Lady Betty is called down by Longkin to see her mother's blood running, then Lady Nelly to see her sister's blood running, Lady Jenny to see Lady Nelly's, etc. In F, T, the mother, very unnaturally, offers Lamkin her daughter as wife, in ransom of her own life. In C, D, a servant offers her life for her lady; in D, G, K, a daughter for her mother.

Motherwell remarks, p. lxx of his *Minstrelsy*, note 27: "There is a 'Lambirkyns wod' near Dupplin, in Perthshire. Can this have got its name from the cruel mason who the ballad assures us 'lived in the wode'? If so,

* Of boiling to death see Ducange, *Caldariis decoquere*, and other places cited by Robertson, *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*, I, xxxii, note, and 128. This was especially a punishment for coiners, and was sanctioned as the penalty for poisoners by a statute of 22 Henry VIII, c. 29, repealed 1 Edward VI.

it must be very ancient. It is localized, too, I believe, at Balwearie, in Fifeshire; but there are few places where the ballad is remembered but which have also some ancient edifice in the neighborhood reared by the hands of Lamkin.† Indeed, it seems questionable how some Scottish lairds could well afford to get themselves seated in the large castles they once occupied unless they occasionally treated the mason after the fashion adopted in this ballad." And again, at p. 291: "There can be little doubt that the epithet Linkin Mr Lambert acquired from the secrecy and address with which he insinuated him into that notable strength [Prime Castle]. Indeed, all the names of Lammerlinkin, Lammikin, Lamkin, Lankin, Linkin, Belinkin, can easily be traced out as abbreviations of Lambert Linkin." It might be inferred, however, from the mason's seemingly resentful inquiry in A 8-11, J 3-6, Where's the men, women, bairns, lady, that call me Lamkin? that the view in these particular versions was that Lamkin was a sobriquet applied in derision of the meekness with which the builder had submitted to his injury. Linkin, it will be observed, occurs only in B, and it is far more likely that Lamkin, or Lammikin, which is found in a full dozen copies, is a simply ironical designation for the bloody mason, the terror of countless nurseries.‡

A is translated by Talvij, *Versuch*, etc., p. 571; Allingham's ballad by Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 162.

† More about the locality in *Notes and Querics*, First Series, II, 270.

‡ "Balcanquel is an ancient Scottish surname, and is sometimes corrupted, for the more agreeable sound, into Beluncan. All reciters agree that Lammikin, or Lambkin, is not the name of the hero, but merely an epithet." Finlay, *Scottish Ballads*, II. 56.

A

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 176, communicated by Mrs Brown.

1 IT 's Lamkin was a mason good
as ever built wi stane;
He built Lord Wearie's castle,
but payment got he nane.

2 'O pay me, Lord Wearie,
come, pay me my fee :'
'I canna pay you, Lamkin,
for I maun gang oer the sea.'

3 'O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
come, pay me out o hand :'

1 'I canna pay you, Lamkin,
unless I sell my land.'

4 'O gin ye winna pay me,
I here sall mak a vow,
Before that ye come hame again,
ye sall hae cause to rue.'

5 Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,
to sail the saut sea faem ;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
ay till he should come hame.

6 But the nourice was a fause limmer
as eer hung on a tree ;
She laid a plot wi Lamkin,
whan her lord was oer the sea.

7 She laid a plot wi Lamkin,
when the servants were awa,
Loot him in at a little shot-window,
and brought him to the ha.

8 'O whare 's a' the men o this house,
that ca me Lamkin ?'
'They 're at the barn-well thrashing ;
't will be lang ere they come in.'

9 'And whare 's the women o this house,
that ca me Lamkin ?'
'They 're at the far well washing ;
't will be lang ere they come in.'

10 'And whare 's the bairns o this house,
that ca me Lamkin ?'
'They 're at the school reading ;
't will be night or they come hame.'

11 'O whare 's the lady o this house,
that ea's me Lamkin ?'
'She 's up in her bower sewing,
but we soon can bring her down.'

12 Then Lamkin 's tane a sharp knife,
that hang down by his gaire,
And he has gien the bonny babe
a deep wound and a sair.

13 Then Lamkin he rocked,
and the fause nourice sang,
Till frae ilkae bore o the cradle
the red blood out sprang.

14 Then out it spak the lady,
as she stood on the stair :
'What ails my bairn, nourice,
that he 's greeting sae sair ?'

15 'O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi the pap !'
'He winna still, lady,
for this nor for that.'

16 'O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi the wand !'
'He winna still, lady,
for a' his father's land.'

17 'O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi the bell !'
'He winna still, lady,
till ye come down yoursel.'

18 O the firsten step she steppit,
she steppit on a stane ;
But the neisten step she steppit,
she met him Lamkin.

19 'O mercy, mercy, Lamkin,
hae mercy upon me !
Though you 've taen my young son's life,
ye may let mysel be.'

20 'O sall I kill her, nourice,
or sall I lat her be ?'
'O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,
for she neer was good to me.'

21 'O scour the bason, nourice,
and mak it fair and clean,
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,
for she 's come o noble kin.'

22 'There need nae bason, Lamkin,
lat it run through the floor ;
What better is the heart's blood
o the rich than o the poor ?'

23 But ere three months were at an end,
Lord Wearie came again ;
But dowie, dowie was his heart
when first he came hame.

24 'O wha's blood is this,' he says,
'that lies in the chamer ?'

‘It is your lady’s heart’s blood ;
‘t is as clear as the lamer.’

25 ‘And wha’s blood is this,’ he says,
‘that lies in my ha ?’
‘It is your young son’s heart’s blood ;
‘t is the clearest ava.’

26 O sweetly sang the black-bird
that sat upon the tree ;
But sairer grat Lamkin,
when he was condemnd to die.

27 And bonny sang the mavis,
out o the thorny brake ;
But sairer grat the nurice,
when she was tied to the stake.

B

Motherwell’s MS., p. 15; from the recitation of Mrs Thomson, Kilbarchan, February 25, 1825.

1 BALANKIN was as gude a mason
as eer picked a stane ;
He built up Prime Castle,
but payment gat nane.

2 The lord said to his lady,
when he was going abroad,
O beware of Balankin,
for he lyes in the wood.

3 The gates they were bolted,
baith outside and in ;
At the sma peep of a window
Balankin crap in.

4 ‘Good Morrow, good Morrow,’
said Lambert Linkin :
‘Good Morrow to yoursell, sir,’
said the false nurse to him.

5 ‘O where is your good lord ?’
said Lambert Linkin :
‘He’s awa to New England,
to meet with his king.’

6 ‘O where is his auld son ?’
said Lambert Linkin :
‘He’s awa to buy pearlings,
gin our lady lye in.’

7 ‘Then she’ll never wear them,’
said Lambert Linkin :
‘And that is nae pity,’
said the false nurse to him.

8 ‘O where is your lady ?’
said Lambert Linkin :

‘She’s in her bower sleeping,’
said the false nurse to him.

9 ‘How can we get at her ?’
said Lambert Linkin :
‘Stab the babe to the heart,
wi a silver bokin.’

10 ‘That would be a pity,’
said Lambert Linkin :
‘No pity, no pity,’
said the false nurse to him.

11 Balankin he rocked,
and the false nurse she sang,
Till all the tores of the cradle
wi the red blood down ran.

12 ‘O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi the knife !’
‘He’ll no be still, lady,
tho I lay doun my life.’

13 ‘O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi the kame !’
‘He’ll no be still, lady,
till his daddy come hame.’

14 ‘O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi the bell !’
‘He’ll no be still, lady,
till ye come doun yoursell.’

15 ‘It’s how can I come down,
this cauld winter nicht,
Without eer a coal,
or a clear candle-licht ?’

16 ‘There’s two smocks in your coffer,
as white as a swan ;
Put one of them about you,
it will shew you licht down.’

17 She took ane o them about her,
and came tripping doun ;
But as soon as she viewed,
Balankin was in.

18 'Good Morrow, good Morrow,'
said Lambert Linkin :
'Good Morrow to yoursell, sir,'
said the lady to him.

19 'O save my life, Balankin,
till my husband eome baek,
And I'll gie you as much red gold
as you'll hold in your hat.'

20 'I'll not save your life, lady,
till your husband eome baek,
Tho you would give me as much red gold
as I could hold in a sack.'

21 'Will I kill her?' quo Balankin,
'will I kill her, or let her be?'
'You may kill her,' said the false nurse,
'she was neer good to me ;
And ye'll be laird of the castle,
and I'll be ladie.'

22 Then he cut aff her head
fram her lily breast-bane,

And he hung 't up in the kitchen,
it made a' the ha shine.

23 The lord sat in England,
a drinking the wine :
'I wish a' may be weel
with my lady at hame ;
For the rings of my fingers
the're now burst in twain !'

24 He saddled his horse,
and he came riding doun,
But as soon as he viewed,
Balankin was in.

25 He had na weel stepped
twa steps up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty young son
lying dead on the floor.

26 He had not weel stepped
other twa up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty lady
lying dead in despair.

27 He hanged Balankin
out over the gate,
And he burnt the fause nuriee,
being under the grate.

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 9 : from Edward King, weaver, Kilbarchan, taken from the recitation of his mother, an old woman.

1 LAMERLINKIN, as gude a mason
as eer laid a stane,
Built a house to Lord Arran,
but entrance had nane.

2 Says the lord to his lady,
when going abroad,
Take care of Lamerlinkin,
wha bides in the wood.

3 'I care not for Lamkin,
nor none of his kin ;
My house is plastered outside,
and bolted within.'

4 The gates they were locked,
baith outside and in,
But there was a wee hole
that let Lamkin creep in.

5 'Good woman, good woman,'
said Lamerlinkin :
'Good woman, good woman,'
said the fause nurse to him.

6 'Where 's the lord o this house ?
is he not within ?'
'He 's up in Old England,
he 's dining wi the king.'

7 'Where 's the lady of this house ?
or is she not within ?'
'She 's up in her high room,
and cannot come down.'

8 'Where is the maids o this house ?
or are they not within ?'
'They are at the well washing,
and cannot get in.'

9 'Where is the men o this house ?
or are they not within ?'
'They are at the barn threshing,
and cannot win hame.'

10 'O what will I do,
to mak her come doun ?'
'We 'll kill her auld son,
to mak her come doun.'

11 He took out a pen-knife,
baith pointed and sharp,
And he stabbed the babie
three times in the heart.

12 Lamerlinkin did rock,
and the fause nurse did sing ;
Ower the four-cornered cradle
the red blood did spring.

13 'O please my babie, nurse,
O please him wi wands !'
'He 'll no be pleased, madam,
for a' his father's lands.'

14 'O please my babie, nurse,
O please him wi keys !'
'He 'll no be pleased, madam,
let me do what I please.'

15 'O please my babie, nurse,
O please him with bells !'
'He 'll no be pleased, madam,
till you come down yourself.

16 'How can I come doun
this cold frosty night,

Without coal or candle
for to shew me light ?'

17 'The gold rings on your finger
are bright as the sun ;
You may see to cum doun the stair
with the light o them.'

18 O then she came doun the stair,
stepping step by step ;
So ready was Lamkin
to grip her in his lap.

19 'Save my life, Lamkin,
till five minutes break,
And I 'll give thee gold,
the fu o a peck.'

20 'I 'll no save your life,
till five minutes break,
Tho thou should give me gold,
the fu of a sack.'

21 'O Jeany, O Jeany,
O scour the bason clean,
That your lady's noble blood
may be kepped clean.'

22 'O no, no, no, Lambkin,
my heart will be sare ;
O take my life, Lambkin,
let my lady go.'

* * * * *

23 He sent for the false nurse,
to give her her fee ;
All the fee that he gave her
was to hang her on a tree.

24 He sent for Lamerlinkin,
to give him his hire ;
All the hire that he gave him
was to burn him in the fire.

D

Maidment's New Book of Old Ballads, p. 73, No XX; Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 246, No V: from a manuscript copy, in the possession of W. H. Logan, Edinburgh, derived from oral tradition.

1 SAID the lord to his lady,
 Beware of Rankin ;
For I am going to England,
 to wait on the king.

2 'No fears, no fears,'
 said the lady, said she,
'For the doors shall be bolted,
 and the windows pindie.

3 'Go bar all the windows,
 both outside and in ;
Don't leave a window open,
 to let Bold Rankin in.'

4 She has barred all the windows,
 both outside and in ;
But she left one of them open,
 to let Bold Rankin in.

5 'O where is the master of this house ? '
 said Bold Rankin ;
'He 's up in Old England,'
 said the false nurse to him.

6 'O where is the mistress of this house ? '
 said Bold Rankin ;
'She 's up in the chamber sleeping,'
 said the false nurse to him.

7 'O how shall we get her down ? '
 said Bold Rankin ;
'By piercing the baby,'
 said the false nurse to him.

8 'Go please the baby, nursy,
 go please it with a bell ;'
'It will not be pleased, madam,
 till you come down yoursel.'

9 'How can I come down stairs,
 so late into the night,
Without coal or candle,
 to shew me the light ?

10 'There is a silver bolt
 lies on the chest-head ;

Give it to the baby,
 give it sweet milk and bread.'

11 She rammed the silver bolt
 up the baby's nose,
Till the blood it came trinkling
 down the baby's fine clothes.

12 'Go please the baby, nursie,
 go please it with the bell :'
'It will not please, madam,
 till you come down yoursel.'

13 'It will neither please with breast-milk,
 nor yet with pap ;
But I pray, loving lady,
 Come and roll it in your lap.'

14 The first step she stepit,
 she steppit on a stone ;
And the next step she stepit,
 she met Bold Rankin.

15 'O Rankin, O Rankin,
 spare me till twelve o'clock,
And I will give you as many guineas
 as you can carry on your back.'

16 'What care I for as many guineas
 as seeds into a sack,
When I cannot keep my hands off
 your lily-white neck ?'

17 'O will I kill her, nursie,
 or let her abee ?'
'O kill her,' said the false nurse,
 'she was never good to me.'

18 'Go scour the bason, lady,
 both outside and in,
To hold your mother's heart's blood,
 sprung from a noble kin.'

19 'To hold my mother's heart's blood
 would make my heart full woe ;
O rather kill me, Rankin,
 and let my mother go.'

20 'Go scour the bason, servants,
 both outside and in,
To hold your lady's heart's blood,
 sprung from a noble kin.'

21 'To hold my lady's heart's blood
would make my heart full woe ;
O rather kill me, Rankin,
and let my lady go.'

22 'Go scour the bason, nursy,
both outside and in,
To hold your lady's heart's blood,
sprung from a noble kin.'

23 'To hold my lady's heart's blood
would make my heart full glad ;
Ram in the knife, Bold Rankin,
and gar the blood to shed.

24 'She's none of my comrades,
she's none of my kin ;
Ram in the knife, Bold Rankin,
and gar the blood rin.'

25 'O will I kill her, nursy,
or let her abee ?'
'O kill her,' said the false nurse,
'she was never good to me.'

* * * *

26 'I wish my wife and family
may be all well at home ;
For the silver buttons of my coat
they will not stay on.'

27 As Betsy was looking
oer her window so high,
She saw her dear father
come riding by.

28 'O father, dear father,
don't put the blame on me
It was false nurse and Rankin
that killed your lady.'

29 O was n't that an awful sight,
when he came to the stair,
To see his fairest lady
lie bleeding there !

30 The false nurse was burnt
on the mountain hill-head,
And Rankin was boiled
in a pot full of lead.

E

Kinloch MSS, V, 246, from Mary Barr.

1 LAMBKIN was as good a mason
as ever laid stone ;
He builded Lord Montgomery's castle,
but payment got none.

2 He builded the castle
without and within ;
But he left an open wake
for himself to get in.

3 Lord Montgomery said to his lady,
when he went abroad,
Take care of Bold Lambkin,
for he is in the wood.

4 'Gar bolt the gate, nourice,
without and within,
Leave not the wake open,
to let Bold Lambkin in.'

5 She bolted the gates,
without and within,
But she left the wake open,
to let Bold Lambkin in.

6 'Gude morrow, gude morrow,'
says Bold Lambkin then ;
'Gude morrow, gude morrow,'
says the false nurse to him.

7 'Where is Lord Montgomery ?
or where is he gone ?'
'He is gone up to England,
to wait on the king.'

8 'Where are the servants ?
and where are they gone ?'
'They are all up to England,
to wait upon him.'

9 'Where is your lady ?
or where is she gone ?'
'She is in her bower sitting,
and sewing her seam.'

10 'O what shall we do
for to make her come down ?'
'We 'll kill the pretty baby,
that 's sleeping so sound.'

11 Lambkin he rocked,
and the false nurse she sung,
And she stabbed the babe to the heart
with a silver bodkin.

12 'O still my babe, nourice,
O still him with the pap :'
'He 'll no be stilled, madam,
for this nor for that.'

13 'O still my babe, nourice,
go still him with the keys :'
'He 'll no be stilled, madam,
let me do what I please.'

14 'O still my babe, nourice,
go still him with the bell :'
'He 'll no be stilled, madam,
till you come down yoursel.'

15 'How can I come down,
this cold winter night,
When there 's neither coal burning,
nor yet candle-light ?'

16 'The sark on your back
is whiter than the swan ;
Come down the stair, lady,
by the light of your hand.'

17 The lady she cam down
the stair trip for trap ;

Who so ready as Bold Lambkin
to meet her in the dark ?

18 'Gude morrow, gude morrow,'
said Bold Lambkin then ;
'Gude morrow, gude morrow,'
said the lady to him.

19 'O where is Lord Montgomery ?
or where is he gone ?'
'O he is up to England,
to wait on the king.'

20 'O where are your servants ?
or where are they gone ?'
'They are all up to England,
to wait upon him.'

21 'I 'll give you as much gold, Lambkin,
as you 'll put in a peck,
If you 'll spare my life
till my lord comes back.'

22 'Tho you would [give] me as much
as I could put in a sack,
I would not spare thy life
till thy lord comes back.'

23 Lord Montgomery sate in England,
drinking with the king ;
The buttons flew off his coat,
all in a ring.

24 'God prosper, God prosper
my lady and son !
For before I get home
they will all be undone.'

F

a. Notes and Queries, Second Series, II, 324, as sung by a nurse nearly a century ago [1856] in Northumberland.
b. Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, II, p. 281, from Northamptonshire, communicated by Mr B. H. Cowper.

1 SAID my lord to his ladye,
as he mounted his horse, (*bis*)
Take care of Long Lankyn,
who lies in the moss. (*bis*)

2 Said my lord to his ladye,
as he rode away,

Take care of Long Lankyn,
who lies in the clay.

3 Let the doors be all bolted,
and the windows all pinned,
And leave not a hole
for a mouse to creep in.

4 Then he kissed his fair ladye,
and he rode away ;
He must be in London
before break of day.

5 The doors were all bolted,
and the windows were pinned,
All but one little window,
where Long Lankyn crept in.

6 'Where is the lord of this house ?'
said Long Lankyn :
'He is gone to fair London,'
said the false nurse to him.

7 'Where is the ladye of this house ?'
said Long Lankyn :
'She's asleep in her chamber,'
said the false nurse to him.

8 'Where is the heir of this house ?'
said Long Lankyn :
'He's asleep in his cradle,'
said the false nurse to him.

* * * *

9 'We'll prick him, and prick him,
all over with a pin,
And that will make your ladye
to come down to him.'

10 So he pricked him and pricked,
all over with a pin,
And the nurse held a basin
for the blood to run in.

11 'Oh nurse, how you sleep !
Oh nurse, how you snore !'
And you leave my little son Johnstone
to cry and to roar.'

12 'I've tried him with suck,
and I've tried him with pap ;
So come down, my fair ladye,
and nurse him in your lap.'

13 'Oh nurse, how you sleep !
Oh nurse, how you snore !
And you leave my little son Johnstone
to cry and to roar.'

14 'I've tried him with apples,
I've tried him with pears ;
So come down, my fair ladye,
and rock him in your chair.'

15 'How can I come down,
't is so late in the night,
When there's no candle burning,
nor fire to give light ?'

16 'You have three silver mantles
as bright as the sun ;
So come down, my fair ladye,
by the light of one.'

* * * *

17 'Oh spare me, Long Lankyn,
oh spare me till twelve o'clock,
You shall have as much gold
as you can carry on your back.'

18 'If I had as much gold
as would build me a tower,'

* * * *

19 'Oh spare me, Long Lankyn,
oh spare me one hour,
You shall have my daughter Betsy,
she is a sweet flower.'

20 'Where is your daughter Betsy ?
she may do some good ;
She can hold the silver basin,
to catch your heart's blood.'

* * * *

21 Lady Betsy was sitting
in her window so high,
And she saw her father,
as he was riding by.

22 'Oh father, oh father,
don't lay the blame on me ;
'T was the false nurse and Long Lankyn
that killed your ladye.'

* * * *

23 Then Long Lankyn was hanged
on a gallows so high,
And the false nurse was burnt
in a fire just by.

G

Richardson's Borderer's Table Book, VIII, 410, 1846, communicated by Mrs Blackett, Newcastle, as taken down from the recitation of an old woman of Ovington, Northumberland, "several years ago;" previously in Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, 1835, p. 11.

1 THE lord said to his ladie,
as he mounted his horse,
Beware of Long Lonkin,
that lies in the moss.

2 The lord said to his ladie,
as he rode away,
Beware of Long Lonkin,
that lies in the clay.

3 'What care I for Lonkin,
or any of his gang?
My doors are all shut,
and my windows penned in.'

4 There were six little windows,
and they were all shut,
But one little window,
and that was forgot.

5
And at that little window
long Lonkin crept in.

6 'Where's the lord of the hall?'
says the Lonkin:
'He's gone up to London,'
says Orange to him.

7 'Where's the men of the hall?'
says the Lonkin:
'They're at the field ploughing,'
says Orange to him.

8 'Where's the maids of the hall?'
says the Lonkin:
'They're at the well washing,'
says Orange to him.

9 'Where's the ladies of the hall?'
says the Lonkin:
'They're up in their chambers,'
says Orange to him.

10 'How shall we get them down?'
says the Lonkin:
'Prick the babe in the cradle,'
says Orange to him.

11 'Rock well my cradle,
and bee-ba my son;
You shall have a new gown
when the lord he comes home.'

12 Still she did prick it,
and bee-ba she cried:
'Come down, dearest mistress,
and still your own child.'

13 'Oh still my child, Orange,
still him with a bell:
'I can't still him, ladie,
till you come down yourself.'

* * * *

14 'Hold the gold basin,
for your heart's blood to run in,'
.

15 'To hold the gold basin,
it grieves me full sore;
Oh kill me, dear Lonkin,
and let my mother go.'

H

Kinloch MSS, I, 306.

1 BAULD RANKIN was as gude a mason
as eer biggit wi stane;
He has biggit a bonny castle,
but siller he gan nae.

* * * *

2 'Gae bar the gates,' the lady said,
'gae bar them out and in;
Leave not a door open,
lest Rankin should come in.'

3 They've bard them on the outer side,
sae hae they on the in;
But left the cellar-door open,
and Bauld Rankin crap in.

4 'Where's a' the women o the house ?'
says Bauld Rankin :
'They're at the well washing,'
says the fause nurse to him.

5 'Where's a' the men of this house ?'
says the Bauld Rankin :
'They are at the barn thrashing,'
says the fause nurse to him.

6 'Where's the lady of this house ?'
says the Bauld Rankin :
'She's in the chamber, sleeping,'
says the fause nurse to him.

7 'How will we get her wakent ?
how will we get her down ?'
'We'll pierce the baby's heart's blood,'
says the fause nurse to him.

* * * *

8 'Come, please the babe, nurse,
come please it wi the keys :'
'It'll no be pleased, madam,
tho I'll down on my knees.'

9 'Come, please the babe, nurse,
come, please it wi the knife :'
'It'll no be pleased, madam,
should I lay down my life.'

10 'Come, please the babe, nurse,
come, please it wi the bell :'
'It'll no be pleased, madam,
till ye come down yersel.'

11 'How can I come down, how can I come,
sae late in the night,
And neither coal nor candle,
for to shew me light ?'

12 The first step she steppit,
she steppit on a stane ;
The next step she steppit,
she met the Bauld Rankin.

13 'O spare my life, Rankin,
O spare it most dear !
I'll gie you as monie guineas
as birds in the air.

14 'O spare my life, Rankin,
O save it most sweet !
I'll gie you as monie guineas
as there's stanes in the street.'

* * * *

15 'I wish my wife and bairns
may be all well at hame ;
For the buttons on my waistcoat
they winna bide on.

16 'I wish my wife and family
may be all well at home ;
For the rings upon my fingers
they winna bide on.'

* * * *

17 He has kindled a big bane-fire,
in the middle o the closs,
And he has burned Bauld Rankin,
likewise the fause nurse.

I

Skene MSS, p. 75, North of Scotland, 1802-03.

1 LANCKIN was as guid a mason
as ever did use stane ;
He biggit Lord Murray's house,
an payment neer got nane.

2 It fell ance on a day
Lord Murray went frae hame,
An Lankin came to the fause nurice,

3 'O still my bairn, nurice,
still him wi the knife :'
'He winna still, lady,
Tho I should lay down my life.'

4 'O still my bairn, nurice,
still him wi the bell :'
'He winna still, lady,
till ye come down yersel.'

5 The first [step she steppit],
she came on the marble stane ;
The next step [she steppit],
she met him Lankin.

6 'O spare my life, Lankin,
an I 'll gie ye a peck o goud ;
An that dinna please ye,
I 'll heap it wi my hand.'

7 'O will I kill the lady, nurice,
or will I lat her be ?'
'O kill her, Lankin,
she was never guid to me.'

8 'O wanted ye yer meat, nurice ?
or wanted ye yer fee ?
Or wanted ye the othir bounties
lady's are wont to gie ?'

9
'O kill her, Lankin,
she was never guid to me.'

10 'Gae wash a bason, nurice,
an ye wash it clean,
To cape this ladie's blood ;
she is come o high kine.'

11 'I winna wash a bason,
nor will I wash it clean,
To cape this ladie's blood,
tho she 's come o high kine.'

* * * *

12 Bonny sang yon bird,
as he sat upon the tree,
But sare grat Lankin,
for he was hangit hie.

13 Bonny sang the bird,
that sat upon the hill,
But sare grat the nurice,
whan the caudron gan to boil.

14
Lankin was hangit hie,
And the fause nourice burnt
in the caudron was she.

J

Kinloch MSS, V, 371, in the handwriting of Dr John Hill Burton.

1 O LAMMIKIN was as good a mason
as ever bigget stane ;
He 's bigget Lord Earley's castle,
but money he got nane.

2 It fell out upon a time
Lord Earley went from home ;
He left his lady in his castle,
but and his young son.

* * * *

3 'Where is the lord o this house,
that calls me Lammikin ?'
'He 's on the sea sailing,
he will not come home.'

4 'Where are the men o this house,
that call me Lainmikin ?'
'They are at the barn threshing,
they will not come in.'

5 'Where are the maids of this house,
that call me Lammikin ?'
'They are at the well washing,
they will not come in.'

6 'Where is the lady o this house,
that calls me Lammikin ?'
'She 's in her room shewing,
she will not come down.'

7 'How shall we contrive
for to make her come down ?'
'We 'll stick her dear infant,
and make her come down.'

8 O Lammikin he rocket,
and the fause nurice sung,
While out o the cradle
the infant's blude sprung.

9 'O still my bairn, nurice,'
the lady did cry :
'He will not still, lady,
for you nor for I.'

10 'O still my bairn, nurice,
still him wi the wan :'
'He will not still, lady,
for a' his father's lan.'

11 'Oh still my bairn, nurice,
still him wi the keys :'
'Oh he winna still, lady,
for a' his father's leys.'

12 'Oh still my bairn, nurice,
still him wi the bell :'
'Oh he winna still, lady,
till ye come down yersell.'

13 The firsten step that lady stepped,
it was upon a stone ;
The nexten step that lady stepped,
she saw him Lammikin.

14 The nexten step that lady stepped
was in her own child's blood,

15 'Oh will I kill her, nurice,
or will I let her be ?'
'Kill her, dear Lammikin,
she was never guude to me.'

16 'Oh wanted you meat, nurice ?
or wanted you fee ?
Or wanted you anything
that a lady can gie ?'

17 'I wanted no meat, lady,
nor wanted I fee,
But I wanted mony a thing
that a lady could gie.'

* * * *

K

Communicated to Percy by Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, near Ashford, Kent, April 19, 1775.

1 My lord said to my lady,
when he went from home,
Take care of Long Longkin,
he lies in the lone.

2 My lady said to my lord,
when he went abroad,

3 'I care not for Longkin,
nor none of his kin,
For my gate's fast barrd,
and my windows shut in.'

4 My lord was not gone
many miles from the place,
Until the false Longkin
came straight to the place.

* * * *

5 'Pinch the bairn, nourry,
pinch it very sore,
Untill the mother
shall come down below.'

6 'Still the bairn, nury,
still it with the pap :'
'It wont be stilld, madam,
with neither this nor that.'

7 'Still the bairn, nury,
still it with a bell :'
'It wont be stilld, madam,
till you cum down yersell.'

* * * *

8 'Come down, Lady Betty,
the flower of all your kin,
And see your mother's heart's blood,
so freely running.'

9 Down came Lady Betty,
her heart full of woe :
'Oh take my life, Longkin,
and let my mother go.'

10 'Come down, Lady Nelly,
the flower of all your kin,
And see your sister's heart's blood,
so freely running.'

11 Down came Lady Nelly,
her heart full of woe :
'Oh take my life, Longkin,
and let my sister go.'

12 'Come down, Lady Jenny, etc.

L

Motherwell's MS., p. 14, from Mr W. Steele, Greenock.

* * * * *

1 'O WHERE 's the men of this house ?'
quo the Lamkin :
'They 're in the barn threshing,'
quo the false nurse within.

2 'O where 's the women of the house ?'
quo the Lamkin :
'They 're at the well washing,'
quo the false nurse within.

3 'O where 's the lord of this house ?'
quo the Lamkin :
'He 's in the wood hunting,'
quo the false nurse within.

4 'O where 's the lady of the house ?'
quo the Lamkin :

'She 's in her bower dressing,'
quo the false nurse within.

* * * * *

5 'O please my babie, nourrice,
O please him with the keys :'
'He 'll no be pleased, madam,
let me do what I please.'

6 'O please my babie, nourrice,
O please him with the bell :'
'He 'll no be pleased, madam,
till ye come down yourself.'

* * * * *

7 There was blood in the chaumer,
and blood in the ha,
And blood in his ladi'e's room,
which he liked warst of a'.

* * * * *

M

a. Dr Joseph Robertson's Note-Book, Adversaria, p. 60,
from tradition. b. Kinloch MSS., VI, 31, in Dr Robertson's handwriting.

* * * * *

1 BUT it fell out upon a day
Lord Wearie was to gae frae hame,
And he has left his lady gay
In his castell to stay her lane.

* * * * *

2 Lamkin rocked,
and fausse nourrice sang,
And a' the four tors o the cradle
red blood sprang.

3 'O still my bairn, nourrice,
O still him wi the wan :
'He winna still, lady,
for a' his father's lan.'

4 'O still my bairn, nourrice,
O still him wi the keys :
'He winna still, lady,
for a' his father's leys.'

5 'O still my bairn, nourrice,
O still him wi the pap :'
'He winna still, lady,
for this nor for that.'

6 'O still my bairn, nourrice,
O still him wi the bell :'

‘He winna still, lady,
untill ye cum down yersell.’

7 The firsten step she steppet,
she stepped on a stane,
And the nexten step she stepped,
she keppit him fause Lamkin.

8 The thirden step she steppit,
she saw her young son’s red blood run on,
• • • • •

9 ‘Ye’ve killed my bairn, Lamkin,
but lat myself be;
Ye’se be as weel payit a mason
as was ever payd a fee.’

N

Dr Joseph Robertson’s Journal of Excursions, 1828-29,
No 2.

1 LAMKIN was as gude a mason
as ever biggit stone;
He biggit Laird Earie’s house,
and payment he got none.

5 ‘O far’s the bairns o this place?
neerice, tell me:
‘The’re at the scheel
O Lamkin,’ said she.

‘O will I get a word o her,
neerice?’ said he.

* * * *

6 The first step that lady steppet
she steppd on a stone;
The next step that lady stept
she met wi Lamkin.

2 O it fell ance upon a day
Laird Earie went from home,
And Lamkin came cravin
his lady alone.

* * * *

7 Ere the basin was washen,
or haf made clean,
The ladie’s heart-bleed
was rinnin in the reem.

3 ‘O far’s the laird o this place?
O neerice, tell me:
‘He’s on the sea sailin,
O Lamkin,’ said she.

4 ‘O far’s the lady o this place?
neerice, tell me:
‘She’s up the stair dressin,
O Lamkin,’ said she.

—
O
3 ‘Will I kill her, nursie,
or will I let her be?’
‘Oh yes, kill her, Lammikin,
she was never gude to me.’

1 ‘You have two bright diamonds,
as bright as the stars,
Put one on each finger,
they’ll show you doon stairs.’

4 ‘How can [ye] say so, nursie?
how can ye say so?
For your head neer did ache
but my heart it was sore.

2 The first step this lady took,
she dreaded no harm;
But the second step this lady took,
she was in Lammikin’s arms.

5 ‘Oh spare my life, nursie,
oh spare my life, spare;
Ye’ll have as mony gowd guineas
as there’s birds in the air.

6 'Oh spare my life, nursie,
 till my lord comes back ;
Ye 'll have as mony gowd guineas
 as the fou of a sack.'

7 ' Oh yes kill her and . . .

P

Herd's MSS, I, 25.

1 A BETTER mason than Lammikin
 nevir builded wi the stane,
Wha builded Lord Weire's castill,
 but wages nevir gat name.

＊＊＊＊＊

2 They stecked doors, they stecked yates,
close to the cheik and the chin;
They stecked them a' but a little wicket,
and Lammikin crap in.

3 'Now where 's the lady of this castle ?
 nurse, tell to Lammikin :'
'She 's sewing up intill her bowir,'
 the fals nourrice she sung.

4 'What shall we do, what shall we say,
to gar her cum there down ?'

Q

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 45.

1 LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason
as ever hewed a stane;
He biggit Lord Weire's castle,
but payment gat he nane.

* * * *

2 'Where are the lads o this castle ?'
says the Lammikin :
'They are a' wi Lord Weire, hunting,'
the false nourice did sing.

8 ' Go scour the silver basin,
 go scour it fine,
For our lady's heart's blude
 is gentle to tine.

9 'Go scour the silver skewer,
 oh scour it richt fine,
For our lady's heart's blude
 is gentle to tine.'

‘ We ’ll nip the baby in the cradle,
the fals nourrice she sung.

5 Lammikin nipped the bonie babe,
while loud fals nourice sings ;
Lammikin nipped the bony babe,
while hich the red blude springs.

6 'O gentil nourice, please my babe,
 O please him wi the keys :'
'He 'll no be pleased, gay lady,
 gin I 'd sit on my knees.'

7 'Gude gentil nourice, please my babe,
O please him wi a knife :'
'He winna be pleased, mistress myne,
gin I wad lay down my lyfe.'

8 'Sweet nurice, loud, loud cries my babe,
 O please him wi the bell :'
'He winna be pleased, gay lady,
 till ye cum down yoursell.'

3 'Where are the lasses o this castle ?'
says the Lammikin :

‘They are a’ out at the washing,’
the false nurrice did sing.

4 'But where 's the lady o this house ?'
says the Lammikin :
'She is in her bower sewing,'
the false nourice did sing.

5 'Is this the bairn o this house?'
says the Lammikin:
'The only bairn Lord Weire aughts,'
the false nourice did sing.

* * * *

‘ Still my bairn, nourice,
O still him if ye can : ’
‘ He will not still, madam,
for a’ his father’s lan.’

7 ‘ O gentle nourice, still my bairn,
O still him wi the keys : ’
‘ He will not still, fair lady,
let me do what I please.’

8 ‘ O still my bairn, kind nourice,
O still him wi the ring : ’
‘ He will not still, my lady,
let me do any thing.’

* * * *

9 The first step she stepped,
she stepped on a stane ;
The next step she stepped,
she met the Lammikin.

* * * *

10 ‘ O nourice, wanted ye your meat ?
or wanted ye your fee ?

Or wanted ye for any thing
a fair lady could gie ? ’

11 ‘ I wanted for nae meat, ladie,
I wanted for nae fee ;
But I wanted for a hantle
a fair lady could gie.’

* * * *

12 ‘ I wish a’ may be weel,’ he says,
‘ wi my ladie at haine ;
For the rings upon my fingers
are bursting in twain.’

* * * *

13 ‘ There’s bluid in my nursery,
there’s bluid in my ha,
There’s bluid in my fair lady’s bower,
an that’s warst of a.’

14 O sweet, sweet sang the birdie,
upon the bough sae lie,
But little cared false nourice for that,
for it was her gallows-tree.

* * * *

R

Finlay’s Scottish Ballads, II, 55, “from a manuscript
formerly written by an old lady.”

1 WHEN Sir Guy and his train
gaed to hunt the wild boar,
He gard bar up his castle,
behind and before.

2 And he bade his fair lady
guard weel her young son,
For wicked Balcanqual
great mischief had done.

3 So she closed a’ the windows,
without and within,
But forgot the wee wicket,
and Balcanqual crap in.

* * * *

4 Syne Balcanqual he rocked,
and fause nourice sang,

Till through a’ the cradle
the baby’s blood sprang.

5 ‘ O please the bairn, nourice,
and please him wi the keys : ’
‘ He’ll no be pleased, madam,
for a’ that he sees.’

6 And Balcanqual ay rocked,
while fause nourice sang,
And through a’ the cradle
the baby’s blood ran.

7 ‘ Please the bairn, nourice,
and please him wi the knife : ’
‘ He’ll no be pleased, madam,
tho I’d gie my life.’

8 And Balcanqual still rocked,
and fause nourice sang,
While through a’ the cradle
the baby’s blood ran.

9 'Now please the bairn, nource,
and please him wi the bell :'
'He 'll no be pleased, madam,
till ye come yoursell.'

10 Down came this fair lady,
tripping down the stair,
To see her sick bairn,
but returned never mair.

11 'Now scour the bason, Jenny,
and scour 't very clean,
To haad this lady's blood,
for she 's of noble kin.'

* * * *

S

Motherwell's Note-Book, fol. 13.

1 LAMBKIN was as brave a builder
as eer built a stane,
And he built Lord Cassillis house,
an for payment he gat nane.

T

Recited to me by Ellen Healy, January 14, 1881, as sung
by Moll Lochnie, a woman of about seventy, at a place near
Killarney, before 1867.

1 'WHERE is the lord ?
or is he within ?'
'He 's gone to New England,
to dine with the king.'

2 'Where is his horses ?
or where is his men ?'
'They 're gone to New England,
to wait upon him.'

3 'Where is his lady ?
or is she within ?'
'She 's in her bedchamber,
all in her lying in.'

4 'Can I get at her,
with thousands of lands ?
Can I get at her,
to make her understand ?'

5 'You cannot get at her,
with thousands of lands ;
You cannot get at her,
to make her understand.'

6 'Lady, come down,
and please your child ;'

2 My lord said to my lady,
when he went abroad,
Tak care o fause Lamkin,
for he sleeps in the wood.

7 'Can't you please my child
with white bread and breast-wine ?'
'O lady, come down,
and please him awhile.'

8 'How can I go down,
this cold winter's night,
Without a fire in the kitchen,
or candle to light ?'

9 'You 've got nine bright lamps,
just as bright as the king ;
Lady, come down,
and light one of them.'

10
False Lantin he took her
so brave in his arms.

11 Saying, Where is your friend,
or where is your foe,
That will hold the gold basin,
your heart's blood to flow ?

12 'My nurse is not my friend,
my nurse is my foe ;
She 'll hold the gold basin,
my heart's blood to flow.'

13 'O spare my life
for one summer's day,
And I'll give you as much money
as there's sand in the sea.'

14 'I'll not spare your life
for one summer's day,
And I wont have as much money
as there's sand in the sea.'

15 'O spare me my life
until one o'clock,
And I'll give you Queen Betsie,
the flower of the flock.'

16 'O mama, dear mama,
then please him awhile ;

My dada is coming,
he's dressed in great style.'

17 False Lantin he heard
the words from the high,
Saying, Your mama is dead,
and away I will fly.

18 'O dada, dear dada,
do not blame me,
'T is nurse and false Lantin
betrayed your ladie.'

19 'I'll bury my mama
against the wall,
And I'll bury my baba,
white all, white all.'

U

a. The Ballad Book, by William Allingham, p. xxxiii, part of a version sung by a nurse in the family of a relative in Ireland. b. The same, p. 297, No 56, a compounded version.

1 As my lord and my lady
were out walking one day,
Says my lord to my lady,
Beware of Lamkin.

2 'O why should I fear him,
or any such man,

When my doors are well barrd,
and my windows well pinn'd ?'

* * * *

3 'O keep your gold and silver,
it will do you some good ;
It will buy you a coffin,
when you are dead.'

4 There's blood in the kitchen,
and blood in the hall,
And the young Mayor of England
lies dead by the wall.

V

Harris MS., No 28, fol. 27 b, Miss Seymour, Lethnot.

I WALD be very sorry
to wash a basin clean,

To haud my mither's heart's blude,
that's comin, an I ken.

C. 21², 22². *Motherwell* suggests mother for lady.
After 22, "a stanza, forgotten by the reciter, which purported that on the night his lady was murdered, the ring on Lord Arran's finger broke."

F. b. 1¹. he got on. 1², 2². who lives.
3¹. The doors are . . . windows are.
3². There is not . . . where a mouse can.

4². For he. 5¹. the windows all pinned.
5². But one : Lankin.
7². she's in her high chamber.
8¹. young heir. 9¹. we'll prick him, we'll.
10¹. They pricked him, they.
10². false nurse . . . drop in.
11². my son Johnson.
12², 14², 16². Come down.

13. *wanting*. 14². and nurse.
 15². And there's no fire burning, nor lamp.
 16². all by.
 17². much money. 18. *wanting*.
 19, 20, 21. Nancy. 20². golden basin.
 22², 23¹. Long *wanting*. 23². close by.

G. "A friend of the lady who contributed our copy of this ballad gave a transcript to Miss Landon, who published it in the Drawing Room Scrap Book for 1835, in which, without any authority, she lays the scene of the murder in Cumberland."

Variations in the Drawing Room Scrap Book:

7¹, 8¹, 9¹. Where are.

11, 13 are given in Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes of England, ed. 1874, p. 212, No 403, with only this variation: 11², when ye lord.

I. 5¹. marble stane, *indistinct in the MS.*

7¹. O . . . her gang.

K. After 4. He was in league with the nurse, who let him in to one of the low rooms.

After 12. Whilst he and the nurse are plundering the house, the lord comes home, and avenges himself upon these wicked villains.

L. 2¹. woman.

M. a. After 1. And a' the servants were frae hame; Lamkin made up wi the fauss norice.

2 follows 8.

b. Begins with a stanza very near to N 1:

Lamkin was as gude a mason
 As ever laid a stane,
 And he has built Lord Wearie a castle,
 But payment he got nane.

1¹. once upon: Wearie went frae.

2 follows 6.

2¹. Lamkin he roekit and the.

2². Till to the four tors o the cradle the.

3¹. a wand. 8 is omitted.

9². as eer was paid.

N. 6¹. first steppd.

P. Eleven of the nineteen stanzas of Herd's version are spurious, and many of the others have been tampered with. The metre is disturbed or changed.

Stanza 4 is omitted in Herd's printed copy.

After 1 follow:

'Sen ye winnae gie me my guerdon, lord,
 Sen ye winnae gie me my hyre,

Yon proud castle, sae stately built,
 I sall gar reek wi the fyre.

'Sen ye winnae gie me my wages, lord,
 Ye sall hae caus to rue :'
 And syne he brewed a black revenge,
 And syne he vowed a vow.

'Now byde at hame, my lufe, my lyfe,
 I warde ye byde at hame;
 Oh gang nae to this day's hunting,
 To leave me a' my lane.

'Yestrene, yestrene, I dreamt my bower
 Of red, red blude was fu;
 Gin ye gang to this blaek hunting,
 I sall hae eans to rne.'

'Wha looks to dreams, my winsome dame?
 Ye hae nae caus to feare :'
 And syne he's kist her comely cheik,
 And syne the starting teare.

And syne he's gane to the good greene wode,
 And she to her painted bowir,
 And she's gard steck doors, windows, yates,
 Of castle, ha and tower.

After 8 follow these five stanzas, found also in Herd's MSS, II, 97:

And when she saw the red, red blude,
 A loud serich scriched she:
 'O monster, monster, spare the child
 Wha never skaithed thee.

'O spare, gif in your bluidy briest
 Albergs not heart of stane;
 O spare, and ye sall hae of gould
 What ye ean carry hame.'

'Dame, I want not your gowd,' he sayd,
 'Dame, I want not your fee;
 I hae been wronged by your lord,
 Ye sall black vengenee drie.

'Here are nae serfs to guard your halls,
 Nae trusty spearsmen here;
 They sound the horn in good greene wode,
 And chase the doe and deer.

'Tho merry sounds the gude greene wode,
 Wi huntsmen hounds and horn,
 Your lord sall rue eer sets yon sun
 He hes done me skaith and seorn.'

* * * * *

For quha, ze, etc., wha, ye are printed.

Q. Of the thirty-five stanzas printed by Finlay, seventeen, or 2, 3, 5-9, 12 (?), 14, 16 (?), 18, 19, 21-25, are derived from Herd's version, P, all his spurious verses being retained. There are some variations, due to imperfect recollection. Of the remaining eighteen, 4, 28, 29, 31, 34 are clearly by a modern pen. There are some twelve genuine stanzas, 1, 10, 11, 13, 15, 17, 20, 26, 27, 30, 32, 33, which are independent of Herd. Two more, Finlay's 12, 16, have been left with these because they vary considerably from Herd, and may possibly be traditional. So may the following be, Finlay's 35 and last; but I think it is not.

They carried him a' airts o wind,
And mickle pain had he;
At last before Lord Weire's gate
They hanged him on the tree.

R. This second version of Finlay's has been written over. His fourth stanza and his last six owe nothing to tradition. Finlay himself "restored" the name of Balwearie from a recited copy "in preference to that of Sr. Guy, or Gray, which the MS. bears, as it makes the ballad appear more decidedly local."

After 3 :

Then up spak fause nourice :
'haste up to the tower,
Somebody knocks at the gate,
baudly and dour.'

After 11 :

She 's lifted her baby,
and kissed cheek and chin,
And his ance rosy lips,
but nae breath was within.

' Fare weel, my sweet baby,
ye 've left me alone;
But I see my death coming,
I needna make mane.'

They 've taen this fair lady,
and tied her wi bands,
And in her sweet heart's blood
they 've dipped their hands.

For Balcanqual and nourice
had vowd her to slae,
Because their ill deeds
made Balwearie their fae.

Balwearie and his train
cam hame weary at een,
Nae voice gied them welcome,
nae light could be seen.

' Open, dear lady,
my castle to me :'
Nae voice gied an answer,
nae voice was to gie.

S. "Lambkin. . . . 27 stanzas."

T. After 5 : "The nurse said this, and the false Lantin stabbed the baby. He bribed the nurse to make the lady come down and please the child. It told how he stabbed the baby, what kind of knife he had, and how he put it through the baby."

U. b. Allingham's copy is principally composed of 14 stanzas of A, 9 of G, 5 of Q, 1 of B. So much of the following stanzas as is in larger type may be regarded as derived, partially or wholly, from the "copy taken down from the mouth of an Irish nurse in the family of a relative of the editor."

6 What care I for Lamkin,
or any of his gang ?
I 'll keep my doors weel guarded,
my windows all pennd in.'

7 When all the doors were guarded,
and all the windows shut,
There was still one little window,
and that one was forgot.

13 'And how are we to bring her down ?'
says the Lamkin :
'Pinch the babe in the eradle here,'
says the fause nourice to him.

18 The first step the lady stepped,
she stepped on a stane ;
The last step the lady stepped,
there she met Lamkin.

19 'O mercy, merey, Lamkin,
have mercy upon me !
O harm ye not my little son,
I pray you let him be.'

23 Lord Weare he sat in England,
a drinking o the wine;
He felt his heart fu heavy
at this very same time.

25 He sailed in his bonny ship
upon the saut sea-faem;

He leapt up on his horse
and swiftly he rade hame.

27 'O whas blude is this,' he says,
'that lies in the bower?'
'It is your lady's heart's blude,
where Lamkin he slew her.'

94

YOUNG WATERS

Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 172.

PERCY took this ballad "from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo," and he informs us that the world was indebted for its publication to the Lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume. Maidment, *Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary*, II, 62, gives the title of the first edition as follows: *Young Waters, an Ancient Scottish Poem, never before printed. Glasgow: printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis. MDCCCLV. Small 4to, pp. 8.* He does not say whether he prints from the original edition. The ballad was repeated in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 238; in Ritson's *Scottish Song*, 1794, II, 181, with the variation of a word or two; and in Pinkerton's *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, I, 72, with arbitrary changes.

Motherwell, *Minstrelsy, Introduction*, p. lxviii, note 16, says he had never met with any traditionary version of this ballad. There is a copy in the Skene MSS, p. 23, which in all likelihood was learned by the writer from print. Buchan, who may generally be relied upon to produce a longer ballad than anybody else, has 'Young Waters' in thirty-nine stanzas, "the only complete version which he had ever met." Of this copy I will only say that everything which is not in the edition of 1755 (itself a little the worse for editing) is a

counterfeit of the lowest description. Nevertheless it is given in an appendix; for much the same reason that thieves are photographed.

It is possible, and Aytoun, I, 93, thinks highly probable, that this ballad may have been founded on some real event in Scottish history; but Aytoun shows a commendable discretion in his conclusion that, "though various conjectures have been hazarded as to its origin, none appear sufficiently plausible to warrant their adoption," an opinion in which Maidment fully concurs. Chambers, who unhesitatingly accepted Buchan's ballad, did not, in 1829, entertain the least doubt that *Young Waters* was one of the Scottish nobles executed by James I after his return from his captivity in England, and very probably Walter Stuart, second son of the Duke of Albany: *The Scottish Ballads*, p. 34. Thirty years later he had no more doubt that the ballad was composed by Lady Wardlaw.

A Scandinavian ballad, historical to the extent that one version has historical names, exhibits the principal incidents of the short story of 'Young Waters.' **Danish.** 'Folke Lovmandsøn og Dronning Helvig,' texts of the 16th century, Grundtvig, III, 691, No 178, A-D.* **Swedish.** A, 'Falkvard Lagermannson,' tradition of this century, Arwidsson, II,

* D, which is made up from the three others, is translated by Prior, II, 160, No 65.

62, No 80. B, manuscript of the last century, Grundtvig, III, 697. The king and queen, Danish B, are Magnus I of Sweden and his wife Helvig (died 1290, 1325). Folke Lovmandsøn is in high favor with dames and maids, but especially with the queen, to whose service he is devoted. A little wee page plays the part of the

wily lord of 'Young Waters' in exciting the king's jealousy. The innocent young knight is rolled down hill in a tun set with knives.

Translated by Grundtvig, No 7, p. 48; Herder, II, 68; Döring, p. 383; Allingham's copy by Knortz, *Lieder und Romanzen Alt-England*, No 8, p. 33; Buchan's by Gerhard, p. 8.

1 ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A there is cum to our king's court
Mony a well-favourd man.

2 The queen luikt owre the castle-wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw Young Waters
Cum riding to the town.

3 His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind ;
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

4 Gowden-graithd his horse before,
And siller-shod behind ;
The horse Young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

5 Out then spake a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
'O tell me wha 's the fairest face
Rides in the company ?'

6 'I 've sene lord, and I 've sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than Young Waters
Mine eyne did never see.'

7 Out then spack the jealous king,
And an angry man was he :
'O if he had been twice as fair,
You might have excepted me.'

8 'You 're neither laird nor lord,' she says,
'Bot the king that wears the crown ;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down.'

9 For a' that she could do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee,
Bot for the words whieh she had said,
Young Waters he maun dee.

10 They hae taen Young Waters,
And put fetters to his feet ;
They hae taen Young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.

11 'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit ;
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

12 'Aft have I ridden thro Stirling town
In the wind bot and the rain ;
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town
Neir to return again.'

13 They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His young son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
His horse bot and his saddle.

14 They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see,
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did dee.

Quhen, zounig, etc., are printed when, young.

3⁸. And corrected to Aue in the second edition of the Reliques.

5¹. But. Ritson, *Maidment, Out.*

10¹. ⁸. Waters and : and is carried on to the following line.

APPENDIX.



Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 15.

1 It fell about the gude Yule time,
When caps and stoups gaed roun,
Down it came him Young Waters,
To welcome James, our king.

2 The great, the great, rade a' together,
The sma came a' behin,
But wi Young Waters, that brave knight,
There came a gay gatherin.

3 The horse Young Waters rade upon,
It cost him hunders nine ;
For he was siller-shod before,
And gowd-graith had behin.

4 At ilka tippit o his horse mane
There hang a siller bell ;
The wind was loud, the steed was proud,
And they gae a sindry knell.

5 The king he lay ower's castle-wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And he beheld him Young Waters,
Come riding to the town.

6 He turnd him right and round about,
And to the queen said he,
Who is the bravest man, my dame,
That ever your een did see ?

7 'I've seen lairds, and I've seen lords,
And knights o high degree,
But a braver man than Young Waters
My een did never see.'

8 He turnd him right and roun about,
And ane angry man was he :
'O wae to you, my dame, the queen,
Ye might hae excepted me !'

9 'Ye are nae laird, ye are nae lord,
Ye are the king that wears the crown ;
There's nae a lord in fair Scotland
But unto you maun a' bow down.'

10 'O lady, for your love-choicing,
Ye shall win to your will ;
The morn, or I eat or drink,
Young Waters I'll gar kill.'

11 'And nevertheless,' the king coud say,
'Ye might hae excepted me ;
Yea for yea,' the king coud say,
'Young Waters he shall die.'

12 'Likewise for your ill-wyed words,
Ye soll hae cause to mourn ;
Gin ye hadna been sae big wi child,
Ye on a hill sud burn.'

13 Young Waters came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee :
'Win up, win up, Young Waters,
What's this I hear o thee ?'

14 'What ails the king at me,' he said,
'What ails the king at me ?'
'It is tauld me the day, sir knight,
Ye've done me treasonie.'

15 'Liars will lie on fell gude men,
Sae will they do on me ;
I wudna wish to be the man
That liars on wudna lie.'

16 'Nevertheless,' the king coud say,
'In prison strang gang ye ;
O yea for yea,' the king coud say,
'Young Waters, ye shall die.'

17 Syne they hae taen him Young Waters,
Laid him in prison strang,
And left him there wi fetters boun,
Making a heavy mane.

18 'Aft hae I ridden thro Striveling town
Thro heavy wind and weet ;
But neer rade I thro Striveling town
Wi fetters on my feet.

19 'Aft hae I ridden thro Striveling town
Thro heavy wind and rain ;
But neer rade I thro Striveling town
But thought to ridden't again.'

20 They brought him to the heading-hill,
His horse bot and his saddle ;
And they brought to the heading-hill
His young son in his cradle.

21 And they brought to the heading-hill
His hounds intill a leish ;
And they brought till the heading-hill
His gos-hawk in a jess.

22 King James he then rade up the hill,
And mony a man him wi,
And ealled on his trusty page
To come right speedilie.

23 'Ye'll do ye to the Earl o Mar,
For he sits on yon hill ;
Bid him to loose the brand frae his bodie,
Young Waters for to kill.'

24 'O gude forbid,' the Earl he said,
 'The like sud eer fa me,
 My bodie eer sud wear the brand
 That gars Young Waters die.'

25 Then he has loosd his trusty brand
 And easten 't in the sea ;
 Says, Never lat them get a brand
 Till it come back to me.

26 The scaffold it prepared was,
 And he did mount it hie,
 And a' spectators that were there,
 The saut tears blint their ee.

27 'O had your tongues, my brethren dear,
 And mourn nae mair for me ;
 Ye 're seeking grace frae a graceless face,
 For there is nane to gie.

28 'Ye 'll tak a bit o canvas clraith
 And pit it ower my ee ;
 And Jack, my man, ye 'll be at hand
 The hour that I sud die.

29 'Syne aff ye 'll tak my bluidy sark,
 Gie it fair Margaret Grahame ;
 For she may curse the dowie dell
 That brought King James him hame.

30 'Ye 'll bid her mak her bed narrow,
 And mak it naeways wide ;
 For a brawer man than Young Waters
 Will neer streek by her side.

31 'Bid her do weel to my young son,
 And gie him nurses three ;
 For gin he live to be a man,
 King James will gar him die.'

32 He calld upon the headsman, then,
 A purse o' gowd him gae ;
 Says, Do your office, headsman, boy,
 And mak nae mair delay.

33 O head me soon, O head me clean,
 And pit me out o' pine ;
 For it is by the king's command ;
 Gang head me till his min.

34 Tho by him I 'm condemnd to die,
 I 'm lieve to his ain kin ;
 And for the truth, I 'll plainly tell,
 I am his sister's son.

35 'Gin ye 're my sister's son,' he said,
 'It is unkent to me ;'
 'O mindna ye on your sister Bess,
 That lives in the French countrie ?'

36 'Gin Bess then be your mither dear,
 As I trust well she be,
 Gae hame, gae hame, Young Waters,
 Ye 'se neer be slain by me.'

37 But he lay by his napkin fine,
 Was saft as ony silk,
 And on the block he laid his neck,
 Was whiter than the milk.

38 Says, Strike the blow, ye headsman, boy,
 And that right speedilie ;
 It 's never be said, Here gaes a knight
 Was ance condemnd to die.

39 The head was taen frae Young Waters,
 And mony tears for him shed ;
 But mair did mourn for fair Margaret,
 As raving she lyes mad.

95

THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

A. Communicated to Bishop Percy, 1770.

B. 'The Broom o the Cathery Knowes,' Motherwell's MS., p. 290.

C. Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, VII, 275, 1883.

D. Skene MSS, p. 61, stanzas 19-24 : 1802-03.

E. 'Lady Maisry,' Buchan's MSS, II, 186; 'Warenston and the Duke of York's Daughter,' Buchan's

F. Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 190, stanzas 16-22.

G. Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, VI, 476, 1882.

H. a. 'The Golden Key,' Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, VI, 415. b. The same, p. 269.

I. 'The Golden Ball.' a. Baring-Gould's Appendix to Henderson's Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders, 1866, p. 333. b. Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, X, 354, 1884.

D, E form the conclusion of a ballad which belongs to the series of 'Mary Hamilton,' or 'The Queen's Mary,' and give an entirely wrong turn to that distressful tragedy.

F had become a children's game, the last stage of many old ballads: see the notes. In **G** and **H** the verses are set in a popular tale, and a characteristic explanation is furnished of the danger which the heroine has incurred: she has lost a golden key, or a golden ball, which had been entrusted to her. See, again, the notes.

All the English versions are defective and distorted, as comparison will show. In many others, both from northern and southern Europe, a young woman has fallen into the hands of corsairs; father, mother, brother, sister, refuse to pay ransom, but her lover, in one case husband, stickles at no price which may be necessary to retrieve her.

We will begin with the best ballad of the cycle, the Sicilian 'Scibilia Nobili,' communicated to *Nuove Effemeridi Siciliane*, Nuova Serie, I, 528, 1874, by Salvatore Struppa, as sung by a peasant woman in the neighborhood of Marsala, 151 verses.* Tunisian cor-

* Liebrecht was the first to call attention to this ballad-cycle, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 222, repeating, with enlargement, an article in *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie*, IX, 53. He gives the Sicilian text, and a Ballearic and a Färöe, presently

sairs, learning of the marriage of the king's daughter, fit out a strong force, and when they are near port change caps, to pass for Christians. They knock at Scibilia's door, and, on her refusing to open, her husband being a-hunting, burst the door in, and carry her on board ship. Her husband goes to the shore weeping, and offers her captors her weight in gold; they will not give her up for a shipful. He begs to be allowed a word with her: why has she let herself be carried off, and who will nurse her boy? She refuses to eat, drink, or sleep. The sailors fall asleep, and Scibilia drops into the sea. They take silk ladders to recover her; she weeps always. (It would be superfluous to do more than point to the fact that the story is not well compacted, or altogether rational, as we have it.) The lady, turning to a sailor, says, Can you tell me how the wind is? If north or south, I will go to my father. No opposition is made by the pirates, who had but just now refused a shipful of gold for her. "My dear father, will you ransom me?" "For how much, my dear daughter?" "Three lions, three falcons, and four pillars of gold." "I cannot lose so to be noticed, with translations, and points out other parallels. Reifferscheid made additions in his *Westfälische Volkslieder*, p. 10, p. 138 ff. I have not at hand the *Effemeridi* for 1874.

much money: how much better lose you!" She is urged by her captors to eat and drink, but will not eat, drink, or sleep, for her boy is starving. She again makes for the coast, weeping ever, and the foregoing scene, from the inquiry as to the wind, is repeated with mother, brother, sister. All say it is better to lose her than so much money. She finally tries her husband, who answers, Better lose all this gold; it is enough if you are not lost. And after three days the father died. "And let him die; I will dress all in red." And after three days the mother died. "And let her die; I will dress all in yellow." And after three days the brother died. "And let him die; I will dress all in green." And after three days the sister died. "And let her die; I will dress all in white. And if my dear husband dies, I will dress in black."

Spanish. A. a, 'La Donzella,' Die Balladen in Wort und Bild geschildert, II, 263 (privately printed by the Archduke Ludwig Salvator, Leipzig, 1871, a book which I have not been able to obtain), Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 231; b, Briz, Cansons de la Terra, IV, 15, from a Majorean *revista*. B. 'Lo Rescat,' Briz, IV, 13. C. 'La Cautiva,' Milá, Romancerillo, p. 257, No 261. In A a maid, who is embroidering a handkerchief by the seashore, lacking silk, hails a vessel, and asks if they have any. She is invited to come aboard and see if they have what she requires. She falls asleep, and the sailors put off. This beginning is like that of another very common ballad. The maid is wakened by the singing of the sailors, and asks them to put into the port where her father is. What follows corresponds to the English ballad. "Father, will you ransom me? The Moors offer me for sale." "Dear daughter, how much do they ask?" "I am yours for a hundred crowns." "Daughter, I will not pay a penny for you." The scene is repeated with mother, brother, and sister, all of whom make the same answer as the father, and then with the lover; but his reply is, I would not give you up for all the world.

The first five stanzas of A are wanting in B, which begins, accordingly, at the point where the maid asks to have the ship put about. The sister is omitted in B, as also in A b. C is shortened still further, beginning with the appeal to the father, and omitting both sister and brother.

Färöe. 'Frísa Vísa,' communicated by Hammershaimb, with other ballads, to the Antiquarisk Tidsskrift, 1849-51, p. 95. Frisian pirates are carrying away a maid. She weeps and beats her hands, and cries, Wait, my father will ransom me; he will ransom me with his castles; he will not let me perish in Friesland. The father answers, I have only two castles; neither of them can I give up for thee; indeed thou mayst perish in Friesland. The Frisians are starting off again. The maid begs them to stop; her mother will redeem her with her kirtles. But the mother says, I have but two kirtles, and neither of them can I give up for thee; indeed thou mayst perish in Friesland. Once more the Frisians are about to put off. The maid says her lover will redeem her with his ships. The lover loyally responds, I have only two ships; both will I gladly part with for thee; thou shalt not perish in Friesland. It appears from a note of Hammershaimb that the ballad might be extended indefinitely by the maid's calling upon brother, sister, and friends to redeem her with their respective valuables.*

Icelandic. A ballad briefly mentioned at p. 20 f of the volume of the Antiquarisk Tidsskrift, before cited. The Frisians call out, Bear the Danish maid to the ships! 'Bide, Frisians, bide; my kinsfolk will redeem me.' Upon the sixth appeal, to her lover, the maid is ransomed.

Swedish. 'Den Bortsálda,' the same ballad as the Färöe and the Icelandic, with an absurd introductory stanza, in which the maid is said to have been sold into the heathen land by her parents for a bit of bread; whence the title. A. a, Afzelius, No 15, I, 73; † b, Hofberg, Nerikes Gamla Minnen, p. 256, No 5. B. Afzelius, I, 134. C. Rancken, Nå-

* "Legen kan nu fortsættes videre" might imply that the ballad was used as a game; but it is presumable that the author would have been explicit, had he meant this.

† Translated by George Stephens in the Foreign Quarterly Review, XXVI, 31.

gra prof af folksång, p. 6, No 2, with collation of three other copies. D. Eva Wigström, *Folkdiktning*, I, 62, No 29. E. Öberg, in Aminson, *Bidrag*, I, 23. F. Axelson, *Vesterdalarne*, p. 174, No 2, three stanzas, the rest said to be "entirely like" the Afzelius copies, which differ considerably. A maid is in the hands of sea-rovers, and they are on the point of rowing off with her. She wrings her hands, and calls to them to wait a while. She sees her father coming, who will redeem her with his oxen, and so she shall escape going to the heathen land to pine away. The father says he has but oxen two: the one he shall be using, the other he shall keep — *läta stå*; and she will not scape going to the heathen land. The sailors lower their oars. The maid wrings her hands, and calls to them again to wait; she sees her mother coming, who will redeem her with her gold caskets. The mother says she has of gold caskets but two: the one she shall be using, the other shall let stay. The maid sees her sister, who will redeem her with her gold crowns. The sister has but two gold crowns, one of which she shall be using, the other will let be. The maid sees her brother, who will redeem her with his foals. The brother has but two foals: the one he shall be using, the other he will let be, and she will not scape from going to the heathen land to pine away. Then the maid sees her true-love coming, and calls to him to redeem her with his gold rings. "Of gold rings," he says, "I have no more than twelve: with six I shall redeem thee, six thou shalt have thyself; so thou scapest going to the heathen land to pine away."

This is the story in A, and the chief variations of the other copies are in the things which the maid proposes to her kindred and her lover to redeem her with, and the number of these which they profess to have. The spuriousness of the introductory stanza, in which the girl is said to have been sold into the heathen land for dire need, is evident. The family have two oxen, two gold caskets, two gold crowns, two foals; or even houses, gold caskets, gold chains, mills, more than five, B, and no doubt everything handsome about

them. In D the father is even a king. E, F lack this beginning. C concludes with a permissible imprecation on the part of the lover:

"Cursed be thy father, cursed be thy mother,
Cursed be thy sister, and even so thy brother!"

In Danish the ballad occurs in manuscripts, and has been printed as a broadside: Bergström's Afzelius, II, 63.

German. A. Gräter's *Idunna und Hermod*, 1814, p. 76, communicated by Abramson, one of the editors of the *Danske Viser*, as learned by him from a maid-servant of his mother, in Sleswig, not long after 1750. B. 'Liebesprobe,' Kretzschmer-Zuccalmaglio, II, 54, No 22, "from North Germany," apparently a little retouched. C. 'Des Liebsten Liebe die grösste Liebe,' Hoffmann und Richter, p. 43, No 23, Silesia. D. 'Loskauf,' Erk's *Liederhort*, p. 136, No 40, Saxony. E. 'Das losgekauft Mädel,' Erk und Irmer, II, 52, No 53, Saxony. F. 'Loskauf,' Erk's *Liederhort*, p. 138, No 40^a, Brandenburg. G. 'O Schipmann,' Reiffenberg, p. 138, Westphalia. H. 'O Schipmann,' Reiffenberg, p. 10, No 5, Westphalia. I. 'Loskauf,' Uhland, p. 267, No 117, Westphalia. J. Köhler, in *Anzeiger für deutsches Alterthum*, VI, 268, from Friedrich Kind in "Abend-Zeitung, 1819, No 164, Kind's Erzählungen, 1822, p. 77," Auserwählte Unterhaltungen, Wien, 1827, I, 20. 'Die Losgekauft,' in Kretzschmer, I, 181, is rewritten; 'Loskauf,' in Simrock, No 39, p. 90, is made up from a variety of copies. Several of the versions come very near to one another, especially C-F, nor is there any noteworthy difference in the story of the whole series, save a single point in the last three. A maid whom seamen are carrying off begs them to stop or put back to land; she has a father who will not abandon her. She begs her father to part with coat, house, hat, watch, or bull, to save her from drowning; the father refuses. Then, as before, she successively and vainly entreats her mother to redeem her with gold chain, ring, apron, gown, or silver trinkets; her brother with silver buckles, hat, horse, sword, or coat; her sister with apron, dress, shoes,

green wreath, or pearl wreath. Two of the four relatives are wanting in H, I, J. All of her blood refusing to ransom the maid, she calls upon her lover to sacrifice sword, horse, ring, golden hill, to save her, or, in H, I, J, to sell himself to the oar, and the lover is ready in every case. The redemption is not from slavery in a foreign land, but from drowning.

Esthonian. The ballad is known all over Estonia, and a copy composed of two closely resembling versions is given by Neus, *Ehstnische Volkslieder*, p. 109, 'Die Ausgelöste.' A girl, taken captive in war, asks that the boats may put in, in order that she may find some one to buy her off. She appeals first to her mother, who might redeem her with the best of three aprons which she possesses, one of which is of gold web, another of silver, another of brass. A daughter, answers the mother, is a thing of to-day and to-morrow; my aprons are for life. Her father is next asked to ransom her with the best of three bulls which he owns, which have a horn of gold, silver, and brass respectively. His daughter is his for two days, his bulls for life. The brother is entreated to save her by the sacrifice of the best of his three horses, which have severally manes of gold, silver, and brass. His sister is his for two days, his horse for life. The sister is asked to part with the best of her three wreaths, which are of gold, silver, brass, for an only sister's sake. A sister is hers for a month or two, her wreath for life. Finally the maid turns to her true-love, who has three hats, one of brass, one of silver, one of gold, and entreats him to devote the best to her redemption. How long lasts a hat? he exclaims. A couple of days; but my betrothed for life! Another copy of the same ballad is given by Neus in *Dorpater Jahrbücher*, V, 228.

The ballad is equally popular in Finland: 'Lunastettava neiti,' *Kanteletar*, 1864, p. 283,

* In the same collection, No 297, I, 297, there is no refusal on the part of the kindred, but what they offer is insufficient, and the maid succeeds by outbidding them. So in some of the corresponding German ballads, as Hoffmann und Richter, Nos 9, 10; Erk's *Liederhort*, Nos 51, 51^a, 51^b; Elwert, *Ungedruckte Reste alten Gesangs*, p. 43, = *Liederhort*, 51^c; Longard, p. 22, No 11; Fiedler, p. 141. In Ulmann's *Lei-*

No 26, p. 285, No 27, ed. 1840, III, 131, 137, 273 f; Rancken, *Några prof*, p. 9.

In various Slavie ballads the man and maid change parts, and the man is ransomed by the generosity of his mistress when his kinsfolk have failed him.

Two Wendish ballads, Haupt and Schmäler, A, No 74, B, No 75, I, 107 ff, begin, like the popular German ballad 'Der Schäfer und der Edelmann,' with a shepherd's being thrown into prison by a nobleman for wearing a costume beyond his rank, and proud words besides. He sees his father coming, A, and asks him to pawn half a hundred sheep and get him out. The father prefers his half hundred sheep. He sees his mother coming, and asks her to pawn two cows and release him. She prefers her cows. He sees his brother coming, and asks him to pawn his horse. His brother prefers his horse. He sees his sister coming, and asks her to pawn a fine gown, but the gown again is much dearer in his sister's eyes. He sees his love coming, and asks her to pawn her coral necklace for his ransom, which she does, and he is released. In B he writes to father, mother, and sister to ransom him; they all tell him that if he were good for anything he would not be in prison. His love flies to him and ransoms him.*

Russian. Čelakowský, II, 106, † Sakharof, IV, 171, No 13. A young man in prison writes to father and mother for ransom; the whole family will have nothing to do with malefactors and robbers. His love, when written to, calls to her women to get her gold together, all that shall be needed to free him.

Little-Russian. Golovatsky, I, 48, No 8. An imprisoned youth writes to his father, Wilt thou ransom me, or shall I perish? How much must he give? Forty saddled horses. Better he should perish. He writes to his mother; she must give forty oxen with their yokes. She declines. He writes to his love;

tische Volkslieder, 1874, p. 168 (cited by Reiffenberg), 'Der losgekaufte Soldat,' a conscript writes to father, mother, brother, sister, to buy him off, and they devote horses, cows, lands, dowry, to this object, but do not succeed. His mistress sells her wreath and frees him.

† Goetze, *Stimmen des russischen Volks*, p. 150; Wenzig, *Slawische Volkslieder*, p. 151.

she must furnish forty geese with their goslings. I will spin, she says, spin lustily, buy geese, and ransom thee. No 7, I, 46, is to the same effect, but lacks the close.

Slovenian. ‘Rodbina,’ ‘Kinship,’ Vraz, Narodne Pěsni ilirske, p. 141.* A hero in prison asks his father to release him ; the three horses he must give are too much. He asks his mother ; the three castles she must give are too much. He asks his brother ; the

* Translated by Anastasius Grün, Volkslieder aus Krain, p. 30.

three rifles he must give are too much. He asks his sister ; the three fair tresses she must sacrifice are too much. He asks his love ; she must give her white hand. Not too much is my white hand, she says ; easy to give for thee hand and life besides.

A Little-Russian ballad in Waclaw z Oleska, p. 226, and a Polish in Waldbühl's Balalaika, p. 504, have the same theme, Love stronger than Blood (woman's love here), but do not belong with the pieces already cited as to form.

A

Communicated to Percy, April 7, 1770, by the Rev. P. Parsons, of Wey, from oral tradition.

* * * * *

- 1 ‘O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while !
Methinks I see my own father,
Come riding by the stile.
- 2 ‘Oh father, oh father, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee !
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree.’
- 3 ‘None of my gold now you shall have,
Nor likewise of my fee ;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hanged you shall be.’
- 4 ‘Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while !
Methinks I see my own mother,
Come riding by the stile.
- 5 ‘Oh mother, oh mother, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree !’
- 6 ‘None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee ;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hanged you shall be.’
- 7 ‘Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while !

Methinks I see my own brother,
Come riding by the stile.

- 8 ‘Oh brother, oh brother, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree !’
- 9 ‘None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee ;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hanged you shall be.’
- 10 ‘Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while !
Methinks I see my own sister,
Come riding by the stile.
- 11 ‘Oh sister, oh sister, a little of your gold,
And likewise of your fee,
To keep my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree !’
- 12 ‘None of my gold now shall you have,
Nor likewise of my fee ;
For I am come to see you hangd,
And hanged you shall be.’
- 13 ‘Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,
Peace for a little while !
Methinks I see my own true-love,
Come riding by the stile.
- 14 ‘Oh true-love, oh true-love, a little of your
gold,
And likewise of your fee,

To save my body from yonder grave,
And my neck from the gallows-tree.'

15 'Some of my gold now you shall have,
And likewise of my fee,

For I am come to see you saved,
And saved you shall be.'

B

Motherwell MS., p. 290, from the recitation of Widow McCormick; learned in Dumbarton.

* * * * *

1 'It's hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,
'O hold your hand for a while!
For yonder I see my father a coming,
Riding many's the mile.

2 'Have you any gold, father?' she says,
'Or have you any fee?
Or did you come to see your own daughter
a hanging,
Like a dog, upon a tree?'

3 'I have no gold, daughter,' he says,
'Neither have I any fee;
But I am come to see my ain daughter hanged,
And hanged she shall be.'

4 'Hey the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom o the Cauthery Knowes!
I wish I were at hame again,
Milking my ain daddie's ewes.

5 'Hold your hand, dear jndge,' she says,
'O hold your hand for a while!
For yonder I see my own mother coming,
Riding full many a mile.

6 'Have you any gold, mother?' she says,
'Or have you any fee?
Or did you come to see your own daughter
hanged,
Like a dog, upon a tree?'

7 'I have no gold, daughter,' she says,
'Neither have I any fee;
But I am come to see my own daughter
hanged,
And hanged she shall be.'

8 'Hey the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom o the Cauthery Knowes!
I wish I were at hame again,
Milking my ain daddie's ewes.

9 'Hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,
'O hold your hand for a while!
For yonder I see my ae brother a coming,
Riding many's the mile.

10 'Have you any gold, brother?' she says,
'Or have you any fee?
Or did you come to see your ain sister a hang-
ing,
Like a dog, upon a tree?'

11 'I have no gold, sister,' he says,
'Nor have I any fee;
But I am come to see my ain sister hanged,
And hanged she shall be.'

12 'Hey the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom o the Cathery Knowes!
I wish I were at hame again,
Milking my ain daddie's ewes.

13 'Hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,
'O hold your hand for a while!
For yonder I see my own true-love coming,
Riding full many a mile.

14 'Have you any gold, my true-love?' she says,
'Or have you any fee?
Or have you come to see your own love
hanged,
Like a dog, upon a tree?'

C

Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, VII, 275, 1883 : communicated by the Rev. E. Venables, Precentor of Lincoln, as sung by a nurse-maid from Woburn, near High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, "between fifty and sixty years ago."

1 'HOLD up thy hand, most righteous judge,
Hold up thy hand a while !
For here I see my own dear father,
Come tumbling over the stile.

2 'Oh hast thou brought me silver or gold,
Or jewels, to set me free ?
Or hast thou come to see me hung ?
For hanged I shall be.

3 'If I could get out of this prickly bush,
That prickles my heart so sore,

If I could get out of this prickly bush,
I'd never get in it no more.'

4 'Oh I have brought nor silver nor gold,
Nor jewels, to set thee free ;
But I have come to see thee hung,
For hanged thou shall be.

* * * * *

5 It's I have brought thee silver and gold,
And jewels, to set thee free ;
I have not come to see thee hung,
For hanged thou shall not be.'

6 'Now I have got out of this prickly bush,
That prickled my heart so sore,
And I have got out of this prickly bush,
I'll never get in it no more.'

D

Skene MSS, p. 61, stanzas 19-24 : taken down in the north or northeast of Scotland, 1802-03.

1
'O had your hand a while !
For yonder comes my father,
I'm sure he 'l borrow me.

2 'O some o your goud, father,
An o your well won fee !
To save me [frae the high hill],
[And] frae the gallow-tree.'

3 'Ye 's get nane o my goud,
Nor o my well won fee,

For I would gie five hundred poun
To see ye hangit lie.'

4
'O had yer hand a while !
Yonder is my love Willie,
Sure he will borrow me.

5 'O some o your goud, my love Willie,
An some o yer well won fee !
To save me frae the high hill,
And frae the gallow-tree.'

6 'Ye 's get a' my goud,
And a' my well won fee,
To save ye fra the headin-hill,
And frae the gallow-tree.'

E

Buchan's MSS, II, 186, stanzas 16-22.

1 'HOLD your hands, ye justice o peace,
Hold them a little while !
For yonder comes my father and mother,
That's travell'd mony a mile.

2 'Gie me some o your goud, parents,
Some o your white monie,
To save me frae the head o yon hill,
Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'

3 'Ye 'll get nane o our goud, daughter,
Nor nane o our white monie,
For we have travell'd mony a mile,
This day to see you die.'

4 'Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,
Hold them a little while !
For yonder comes him Warenston,
The father of my chile.

5 'Give me some o your goud, Warenston,
Some o your white monie,

To save me frae the head o yon hill,
Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'

6 'I bade you nurse my bairn well,
And nurse it carefullie,
And gowd shoud been your hire, Maisry,
And my body your fee.'

7 He 's taen out a purse o gowd,
Another o white monie,
And he 's tauld down ten thousand crowns,
Says, True-love, gang wi me.

F

Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, VI, 476, 1882: "sung in Forfarshire, forty years ago."

1 'STOP, stop,
I think I see my father coming,

2 'O hae ye brocht my silken cloak,
Or my golden key?
Or hae ye come to see me hanged,
On this green gallows-tree?'

3 'I've neither brocht your silken cloak,
Nor your golden key,
But I have come to see you hanged,
On this green gallows-tree.'

* * * *

4 'I've neither brocht your silken cloak,
Nor your golden key,
But I am come to set you free
From this green gallows-tree.'

G

a. Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, VI, 415, 1882. b.
The same, p. 269.

1 'HANGMAN, hangman, stop a minute,
I think I see my father coming,

2 'Father, father, have you found the key,
And have you come to set me free?'

Or have you come to see me hanged,
Upon this gallows-tree?'

* * * *

3 'I have not come to see you hanged,
Upon the gallows-tree,
For I have found the golden key,'

H

a. Baring-Gould's Appendix to Henderson's Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders, 1866, p. 333, Yorkshire. b. Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, X, 354, 1884.

1 'STOP, stop!
I think I see my mother coming,

2 'Oh mother, hast brought my golden ball,
And come to set me free?'

3 'I've neither brought thy golden ball,
Nor come to set thee free,
But I have come to see thee hung,
Upon this gallows-tree.'

4 'Stop, stop!
I think I see my father coming,

5 'O father, hast brought my golden ball,
And come to set me free?'

6 'I've neither brought thy golden ball,
Nor come to set thee free,
But I have come to see thee hung,
Upon this gallows-tree.'

7 'Stop, stop!
I see my sweet-heart coming,
.

8 'Sweet-heart, hast brought my golden ball,
And come to set me free?
.

9 'Aye, I have brought thy golden ball,
And come to set thee free;
I have not come to see thee hung,
Upon this gallows-tree.'

B. *The title, 'The Broom o the Cathery Knowes,' is not prefixed to the ballad, but is given in the Index.*

5⁴. *Changed by Motherwell to many's the mile, as in 1.*

12. Hey the broom, &c.

C. *This version, which the Rev. E. Venables has also communicated to me in manuscript, was tagged on to a fragment of 'Hugh of Lincoln.'*

After 4: "Mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, etc., succeed. At last comes the own true love, who replies."

D. 2^{3, 4}. *Restored from stanza 5.*

F. "It was sung in Forfarshire forty years ago by girls during the progress of some game, which I do not now distinctly recollect. A lady, at the point of being executed, cries Stop, stop! I think I see my father coming. Then, addressing her father, she asks," as in stanza 2; "to which the father replies," as in stanza 3. "Mother, brother, sister, are each addressed in turn, and give the same answer. Last of all the fair sinner sees her lover coming, and on putting the question to him is answered thus," as in stanza 4; "whereupon the game ends." W. F. (2), *Saline Manse, Fife.*

G. a. *Before stanza 1: "I think the title of this ballad is 'The Golden Key.' The substance of it is that a woman has lost a gold key, and is about to be hung, when she exclaims, as in stanza 1. Then follows" stanza 2. After 2: "Father, mother, brother, sister, all in turn come up, and have not found the lost key. At last the sweet-heart appears, who exclaims triumphantly," as in stanza 3. "I write this from memory. I never saw it in print." H. Fishwick.*

b. "A lady writes to me, My mother used to hear, in Lancashire and Cheshire, a ballad of which she only recollects three lines:

And I'm not come to set you free,
But I am come to see you hanged,
All under the gallows-tree.

The last line was repeated, I believe, in every verse." *William Andrews.*

H. a. *The verses form part of a Yorkshire story called 'The Golden Ball. A man gives a golden ball to each of two lasses, and if either loses the ball she is to be hanged. The younger, while playing with her ball, tosses it over a park-paling; the ball runs away over the grass into a house, and is seen no more.*

"Now t' lass was taken to York to be hanged. She was brought out on t' scaffold, and t' hangman said, Now, lass, tha must hang by t' neck till tha be'st dead. But she cried out, Stop, stop," etc., stanzas 1-3.

"Then the hangman said, Now, lass, say thy prayers, for tha must dee." *Stanzas 4-6 follow. The maid thinks she sees her brother coming, her sister, uncle, aunt, cousin. The hangman then says, "I wee-nt stop no longer, tha's making gam of me. Tha must be hung at once. But now she saw her sweetheart coming through the crowd, and he had over head i t' air her own golden ball. So she said," as in stanzas 7-9.*

b. *Miss Kate Thompson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, had when a child frequently been told the story of 'The Golden Ball' by a woman who was a native of the Border-land. A rich lady possessed a golden*

ball, which she held in high esteem. A poor girl, her servant, had to clean this ball every day, and it was death to lose it. One day when she was cleaning the ball near a stream it disappeared. The girl was condemned to die, and had mounted the scaffold. The story was all in prose up to the execution, when the narrator broke into rhyme :

'Stop the rope ! stop the rope !
For here I see my mother coming.'

'Oh mother, have you brought the golden ball,
And come to set me free ?
Or are you only here to see me die,
Upon the high, high gallows-tree ?'

The mother answers that she has only come to see her die. Other relatives follow, and last of all comes the lover, who produces the ball, and the execution is stopped. Miss Thompson adds that two Northumbrian servants in her house remember the story so.

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THE GAY GOSHAWK

A. 'The Gay Goss Hawk,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 15, No 6.

B. Motherwell's MS., p. 230.

C. 'The Jolly Goshawk,' Motherwell's MS., p. 435 ; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 353.

D. 'The Gay Goss-hawk,' Motherwell's Note-Book, 27 ; Motherwell's MS., p. 415.

E. 'The Gay Goss-hawk,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, II, 7, 1802.

F. Communicated by Miss Reburn, as sung in County Meath, Ireland.

G. 'The Scottish Squire,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 245.

THE 'Gay Goshawk' first appeared in print in the second volume of Scott's *Minstrelsy*, in 1802. Scott's copy was formed partly from Mrs Brown's version, A, "and partly from a MS. of some antiquity *penes Edit.*" This compounded copy is now given, E, with those portions which are contained in the Brown MS. printed in smaller type, in order that what is peculiar to the other manuscript may be distinguished. A second copy of A was made for William Tytler under the direction of the reciter in 1783, but has not been recovered. There were 28 stanzas, as in A, and the first stanza has been given by Anderson in Nichols's *Illustrations*, VII, 176. C was furnished Motherwell by Buchan from a manuscript sent

him, and Buchan says that he himself took down from recitation the vilely dilated and debased G: *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 340.

A ballad widely known in France has the central idea of the Gay Goshawk, a maid's feigning death to escape from a father to a lover whom she is not permitted to marry, but in the development of the story there is no likeness. A version of this ballad, 'Belle Isambourg,' was printed as early as 1607 in a collection with the title *Airs de Cour*, p. 40, and was republished by Rathery in the *Moniteur* of August 26, 1853, p. 946, afterwards in Haupt's *Französische Volkslieder*, p. 92. The king wishes to give Fair Isam-

bourg a husband, but her heart is fixed on a handsome knight, whom she loves more than all her kin together, though he is poor. The king shuts her up in a dark tower, thinking that this treatment will bring about a change, but it does not. Isambourg sees her lover riding towards or by the tower at full speed. She calls to him to stop, and says:

Malade et morte m'y feray,
Porter en terre m'y lairray,
Pourtant morte je ne seray.

Puis apres je vous prie amy,
Qu'à ma chapelle à Sainct-Denis
Ne m'y laissez pas enfouir.

Isambourg is now proclaimed to be dead, and is carried to burial by three princes and a knight. Her lover, hearing the knelling and chanting, puts himself in the way and bids the bearers stop. Since she has died for loving him too well, he wishes to say a *De profundis*. He rips open a little of the shroud, and she darts a loving smile at him. Everybody is astonished.

Other versions, derived from oral tradition, have a more popular stamp: (1.) *Poésies populaires de la France*, MS., III, 54, 'La fille du roi et le Prince de Guise,' learned at Manbeuge, about 1760. (2.) III, 47, 'Le beau Déon,' Auvergne. (3.) III, 49, 'La princesse de la Grand' Tour,' Berry. (4.) III, 50 (the hero being Léon), Berry. (5.) III, 53, Caudébec. (6.) III, 56, Pamiers, Languedoc. (7.) III, 57, and II, 52, Orléans. (8.) 'La fille d'un prince,' Buchon, *Noëls et chants p. de la Franche-Comté*, p. 82, No 16. (9.) 'La fille d'un prince,' *Rondes et Chansons p. illustrées*, Paris, 1876, p. 286. (10.) 'La princesse,' Guillon, *Chansons p. de l'Ain*, p. 87. (11.) 'La maîtresse captive,' Puymaigre, *Chants p. messins*, I, 87. (12.) Le Héricher, *Littérature p. de Normandie*, p. 153 f. (13.) 'De Dion et de la fille du roi,' Ampère, *Instructions*, p. 38, the first fourteen stanzas; Auvergne. (14.) G. de Nerval, *La Bohème Galante*, ed. 1866, p. 70, and *Les Faux Saulniers*, ed. 1868, p. 346, the story completed in *Les Filles du Feu*, ed. 1868, p. 132; or, in the collection lately made from his works,

Chansons et Ballades p. du Valois, p. 16, VIII. The last two have a false termination, as already remarked under No 4, I, 42.

In these traditional versions, the father pays a visit to the princess after she has been confined seven years, and asks how she is. One side is eaten away by worms, her feet are rotting in the irons. She begs a few sous to give the jailer to loosen her fetters. Millions are at her disposal if she will give up her lover. Rather rot, is her reply. Rot, then, says her father. The lover comes by and throws a few words of writing into the tower, directing her to counterfeit death. The rest is much the same. In several versions the king yields.

There are many other ballads in which a girl, for one reason or another, feigns death. In 'Les trois capitaines,' or 'La jolie fille de la Garde,' etc., Arbaud, I, 143, Decombe, Ch. p. d'Ille-et-Vilaine, p. 150, No 51, Champfleury, Ch. p. des Provinces, p. 95, Bujeaud, II, 174, 'La Bohème Galante,' ed. 1866, p. 71 f, *Chansons du Valois*, p. 19, IX, Puymaigre, *Vieux Auteurs*, II, 478, E. Legrand, *Romania*, X, 369, No 6, the object is to save her honor; * so in Marcoaldi, p. 162, No 10, Ferraro, C. p. monferrini, p. 41, No 31. The well-disposed hostess of an inn administers a sleeping-draught, in Arbaud's ballad and in Decombe's. The object is to avoid becoming a king's mistress, in 'Kvindelist,' Grundtvig, IV, 394, No 235, 'Hertig Hillebrand och hans Syster,' Arwidsson, I, 380 No 61; in a Bohemian ballad, to avoid marrying a Turk, 'Oklamany Turek,' 'The Turk duped,' Čelakovský, III, 11 (translated in Bowring's *Cheskian Anthology*, p. 129) Erben, p. 485, etc., etc.; to move a lover who is on the point of deserting, Hoffmann, *Niederländische Volkslieder*, p. 61, No 15, Willems, No 60, Uhland, No 97 B.

In 'Willie's Lyke-Wake,' No 25, I, 247, a man feigns death in order to capture a coy maid, or a maid refused him by her parents.

Birds are not seldom employed as posts in ballads: see 'Sweet William,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 307, Milá, *Romancerillo*, No 258; Hartung, *Romanceiro*, I, 193 (dove).

* Or her soul, in a copy which terminates with a miracle, Victor Smith, *Chansons du Velay*, etc., *Romania*, IV, 114: where see note 2.

A falcon carries a letter, in Afzelius, III, 116, No 87, and Milá, No 258 K, and Marko Kraljevitch sends a letter by a falcon from his prison, Karadshitch, II, 383. For a love-message of a general sort, not involving business, the nightingale is usually and rightly selected. On the other hand, a nightingale first orders a ring of a goldsmith, and afterwards delivers it to a lady, in Uhland, No 15.* In this ballad the goshawk is endowed with the nightingale's voice. The substitution of a parrot in G, a bird that we all know can talk, testifies to the advances made by reason among the humblest in the later generations.† A parrot, says Buchan, "is by far a more likely messenger to carry a love-letter or deliver a verbal message," II, 341. The parrot goes well with

the heroine swooning on a sofa (stanza 33) and the step-dame sitting on the sofa's end (stanza 36).

Thieves drop three drops of *wax* on the breast of a servant-girl who is feigning sleep, and she shows no sign of feeling, in a Catalan ballad, Milá, Romancerillo, p. 104, No 114, vv 13–16, Observaciones, p. 147, No 43, Briz, I, 147. ‡

Translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 32, after E, C, G. After D by Talvj, Versuch, u. s. w., p. 560; Schubart, p. 57; Doenniges, p. 19; Gerhard, p. 37; Loëve-Veimars, p. 264. By Knortz, Lieder Alt-Englands, No 2, after C; by Rosa Warrens, Schottische Volkslieder, No 38, after C and E, sometimes following Aytoun, I, 178.

A

Jamieson-Brown MS., No 6, pt 15.

1 'O WELL's me o my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee;
He 'll carry a letter to my love,
Bring back another to me.'

2 'O how can I your true-love ken,
Or how can I her know?
Whan frae her mouth I never heard couth,
Nor wi my eyes her saw.'

3 'O well sal ye my true-love ken,
As soon as you her see;
For, of a' the flowrs in fair Englan,
The fairest flowr is she.'

4 'At even at my love's bowr-door
There grows a bowing birk,
An sit ye down and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the kirk.'

* See Uhland, III, 109 f, 171.

† The contrast presented by darker ages, when cheap literature was unknown, may be seen from these verses:

Ma mie reçoit de mes lettres
Par l'alouette des champs;
Elle m'envoie les siennes
Par le rossignol chantant.

Sans savoir lire ni écrire
Nous lisons ce qui est dedans;

5 'An four-and-twenty ladies fair
Will wash and go to kirk,
But well shall ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her skirt.'

6 'An four and twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair,
But well sal ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her hair.'

7 'O even at that lady's bowr-door
There grows a bowin birk,
An she set down and sang thereon,
As she ged to the kirk.'

8 'O eet and drink, my marys a',
The wine flows you among,
Till I gang to my shot-window,
An hear yon bonny bird's song.'

9 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sang the streen,
For I ken by your sweet singin
You 're frae my true-love sen.'

Il y a dedans ces'lettres,
'Aime moi, je t'aime tant.'

(Le Moniteur, May 27, 1853.)

‡ The "red, red lead" of D 7, 8 I had at first supposed to show a carelessness about epithets, like the "roses blue" of a Danish ballad. But considering that the red lead is to be *rubbed on*, one may ask whether some occult property of minium may have been known to the mother.

10 O first he sang a merry song,
An then he sang a grave,
An then he peckd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

11 'Ha, there 's a letter frae your love,
He says he sent you three ;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he 'll die.

12 'He bids you write a letter to him ;
He says he 's sent you five ;
He canno wait your love langer,
Tho you 're the fairest woman alive.'

13 'Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,
And brew his bridal-ale,
An I 'll meet him in fair Scotlan
Lang, lang or it be stale.'

14 She 's doen her to her father dear,
Fa'n low down on her knee :
'A boon, a boon, my father dear,
I pray you, grant it me.'

15 'Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
An granted it sal be ;
Except ae squire in fair Scotlan,
An him you sall never see.'

16 'The only boon, my father dear,
That I do crave of the,
Is, gin I die in southin lands,
In Scotland to bury me.

17 'An the firstin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the bells be rung,
An the nextin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the mess be sung.

18 'An the thirddin kirk that ye come till,
You deal gold for my sake,
An the fourthin kirk that ye come till,
You tarry there till night.'

19 She is doen her to her bigly bowr,
As fast as she coud fare,

An she has tane a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed wi care.

20 She 's laid her down upon her bed,
An soon she 's fa'n asleep,
And soon oer every tender limb
Cauld death began to creep.

21 Whan night was flown, an day was come,
Nae ane that did her see
But thought she was as surely dead
As ony lady coud be.

22 Her father an her brothers dear
Gard make to her a bier ;
The tae half was o guide red gold,
The tither o silver clear.

23 Her mither an her sisters fair
Gard work for her a sark ;
The tae half was o cambrick fine,
The tither o needle wark.

24 The firstin kirk that they came till,
They gard the bells be rung,
An the nextin kirk that they came till,
They gard the mess be sung.

25 The thirddin kirk that they came till,
They dealt gold for her sake,
An the fourthin kirk that they came till,
Lo, there they met her make !

26 'Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,
Lat me the dead look on ;'
Wi cherry cheeks and ruby lips
She lay an smil'd on him.

27 'O ac sheave o your bread, true-love,
An ae glass o your wine,
For I hae fasted for your sake
These fully days is nine.

28 'Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold
brothers,
Gang hame and sound your horn ;
An ye may boast in southin lans
Your sister 's playd you scorn.'

B

Motherwell's MS., p. 230 : from the recitation of Mrs Bell, of Paisley, and of Miss Montgomerie, of Edinburgh, her sister.

1 OUT then spoke the king of Scotland,
And he spak wondrous clear :
Where will I get a boy, and a pretty little boy,
That will my tidings bear ?

2 Out then spak a pretty little bird,
As it sat on a brier :
What will ye gie me, king of Scotland, he said,
If I your tidings will bear ?

3 'One wing of the beaten gowd,
And another of the silver clear ;
It's all unto thee, my pretty little bird,
If thou my tidings will bear.'

4 The bird flew high, the bird flew low,
This bird flew to and fro,
Until that he came to the king of England's dochter,
Who was sitting in her bower-window.

5 'Here is a gift, a very rare gift,
And the king has sent you three ;
He says if your father and mother winna let,
You may come privately.

6 'Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,
The king has sent you five ;
He says he will not wait any longer on you,
If there be another woman alive.'

7 She's away to her mother dear,
Made a low beck on her knee :
'What is your asking of me, daughter ?
Queen of Scotland you never shall be.'

8 'That's not my asking of thee, mother,
That's not my asking of thee ;
But that if I die in merry England,
In Scotland you will bury me.'

9 She's awa to her father dear,
Made a low beck on her knee :
'What is your asking of me, daughter ?
Queen of Scotland you never shall be.'

10 'That's not my asking of thee, father,
That's not my asking of thee ;

But that if I die in merry England,
In Scotland you will bury me.'

11 She walked to and fro,
She walked up and down,
But ye wud na spoken three words to an end
Till she was in a deep swoon.

12 Out then spoke an auld witch-wife,
And she spoke random indeed :
Honoured madam, I would have you to try
Three drops of the burning lead.

13 Her mother went weeping round and round,
She dropped one on her chin ;
'Och and alace,' her mother did say,
'There is no breath within !'

14 Her mother went weeping round and round,
She dropt one on her brest ;
'Och and alace,' her mother did cry,
'For she's died without a priest !'

15 Her mother went weeping round and round,
She dropped one on her toe ;
'Och and alace,' her mother did cry,
'To Scotland she must goe !'

16 'Call down, call down her sisters five,
To make to her a smock ;
The one side of the bonny beaten gold,
And the other of the needle-work.

17 'Call down, call down her brothers seven,
To make for her a bier ;
The one side of the bonny beaten gold,
And the other of the silver clear.'

18 Many a mile by land they went,
And many a league by sea,
Until that they came to the king of Scotland,
Who was walking in his own valley.

19 'Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,
And you to have made her your own ;
But now she is dead, and she's new come from
her steed,
And she's ready to lay in the ground.'

20 O he has opened the lid of the coffin,
And likewise the winding sheet,

And thrice he has kissed her cherry, cherry
cheek,
And she smiled on him full sweet.

21 'One bit of your bread,' she says,
'And one glass of your wine;
It's all for you and your sake
I've fasted long days nine.

22 'One glass of your wine,' she says,
'And one bit of your bread;

For it's all for you and for your sake
I suffered the burning lead.

23 'Go home, go home, my brothers seven,
You may go blow your horn;
And you may tell it in merry England
That your sister has given you the scorn.

24 'Go home, go home, my brothers seven,
Tell my sisters to sew their seam;
And you may tell it in merry England
That your sister she is queen.'

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 435; communicated by Peter Buchan, from a MS. which had been sent him.

1 'O WELL is me, my jolly goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee,
For ye can carry a love-letter
To my true-love from me.'

2 'O how can I carry a letter to her,
When her I do not know?
I bear the lips to her never spake,
And the eyes that her never saw.'

3 'The thing of my love's face is white
It's that of dove or maw;
The thing of my love's face that's red
Is like blood shed on snaw.

4 'And when you come to the castle,
Light on the bush of ash,
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she comes from the mass.

5 'And when she goes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she goes out and in.'

6 And when he flew to that castel,
He lighted on the ash;
And there he sat and sang their loves,
As she came from the mass.

7 And when she went into the house,
He flew unto the whin;
And there he sat and sang their loves,
As she went out and in.

8 'Come hither, come hither, my maidens all,
And sip red wine anon,
Till I go to my west window,
And hear a birdie's moan.'

9 She's gone unto her west window,
And faintly aye it drew,
And soon into her white silk lap
The bird the letter threw.

10 'Ye're bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you twa;
And tell him where he can see you,
Or he cannot live ava.'

11 'I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands off my hair;
I send him the heart that's in my breast:
What would my love have mair?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him meet me there.'

12 She hied her to her father dear,
As fast as gang could she:
'An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking ye grant me;
That, if I die in fair England,
In Scotland bury me.'

13 'At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the mass be sung.'

14 'At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
You deal gold for my sake;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
O there you'll bury me at.'

15 'And now, my tender father dear,
This asking grant you me ;'
'Your asking is but small,' he said,
'Weel granted it shall be.'

16 She hied her to her mother dear,
As fast as gang could she :
'An asking, an asking, my mother dear,
An asking ye grant me ;
That if I die in fair England
In Scotland bury me.'

17 'And now, my tender mother dear,
This asking grant you me ;'
'Your asking is but small,' she said,
'Weel granted it shall be.'

18 She hied her to her sister dear,
As fast as gang could she :
'An asking, an asking, my sister dear,
An asking ye grant me ;
That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland bury me.'

19 'And now, my tender sister dear,
This asking grant you me :'
'Your asking is but small,' she said,
'Weel granted it shall be.'

20 She hied her to her seven brothers,
As fast as gang could she :
'An asking, an asking, my brothers seven,
An asking ye grant me ;
That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland ye bury me.'

21 'And now, my tender brothers dear,
This asking grant you me :'
'Your asking is but small,' they said,
'Weel granted it shall be.'

22 Then down as dead that lady drapd,
Beside her mother's knee ;
Then out it spoke an auld witch-wife,
By the fire-side sat she.

23 Says, Drap the hot lead on her cheek,
And drop it on her chin,
And drop it on her rose-red lips,
And she will speak again :
For much a lady young will do,
To her true-love to win.

24 They drapd the hot lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin ;
They drapt it on her red-rose lips,
But they breathed none again.

25 Her brothers they went to a room,
To make to her a bier ;
The boards of it was cedar wood,
And the plates o'er it gold so clear.

26 Her sisters they went to a room,
To make to her a sark ;
The cloth of it was satin fine,
And the steeking silken wark.

27 'But well is me, my jolly goshawk,
That ye can speak and flee ;
Come shew to me any love-tokens
That you have brought to me.'

28 'She sends you the rings from her fingers,
The garlands from her hair ;
She sends you the heart within her breast ;
And what would you have mair ?
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
She bids you meet her there.'

29 'Come hither, all my merry young men,
And drink the good red wine ;
For we must on to fair Scotland,
To free my love frae pine.'

30 At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the bells be rung ;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the mass be sung.

31 At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
They dealt gold for her sake ;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland
Her true-love met them at.

32 'Set down, set down the corpse,' he said,
'Till I look on the dead ;
The last time that I saw her face,
She ruddy was and red ;
But now, alas, and woe is me !
She 's swallowit like a weed.'

33 He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little above her chin ;
With lily-white cheeks, and lemin een,
She lookt and laughd to him.

34 'Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
 A bottle of your wine ;
 For I have fasted for your love
 These long days nine ;
 There's not a steed in your stable
 But would have been dead ere syne.'

35 'Go home, go home, my seven brothers,
 Go home and blow the horn ;
 For you can say in the south of England
 Your sister gave you a scorn.'

36 'I came not here to fair Scotland
 To lye amang the meal ;
 But I came here to fair Scotland
 To wear the silks so weel.'

37 'I came not here to fair Scotland
 To ly amang the dead ;
 But I came here to fair Scotland
 To wear the gold so red.'

D

Motherwell's Note-Book, pp 27-30, Motherwell's MS., pp 415-17; from Agnes Laird, Kilbarchan, August 24, 1825.

1 'O WHERE 'LL I get a pretty little bird
 That 'll go my errand soon,
 That will fly to the Queen of England's doch-
 ter,
 And bid my trew-luve come ?'

2 'Here am I, a pretty little bird,
 That 'll go your errands soon,
 That will fly to the Queen of England's daugh-
 ter,
 And bid your trew-luve come.'

3 This wee birdie 's taken its flight,
 And it 's flown owre the sea,
 Until it cam to the Queen of England's daugh-
 ter ;
 She 's sitting in her bower-windie.

4 Then out bespoke these nine ladies,
 As they sat in a ring :
 'O we 'll awa to the west window,
 To hear this birdie sing.'

5 This wee birdie 's taken its flight,
 And it 's flown owre them a',
 And at the lady's left shoulder
 It loot a letter fa.

6 She has taken the letter up,
 And read it speedilie :
 'O mother, the queen, O mother, the queen,
 Grant this request to me ;
 Whenever I do chance for to die,
 In Scotland gar bury me.'

* * * * *

7 'Bring to me the red, red lead,
 And rub it on her chin ;
 It 's Oh and alace for my dochter Janet !
 But there is not a breath within.'

8 'Bring to me the red, red lead,
 And rub it on her toe ;
 It 's Oh and alace for my daughter Janet !
 To Scotland she must go.'

9 'Rise up, rise up, ye seven sisters,
 And make her winding sheet,
 With the one side of the beaten gold,
 And the other o the needle-wark.'

10 'Rise up, rise up, ye seven brethren,
 And make her carriage-bier,
 With the one side of the beaten gold,
 And the other o the silver clear.'

11 They 've carried east, they 've carried west,
 They 've carried her high and low,
 Until that they came to the king of Scotland,
 Was sitting in his bower-window.

12 'Here is a token of your trew-love,
 And here is a token come down,
 For she is dead, and she 's ready to be buried,
 And she wants to be laid in your ground.'

13 He 's taen out his mickle knife,
 And tore her winding sheet,
 And there she lay like the crimson red,
 And she smiled in his face so sweet.

14 'Go home, go home, you seven brethren,
Go home and saw your corn,
For she is fit for the queen of Scotland now,
And she's gien you the scorn.'

15 'Go home, go home, you seven sisters,
Go home and sew your seam,
For she is fit for the queen of Scotland now,
And she's ready to be my queen.'

E

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, II, 7, 1802; III, 151, 1833.

1 'O waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen !'
'And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean !'

2 'O have ye tint at tournament
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom you may not win near ?'

3 'I have not tint at tournament
My sword, nor yet my spear,
But sair I mourn for my true-love,
Wi mony a bitter tear.'

4 'But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee ;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me.'

5 'But how sall I your true-love find,
Or how suld I her know ?
I bear a tongue neer wi her spake,
An eye that neer her saw.'

6 'O weel sall ye my true-love ken,
Sae sunie as ye her see,
For of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.'

7 'The red that's on my true-love's cheik
Is like blood-drops on the snaw ;
The white that is on her breast bare
Like the down o the white sea-maw.'

8 'And even at my love's bouer-door
There grows a flowering birk,
And ye maun sit and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the kirk.'

9 'And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair,

But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there.'

10 Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray,
And he is awa to southern land,
As fast as wings can gae.

11 And even at that ladye's bouri
There grew a flowering birk,
And he sat down and sang thereon,
As she gaed to the kirk.

12 And weel he kent that ladye feir
Amang her maidens free,
For the flower that springs in May morning
Was not sae sweet as she.

13 [He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sat him on a pin,
And sang fu sweet the notes o love,
Till a' was cosh within.]

14 And first he sang a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear,
And aye the oerword of the sang
Was, Your love can no win here.

15 'Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.'

16 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen ;
For weel I ken by your sweet singing
Ye are frae my true-love sen.'

17 O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave,
And syne he peckd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

18 'Have there a letter from Lord William ;
He says he's sent ye three ;

He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he 'll die.'

19 'Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale,
And I sall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale.'

20 The lady 's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu woman was she,
As gin she had taen a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

21 'A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee !'
'Ask not that paughty Scotish lord,
For him you neer shall see.

22 'But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be :'
'Then, gin I die in southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

23 'And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye 's gar the mass be sung,
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye 's gar the bells be rung.

24 'And when ye come to St Mary's kirk,
Ye 's tarry there till night :'
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

25 She has taen her to her bigly bouri,
As fast as she could fare,
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed wi care.

26 And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

27 They drapt a drap o the burning red gowd,
They drapt it on her chin ;
'And ever alas,' her mother cried,
'There is nae life within !'

28 They drapt a drap o the burning red gowd,
They drapt it on her breast-bane ;

'Alas,' her seven bauld brothers said,
'Our sister 's dead and gane !'

29 Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hewd to her a bier ;
They hewd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it oer wi silver clear.

30 Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a keli,
And every steek that they pat in
Sewd to a siller bell.

31 The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They gard the bells be rung ;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They gard the mass be sung.

32 But when they cam to St Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on raw,
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

33 'Set down, set down the bier,' he said,
'Let me looke her upon :'
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,
Her colour began to come.

34 She brightened like the lily-flower,
Till her pale colour was gone ;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

35 'A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine,
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.

36 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn ;
I trow you wad hae gien me the skaith,
But I 've gien you the scorn.

37 'Ah woe to you, you light woman,
An ill death may you die !
For we left father and mother at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee.'

F

From Miss Margaret Reburn, as sung in County Meath, Ireland, about 1860.

* * * *

1 SHE got three drops of boiling lead,
And dropped them on her hand :
' Oh and alas, my daughter dear,
I'd rather all my land ! '

2 She got three drops of boiling lead,
And dropped them on her chin :

' Oh and alas, my daughter dear,
There is no life within ! '

3 She got three drops of boiling lead,
And dropped them on her toe :
' Oh and alas, my daughter dear,
To fair Scotland you must go ! '

* * * *

4 ' Give me a eake of the new made bread,
And a cup of the new made wine,
For for your sake, Lord Thomas,' she said,
' I fasted those days nine.'

G

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 245, "from recitation."

1 WHEN grass grew green on Lanark plains,
And fruit and flowers did spring,
A Scottish squire in cheerfu strains,
Sae merrily thus did sing :

2 ' O well fails me o my parrot
That he can speak and flee ;
For he will carry love-letters
Between my love and me.

3 ' And well fails me o my parrot
He can baith speak and gang ;
And he will carry love-letters
To the maid in South England.'

4 ' O how shall I your love find out ?
Or how shall I her know ?
When my tongue with her never spake,
Nor my eyes her ever saw.'

5 ' O what is red of her is red
As blinde drappd on the snaw ;
And what is white o her is white
As milk, or the sea-maw.

6 ' Even before that lady's yetts
You'll find a bowing birk ;
And there ye 'll sit, and sing thereon,
Till she gaes to the kirk.

7 ' Then even before that lady's yetts
You 'll find a bowing ash ;
And ye may sit and sing thereon,
Till she comes frae the mass.

8 ' And even before that lady's window
You 'll find a bed o tyme ;
And ye may sit and sing thereon,
Till she sits down to dine.

9 ' Even abeen that lady's window
There 's fixd a siller pin ;
And a' these words that I tell you,
Ye 'll sit and sing therein.

10 ' Ye 'll bid her send her love a letter,
For he has sent her five ;
And he 'll never send anither ane,
To nae woman alive.

11 ' Ye 'll bid her send her love a letter,
For he has sent her seven ;
And he 'll never send anither send,
To nae maid under heaven.'

12 This little bird then took his flight,
Beyond the raging sea,
And lighted at that lady's yetts,
On tower o gowd sae hie.

13 Even before that lady's yetts
He found a bowing birk ;
And there he sat, and sang thereon,
Till she went to the kirk.

14 Even before that lady's yetts
He found a bowing ash ;
And then he sat and sang thereon,
Till she came frae the mass.

15 Even before that lady's window
He found a bed o tyme ;
And then he sat and sang thereon,
Till she sat down to dine.

16 Even abeen that lady's window
 Was fixd a siller pin ;
 And a' the words that were tauld him,
 ' He sat and sang them in.

17 ' You 're bidden send your love a letter,
 For he has sent you five ;
 Or he 'll never send anither send,
 To nae woman alive.

18 ' You 're bidden send your love a letter,
 For he has sent you seven ;
 And he 'll never send anither send,
 To nae maid under heaven.'

19 ' Sit in the hall, good ladies all,
 And drink the wine sae red,
 And I will to yon small window,
 And hear yon birdie's leed.

20 ' Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
 The sang ye sung just now ;'
 ' I 'll sing nae mair, ye lady fair,
 My errand is to you.'

21 ' If ye be my true-lovie's bird,
 Sae well 's I will you ken ;
 You will gae in at my gown-sleeve,
 Come out at my gown-hem.'

22 ' That I am come frae your true-love,
 You soon shall see right plain ;
 And read these lines below my wing,
 That I hae brought frae him.'

23 When she looked these lines upon,
 She read them, and she leuch :
 ' O well fails me, my true-love, now,
 O this I hae eneuch.

24 ' Here is the broach on my breast-bane,
 The garlings frae my hair,
 Likewise the heart that is within ;
 What woud my love hae mair ?

25 ' The nearest kirk in fair Scotland,
 Ye 'll bid him meet me there :'
 She has gane to her dear father,
 Wi heart perplexd and sair.

26 When she came to her auld father,
 Fell low down on her knee :
 ' An asking, asking, father dear,
 I pray you grant it me.'

27 ' Ask what you will, my dear daughter,
 And I will grant it thee ;
 Unless to marry yon Scottish squire ;
 That 's what shall never be.'

28 ' O that 's the asking, father,' she said,
 ' That I 'll neer ask of thee ;
 But if I die in South England,
 In Scotland ye 'll bury me.'

29 ' The asking 's nae sae great, daughter,
 But granted it shall be ;
 And tho ye die in South England,
 In Scotland we 'll bury thee.'

30 She has gane to her step-mother,
 Fell low down on her knee :
 ' An asking, asking, mother dear,
 I pray you grant it me.'

31 ' Ask what ye please, my lily-white dove,
 And granted it shall be :'
 ' If I do die in South England,
 In Scotland bury me.'

32 ' Had these words spoke been in again,
 I woud not granted thee ;
 You hae a love in fair Scotland,
 Sae fain 's you woud be tee.'

33 She scarce was to her chamber gane
 Nor yet was well set down,
 Till on the sofa where she sat
 Fell in a deadly swoon.

34 Her father and her seven brithers,
 They made for her a bier ;
 The one half o 't was gude red gowd,
 The other siller clear.

35 Her seven sisters were employed
 In making her a sark ;
 The one half o 't was cambrie fine,
 The other needle-wark.

36 Then out it speaks her auld step-dame,
 Sat on the sofa's end :
 Ye 'll drap the het lead on her cheek,
 Sae do you on her chin ;
 For women will use mony a wile
 Their true-loves for to win.

37 Then up it raise her eldest brither,
 Into her bower he 's gane ;
 Then in it came her youngest brither,
 The het lead to drap on.

38 He drapt it by her cheek, her cheek,
 Sae did he by her chin ;
 Sae did he by her comely hause ;
 He knew life was therein.

39 The bier was made wi red gowd laid,
 Sae curious round about ;

A private entrance there contriv'd,
That her breath might win out.

40 The first an kirk in fair Scotland,
They gard the bells be rung ;
The niest an kirk in fair Scotland,
They causd the mass be sung.

41 The third an kirk in fair Scotland,
They passd it quietly by ;
The fourth an kirk in fair Scotland,
Clerk Sandy did them spy.

42 'O down ye 'll set this corpse o clay,
Lat me look on the dead ;
For I may sigh, and say, alas !
For death has nae remeid.'

43 Then he has cut her winding sheet
A little below her chin,
And wi her sweet and ruby lips
She sweetly smil'd on him.

44 'Gie me a sheave o your white bread,
A bottle o your wine ;
For I hae fasted for your sake
Fully these lang days nine.

45 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,
Gae hame and blaw your trumpet ;
And ye may tell to your step-dame
This day she is affronted.

46 'I cainna here to fair Scotland
To lye amo the dead ;
But came to be Clerk Sandy's wife,
And lay gowd on my head.

47 'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn ;
And ye may tell in fair England
In Scotland ye got the scorn.

48 'I came not here to fair Scotland
To mix amang the clay ;
But came to be Clerk Sandy's wife,
And wear gowd to my tae.'

49 'Sin ye hae gien us this ae scorn,
We shall gie you anither ;
Ye shall hae naething to live upon
But the bier that brought you hither.'

A. Written in stanzas of two long lines.

1. In the Tytler-Brown MS.

O well 's me o my gay goss hawke
That he can speake and flee,
Will carry a letter to my love,
Bring another back to me.

B. 20¹. Oh. 24¹. by brothers.C. 2¹. Oh. 12². shee.

After 16 : etc., repeated as above.

After 18² : etc., as above.

After 20 : etc., as to father, mother, etc. *The verses not written out (and not printed in the Minstrelsy) have been supplied accordingly.*

30². bells altered in the MS. from mass.

26³. clothe.

29³. In the Minstrelsy Motherwell has substituted England for Scotland.

34⁶. Motherwell prints dead ere syne.

D. In his Note-Book, p. 27, Motherwell says that he got this copy of the ballad from Agnes Laird ; in the MS., p. 415, from Agnes Lyle. Page 26 of the Note-Book shows that Laird is right.

E. The edition of 1833 inserts stanza 13, and substitutes for 27, 28 the following :

Then spake her cruel step-minnie :
'Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead.'

They took a drap o boiling lead,
They drappd it on her breast ;
'Alas, alas,' her father cried,
'She 's dead without the priest !'

She neither chatterd with her teeth,
Nor shiverd with her chin ;
'Alas, alas,' her father cried,
'There is nae breath within !'

After 36 is inserted :

'Commend me to my grey father,
That wished my saul gude rest,
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Garrd burn me on the breast.'

And mother, 37³, is changed to sisters. *The step-mother clearly does not belong to this ballad.*

97

BROWN ROBIN

A. 'Brown Robin.' **a.** Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 37. **b.** Abbotsford MS., "Scottish Songs."

B. 'Love Robbie,' Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 136.

C. 'Brown Robyn and Mally,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 299.

'BROWN ROBIN' was No 7 in William Tytler's Brown MS. The first stanza is cited by Anderson, Nichols's Literary Illustrations, VII, 177, and there were twenty-one stanzas, as in **A** a. **A** b may have been a copy of the Tytler-Brown version. It does not seem to have been tampered with so much as other ballads in the same manuscript. The story undoubtedly stops at the right point in **A**, with the escape of the two lovers to the wood. The sequel in **C** is not at all beyond the inventive ability of Buchan's blind beggar, and some other blind beggar may have contrived

the cane and the whale, the shooting and the hanging, in **B**.

Brown Robin is lover or husband of May Margerie, or May a Roe = Lillie Flower, in 'Jellon Grame,' No 90, **B** 14, **C** 7, and again of White Lilly in 'Rose the Red and White Lilly,' No 103, **A** 7 ff.

We have money given over the wall by an eloping lady, as in **B** 4, 5, **C** 5, also in 'Willie o Douglas Dale,' No 101, **C** 4, 5.

A 1, nearly, is stanza 5 in Jamieson's 'Glenkindie,' see p. 141 of this volume, note to **B**.

C is translated by Gerhard, p. 175.

A

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 37. **b.** Abbotsford MS., "Scottish Songs."

1 THE king but an his nobles a' }
Sat birling at the wine ; }
He would ha nane but his ae daughter
To wait on them at dine.

2 She's servd them butt, she's servd them ben,
Intill a gown of green,
But her ee was ay on Brown Robin,
That stood low under the rain.

3 She's doen her to her bigly bowr,
As fast as she coud gang,
An there she's drawn her shot-window,
An she's harped an she sang.

4 'There sits a bird i my father's garden,
An O but she sings sweet !

I hope to live an see the day
Whan wi my love I'll meet.'

5 'O gin that ye like me as well
As your tongue tells to me,
What hour o the night, my lady bright,
At your bowr sal I be ?'

6 'Whan my father an gay Gilbert
Are baith set at the wine,
O ready, ready I will be
To lat my true-love in.'

7 O she has birld her father's porter
Wi strong beer an wi wine,
Untill he was as beastly drunk
As ony wild-wood swine :
She's stown the keys o her father's yates
An latten her true-love in.

8 Whan night was gane, an day was come,
An the sun shone on their feet,
Then out it spake him Brown Robin,
I 'll be discouerd yet.

9 Then out it spake that gay lady :
My love, ye need na doubt ;
For wi ae wile I 've got you in,
Wi anither I 'll bring you out.

10 She 's taen her to her father's cellar,
As fast as she can fare ;
She 's drawn a cup o the gude red wine,
Hung 't low down by her gare ;
An she met wi her father dear
Just coming down the stair.

11 'I woud na gi that cup, daughter,
That ye hold i your han
For a' the wines in my cellar,
An gantrees whare the stan.'

12 'O wae be to your wine, father,
That ever 't came oer the sea ;
'T is pitten my head in sick a steer
I my bowr I canna be.'

13 'Gang out, gang out, my daughter dear,
Gang out an tack the air ;
Gang out an walk i the good green wood,
An a' your marys fair.'

14 Then out it spake the proud porter —
Our lady wishd him shame —
'We 'll send the marys to the wood,
But we 'll keep our lady at hame.'

15 'There 's thirty marys i my bowr,
There 's thirty o them an three ;
But there 's nae ane amo them a'
Kens what flowr gains for me.'

16 She 's doen her to her bigly bowr,
As fast as she could gang,
An she has dresst him Brown Robin
Like ony bowr-woman.

17 The gown she pat upon her love
Was o the dainty green,
His hose was o the saft, saft silk,
His shoon o the cordwain fine.

18 She 's pitten his bow in her bosom,
His arrow in her sleeve,
His sturdy bran her body next,
Because he was her love.

19 Then she is unto her bowr-door,
As fast as she coud gang ;
But out it spake the proud porter —
Our lady wishd him shame —
'We 'll count our marys to the wood,
An we 'll count them back again.'

20 The firsten mary she sent out
Was Brown Robin by name ;
Then out it spake the king himsel,
'This is a sturdy dame.'

21 O she went out in a May morning,
In a May morning so gay,
But she came never back again,
Her auld father to see.

B

Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 136, from the recitation of an old woman in Buckie, Enzie, Banffshire.

1 'A FEATHERD fowl 's in your orchard, father,
O dear, but it sings sweet !
What would I give, my father dear,
That bonnie bird to meet !'
What would I give, etc.

2 'O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,
Let a' your folly be ;
There 's six Scots lords tomorrow, child,
That will a' dine wi me,

And ye maun serve them a', Mary,
As 't were for meat and fee.'

3 She served them up, sae has she down,
The footmen a' the same,
But her mind was aye on Love Robbie,
Stood out below the rain.

4 A hundred pun o pennies roun,
Tied in a towel so sma,
She has gien to him Love Robbie,
Out oer the castle-wa ;
Says, Tak ye that, my love Robbie.
And mysel ye may hae.

5 A hundred pun o pennies roun,
Tied in a napkin white,
She has gien to him Love Robbie,
Out oer the garden-dyke ;
Says, Tak ye that, my Love Robbie,
And mysel gin ye like.

6 'If this be true ye tell to me,
As your tongue woudna lee,
I shall be in your bigly bower
Before the clock strike three ;
I shall be in your bigly bower,
Dressd like a gay ladye.'

7 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And all men bound for bed,
Love Robbie came to Mary's bower,
Dressd like a comely maid.

8 They had not kissd nor love clappéd,
As lovers when they meet,
Till sighing said he Love Robbie,
My life, my life I doubt.

9 'Your life, your life, you Love Robbie,
Your life you needna doubt ;
For it was wiles brought in Robbie,
And wiles will lat him out.'

10 Then in it came her father dear,
And stood upon the floor,
And she filld the cup of good red wine,
Said, Father, will ye drink more ?

11 'O better I love the cup, Mary,
The cup that 's in your hand,
Than all my barrels full of wine,
On the gantrees where they stand.'

12 'O woe be to your wine, father,
It eer came oer the sea !
If I getna the air o good greenwood
O I will surely dee.'

13 'There 's seven maries in your bower,
There 's seven o them and three,
And I 'll send them to good greenwood,
For flowers to shortsome thee.'

14 'There 's seven maries in my bower,
There 's seven o them and thre,
But there 's nae a mary mang them a'
Can pu flowers to shortsome me :'

'Then by my sooth,' said her father dear,
'Let yoursel gang them wi.'

15 She dressd hersel in the royal red,
Love Robbie was in dainty green ;
Love Robbie's brand was about his middle,
And he shone like ony queen.

16 The firsten ane that took the floor,
Love Robbie was that ane :
'Now by my sooth,' said the proud porter,
'She is a sonsie dame ;
I would not care now very much
To turn her in again.'

17 'I 'd fain see any woman or man,
Of high or low degree,
Would turn a mary in again
That once came out with me.'

18 They had not been in good greenwood,
Pu'd a flower but only three,
Till the porter stood behind a bush,
And shot him Love Robbie.

19 Now word has come to her father dear,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Mary 's sick in good greenwood,
And cannot come away.

20 He 's taen his mantle him about,
His cane into his han,
And he is on to good greenwood,
As fast as he could gang.

21 'O want you fish out o the fleed,
Or whale out o the sea ?
Or is there any one alive
This day has angerd thee ?'

22 'I want not fish out o the fleed,
Nor whale out o the sea ;
But woe be to your proud porter,
Sae sair 's he 's angerd me !
He 's shot the fairest flower this day,
That would hae comfort me.'

23 'O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,
Let a' your folly be ;
Tomorrow ere I eat or drink
High hangéd shall he be.'

C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 299.

1 'THERE is a bird in my father's orchard,
And dear, but it sings sweet!
I hope to live to see the day
This bird and I will meet.'

2 'O hold your tongue, my daughter Mally,
Let a' your folly be;
What bird is that in my orchard
Sae shortsome is to thee?'

3 'There are four-an-twenty noble lords
The morn shoud dine wi me;
And ye maun serve them a', Mally,
Like one for meat and fee.'

4 She servd the nobles all as one,
The horsemen much the same;
But her mind was aye to Brown Robyn,
Beneath the heavy rain.

5 Then she's rowd up a thousand pounds
Intil a servit white,
And she gae that to Brown Robyn,
Out ower the garden-dyke:
Says, Take ye that, my love Robyn,
And myself gin ye like.

6 'If this be true, my dame,' he said,
'That ye hae tauld to me,
About the hour o twall at night,
At your bower-door I'll be.'

7 But ere the hour o twall did chap,
And lang ere it was ten,
She had hersell there right and ready
To lat Brown Robyn in.

8 They hadna kissd nor love clapped
Till the birds sang on the ha;
'O,' sighing says him Brown Robyn,
'I wish I were awa!'

9 They hadna sitten muckle langer
Till the guards shot ower the way;
Then sighing says him Brown Robyn,
'I fear my life this day.'

10 'O had your tongue, my love Robyn,
Of this take ye nae doubt;
It was by wiles I brought you in,
By wiles I'll bring you out.'

11 Then she's taen up a cup o wine,
To her father went she;
'O drink the wine, father,' she said,
'O drink the wine wi me.'

12 'O well love I the cup, daughter,
But better love I the wine;
And better love I your fair body
Than a' the gowd in Spain.'

13 'Wae be to the wine, father,
That last eame ower the sea;
Without the air o gude greenwood,
There's nae remeid for me.'

14 'Ye've thirty maries in your bower,
Ye've thirty and hae three;
Send ane o them to pu a flower,
Stay ye at hame wi me.'

15 'I've thirty maries in my bower,
I've thirty o them and nine;
But there's nae a marie amo them a'
That kens my grief and mind.'

16 'For they may pu the nut, the nut,
And sae may they the slae,
But there's nae amo them a' that kens
The herb that I woud hae.'

17 'Well, gin ye gang to gude greenwood,
Come shortly back again;
Ye are sae fair and are sae rare,
Your body may get harm.'

18 She dressd hersell into the red,
Brown Robyn all in green,
And put his brand across his middle,
He was a stately dame.

19 The first ane stepped ower the yett,
It was him Brown Robyn;
'By my sooth,' said the proud porter,
'This is a stately dame.'

20 'O wi your leave, lady,' he said,
'And leave o a' your kin,
I woudna think it a great sin
To turn that marie in.'

21 'O had your tongue, ye proud porter,
Let a' your folly be;
Ye darena turn a marie in
That ance came forth wi me.'

22 'Well shall I call your maries out,
And as well shall I in ;
For I am safe to gie my oath
That marie is a man.'

23 Soon she went to gude greenwood,
And soon came back again ;
'Gude sooth,' replied the proud porter,
'We 've lost our stately dame.'

24 'My maid 's faen sick in gude greenwood,
And sick and liken to die ;
The morn before the cocks do craw,
That marie I maun see.'

25 Out it spake her father then,
Says, Porter, let me know
If I will cause her stay at hame,
Or shall I let her go ?

26 'She says her maid 's sick in the wood,
And sick and like to die ;
I really think she is too gude
Nor ever woud make a lie.'

27 Then he whispered in her ear,
As she was passing by,
'What will ye say if I reveal
What I saw wi my eye ?'

28 'If ought ye ken about the same,
O heal that well on me,
And if I live or brook my life,
Rewarded ye shall be.'

29 Then she got leave o her father
To gude greenwood again,
And she is gane wi Brown Robyn,
But 't was lang ere she came hame.

30 O then her father began to mourn,
And thus lamented he :
'O I woud gie ten thousand pounds
My daughter for to see.'

31 'If ye will promise,' the porter said,
'To do nae injury,
I will find out your daughter dear,
And them that 's gane her wi.'

32 Then he did swear a solemn oath,
By a' his gowd and land,
Nae injury to them 's be dune,
Whether it be maid or man.

33 The porter then a letter wrote,
And seal'd it wi his hand,
And sent it to that lady fair,
For to return hame.

34 When she came to her father's ha,
He received her joyfullie,
And married her to Brown Robyn ;
Now a happy man was he.

35 She hadna been in her father's ha
A day but barely thre,
Till she settled the porter well for life,
Wi gowd and white monie.

A. a. *Written in stanzas of two long lines.*
The first stanza, as given by Anderson, is :

The king Val(?) and his nobles a'
Sat drinking at the wine ;
He woud ha nane but his ae daughter
To wait on them at dine.

18¹. boson : *the king's daughter must have
been "a sturdy dame" too.*

21². so gray. *The sun was up : see stanza
8.*

b. 1². Were drinking.

2¹. She served them butt.

2². Baith knights and gallants sheen.

2³. was still. 3². might gang.

3³. And she has.

4¹. in yonder tree. 4². vow but he.

4⁴. my love and I shall.

5¹. Gin ye lufe me as weel, fair maid.

6¹. my auld father. 6². Sit drinking.

6³. will I.

7¹. has hired the proud porter.

7². Wi the ale but and the.

7^{5, 6}. She 's slipped aff hir silken sheen,

And saftly trippd she down ;

She 's stown the key o hir father's
yate,

And let hir true love in.

8². shined. 8³. out and spake.

9¹. O out and spake.
 9³. As wi ae wile I hae brought.
 10^{1, 2}. *wanting*.
 10⁵. she has met her auld.
 10⁶. Came creeping up. 11. *wanting*.
 12². ever it crossd. 12³. It has put.
 12⁴. canna stay. 13⁴. Wi a'
 14¹. and spake. 14². send him.
 14⁴. But keep the princess.
 15⁴. flowr 's gude.
 16¹. hied her. 16². Sae fast as she might.

16^{3, 4}. She 's putten a goun upon hir love
 Was of the dainty green.
 17^{1, 2}. The girdle round his stately waist
 Wi gowd and silver shone.
 17³. His stockings o.
 17⁴. And his shune o the cordovan.
 18¹. She put. 18². up her.
 18³. her fair side next. 19. *wanting*.
 20³. By the faith o my body, then said the
 king.
 20⁴. a lusty. 21¹. gaed out. 21². sae gay.

98

BROWN ADAM

A. 'Brown Adam,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 17.

C. 'Brown Adam the Smith,' Buchan MSS, I, 46.

B. 'Broun Edom,' Harris MS., fol. 27 b, No 26.

'BROWN ADAM' was No 14 of the fifteen ballads furnished William Tytler by Mrs Brown in 1783: Anderson, in Nichols's Illustrations, VII, 178. The ballad was first printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 16, 1802, with the omission of Mrs Brown's second stanza, and some changes. Scott remarks that he had seen a copy printed on a single sheet.

C 1, 3, 6, 7 are very close to A 1, 2, 3, 4. A 2 was not printed by Scott, and if these stanzas were borrowed, A 2 must have been taken from the Jamieson MS., to which other cases of correspondence warrant a suspicion that one of Buchan's contributors had access. C has the usual marks of Buchan's copies, great length, vulgarity, and such extravagance and absurdity as are found in stanzas 23, 26, 29.

A Danish ballad, from manuscripts of the sixteenth century and later, has a remote likeness to 'Brown Adam': 'Den afhugne Haand,' Grundtvig, No 199, IV, 153. Lawi Pedersøn, who has shown bad faith to women, makes love to Lutzelil, who knows his ways, and re-

jects him summarily. Lawi rides off in wrath, saying that she shall be sorry for it. The maid is afraid to go to church for nine months, but ventures at Easter. Lawi stops her in a wood. She begs him to do her no harm, feigns to be amenable, and gives him an assignation at an off-lying apartment in which she sleeps with her maids; then rides away, laughing over her successful evasion. She tells her father how she has met Lawi, and begs him to be on the watch. Lawi comes at night, knocks, and is answered, according to the formula of Danish ballads, that she has made no appointment and he cannot come in. Lawi threatens to take off the door, and does so. Lutzelil's father is standing ready with his sword, and cuts off Lawi's hand.

The copy in Scott's *Minstrelsy* is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 45, p. 291; by Schubart, p. 65; Arndt, *Blütenlese*, p. 231; Rosa Warrens, *Schottische Volkslieder*, No 29, p. 130; Knortz, *Sehottische Balladen*, No 2, p. 5.

A

Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 17.

1 O wha woud wish the win to blaw,
Or the green leaves fa therewith?
Or wha wad wish a leeler love
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

2 His hammer's o the beaten gold,
His study's o the steel,
His fingers white are my delite,
He blows his bellows well.

3 But they ha banishd him Brown Adam
Frae father and frae mither,
An they ha banishd him Brown Adam
Frae sister and frae brither.

4 And they ha banishd Brown Adam
Frae the flowr o a' his kin;
An he's biggit a bowr i the good green wood
Betwen his lady an him.

5 O it fell once upon a day
Brown Adam he thought lang,
An he woud to the green wood gang,
To hunt some venison.

6 He's ta'en his bow his arm oer,
His bran intill his han,
And he is to the good green wood,
As fast as he coud gang.

7 O he's shot up, an he's shot down,
The bird upo the briar,
An he's sent it hame to his lady,
Bade her be of good cheer.

8 O he's shot up, an he's shot down,
The bird upo the thorn,
And sent it hame to his lady,
And hee'd be hame the morn.

B

Harris MS., fol. 27 b, No 26.

1
For wha ere had a lealer luve
Than Broun Edom the smith?

9 Whan he came till his lady's bowr-door
He stood a little foreby,
And there he heard a fu fa'se knight
Temptin his gay lady.

10 O he's taen out a gay gold ring,
Had cost him mony a poun:
'O grant me love for love, lady,
An this sal be your own.'

11 'I loo Brown Adam well,' she says,
'I wot sae does he me;
An I woud na gi Brown Adam's love
For nae fa'se knight I see.'

12 Out has he ta'en a purse of gold,
Was a' fu to the string:
'Grant me but love for love, lady,
An a' this sal be thine.'

13 'I loo Brown Adam well,' she says,
'An I ken sae does he me;
An I woudna be your light leman
For mair nor ye coud gie.'

14 Then out has he drawn his lang, lang bran,
And he's flashd it in her een:
'Now grant me love for love, lady,
Or thro you this sal gang!'

15 'O,' sighing said that gay lady,
'Brown Adam tarrys lang!'
Then up it starts Brown Adam,
Says, I'm just at your han.

16 He's gard him leave his bow, his bow,
He's gard him leave his bran;
He's gard him leave a better pledge,
Four fingers o his right han.

2 His studie was o the beaten gowd,
His hammer o the pith;
His cords waur o the gude green silk,
That blew his bellows with.

3 It fell out ance upon a time
Broun Edom he thought lang,
That he wald gae to see his luve,
By the le licht o the mune.

C

Buchan MSS, I, 46.

1 O wha woud wish the win to blaw,
The green leaves fa therewith?
O wha would wish a leeler luv
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

2 O he forsook the royal court,
And knights and lords sae gude,
And he is to the black smithy,
To learn to shoe a steed.

3 His hammer-shaft o gude red gowd,
His studdy o the steel,
His fingers whyte, and maids' delight,
And blaws his bellows weel.

4 He being a favourite with the king
Caused him get mony a fae,
And sae their plots they did contrive
To work him grief and wae.

5 Of treason then he was accused
By his fause enemie,
Which caused the king to make a vow
That banishd he shoud be.

6 Then banishd hae they Brown Adam
Frae father and frae mither,
And banishd hae they him Brown Adam
Frae sister and frae brither.

7 And they hae banishd him Brown Adam,
The flower o a' his kin;
He built a bower in gude green wood,
For his true love and him.

8 But it fell anee upon a day
The king's young son thought lang,
And minded him on Brown Adam,
Oft rade on his right han.

9 Then he sent for him Brown Adam,
To shoe his milk-white steed,
That he might see him anee in court,
Mang knights o noble bleed.

10 When Brown Adam he read these lines,
A light laugh then gae hee:
'What's this that's made their hearts to fa,
They lang sae sair for mee?'

11 Then out it speaks his gay ladye:
Brown Adam, bide wi mee;
For if ye gang to court, I fear
Your face I'll never see.

12 'Cheer up your heart, my ain true-love,
Let naething cause your grief;
Though I be absent for some days,
Ye seen will get relief.'

13 Then he has kissd his gay ladye,
And rade alang the lay,
And hunted a' the wild birds there,
As he rade on the way.

14 He shot the bunting o the bush,
The linnet o the brier,
And sent them on to gude green wood,
His ladye's heart to cheer.

15 He shot the bunting o the bush,
The linnet o the wand,
And sent them on to his ladye,
Forbade her to think lang.

16 He shot the bunting o the bush,
The linnet o the thorn,
And sent them on to his ladye,
Said he'd be hame the morn.

17 A thought then came into his mind,
As he rade on the way,
Some evil in his absence might
Befa his ladye gay.

18 Now when he had the prince's steed shod,
And bonnd again to ryde,
He turned his horse to Ringlewood;
Some days he meant to byde.

19 But when he turned to Ringlewood,
Ae foot's horse woudna ryde;
Whan he turned to his luver's bower,
He flew like ony glyde.

20 When he drew near to his luve's bower,
There he alighted down,
For the hearing o his great horse tramp
Ere he wan to the town.

21 Whan he came to his luver's bower,
He heard a dolefu din;
He wasna aware o a fu fause knight,
His true-love's bower within.

22 He bound his steed to his ain stall,
And gae him corn and hay,
And listened at a shott-window,
To hear what he would say.

23 The first and thing the knight drew out,
It was a coffer fine;
It was as fu o gude black silk,
Make ladyes for to shine.

24 'Ye are too lack o luve, ladye,
And that 's a hatefu thing;
Luve me, and lat Brown Adam be,
And a' this shall be thine.'

25 'O well I like Brown Adam,' she said,
'I wyte hee hates nae mee ;
I winna forsake him Brown Adam
For a' your gifts an thee.'

26 The next and thing the knight drew ont,
It was a coffer small;
It was as fou o shambo gloves,
Wond had her hands frae caul.

27 'Ye are too lack o luve, ladye,
An that 's a hatefu thing;
Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be,
An a' this shall be thine.'

28 'O well like I Brown Adam,' she said,
'I'm sure he hates nae me ;
I winna forsake him Brown Adam
For a' your gifts an thee.'

29 The next and thing the knight drew out
It was a coffer fine ;
It was as fu of gude red gowd
As a guinea eoud get in.

30 'You are too lack o luve, ladye,
And that 's a hatefu thing ;
Luve me, and lat Brown Adam be,
And a' this shall be thine.'

31 'O well I like Brown Adam,' she said,
'I'm sure hee hates nae mee ;
I winna forsake him Brown Adam
For a' the gowd ye 'll gie.'

32 Then his mild mood did quickly change,
And grew mair fierce and cruel,
And then drew out a trusty brand,
Which made her heart to pruel.

33 'Sinee I by you am slighted sae,
Since I frae you maun part,

I swear a vow before I gae,
That this shall pierce your heart.'

34 'But still I like Brown Adam,' she said,
'I wat hee hates nae mee ;
And if he knew my troubles now
At my eall woud hee be.'

35 'Although he were sax miles awa,
He 'd seen be at my han;
But wae is me, sae may I say,
Brown Adam tarries lang !'

36 He hit the door then wi his foot,
Made a' the bands to flee :
'Cheer up your heart, my luve Janet,
Your love 's nae far frae thee.'

37 Then he drew out a trusty brand,
And chassd him thro the ha ;
The knight jumpd to a shott-window,
And woud hae been awa.

38 'Stay still, stay still,' Brown Adam said,
'Make nae sic haste frae mee ;
You or I maun rue the race
That I came ower the lee.'

39 Then frae the knight he 's taen a wad,
His mantle and his brand ;
Likewise he 's taen anither wad,
His sword and his sword-hand.

40 He threw him ower the shott-window,
Bade him lie there wi care,
And never come baek to gude green wood
To marr fair ladies mair.

41 'O I am brown,' said Brown Adam,
'And I was never whyte ;
But my love has robes o different hues,
To wear at her delyght.'

42 'Her kirchies be o eambricks fine,
Wi gowd pinnd to the chin ;
Her robes shall be o the scarlet hue
She shall gang daily in.'

A. Anderson cites the first stanza, in exact agreement with the Jamieson MS., except that the third line begins with O.

3². mother (?).
7⁴. Beede (?).
15². long.

99

JOHNIE SCOT

A. 'Jack, the Little Scot,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 5.

B. 'McNaughtan,' Glenriddell MSS, XI, 78.

C. 'Johnie Scot,' Motherwell's MS., p. 213.

D. 'Johnnie Scot,' Motherwell's MS., p. 205.

E. 'McNachton,' Motherwell's MS., p. 113.

F. 'Bonnie Johnie Scot,' Motherwell's MS., p. 211.

G. 'Johnie Scott,' Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 35; Motherwell's MS., p. 394.

H. 'Love Johny,' Kinloch MSS, VI, 53.

I. 'Johnie Bunefan,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49.

J. Kinloch MSS, VII, 40, 42, 46, 49.

K. 'Johnie, the Little Scot,' Kinloch MSS, I, 311.

L. 'Johnnie Scott,' Campbell MSS, I, 57.

M. 'Lord Johnnie Scott,' Campbell MSS, II, 335.

N. 'Lord John,' Buchan's Gleanings, p. 122.

O. 'Johnie Scot,' communicated by Mr Maemath.

P. Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 11.

A WAS No 2 of the fifteen ballads in William Tytler's lost Brown MS. : Nichols's Illustrations, VII, 176. There is a copy of A in the Abbotsford MS., "Scottish Songs," fol. 24, with many wilful alterations and a few readings from tradition. The ballad printed in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 204, is a compound of C, D, E, and the one in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 77, is made up from I, J, "recited versions obtained in the north and west" of Scotland, with some slight changes.

The story of 'Willie o Winsbury,' No 100, has considerable resemblance to that of 'Johnie Scot,' but Willie's extreme beauty moves the king, the lady's father, to offer his daughter to him in marriage, without a combat. Mrs Brown's version of 'Willie o Douglas Dale,' No 101, A, begins with the first stanza of her version of 'Johnie Scot,' A. So does 'Young Betrice,' another ballad of hers, No 5 of William Tytler's MS. :

Young Betrice was as brave a knight
As ever saild the sea,
And he's taen him to the court of France,
To serve for meat and fee.

Anderson, who cites this stanza, Nichols's Illustrations, as above, remarks: "The conduct of the story is different from that of No 2 [· Jack, the Little Scot ·], which it resembles. Some of the lines are in 'Gil Morrice.' " 'Young Betrice' may possibly be a variety of 'Hugh Spence' : see 'Hugh Speneer,' C.

There is resemblance to 'Child Maurice,' No 83, besides the commonplace of the messenger-boy, in the sending of a token to the lady, A 12, 13, D 6, E 2, H 4, 5, J 4, M 8, N 11, 12; 'Child Maurice,' A 7, 8, B 3, 4, C 3, 4, 5, D, E 6, 7, F 17, 18. In the present ballad the token is a sark of silk (M 8, simply shirt) ; so in 'Child Maurice,' D 7, F 18. The blessing on the errand-boy, A 8, is found in 'Fair Mary of Wallington,' No 91, B 9.

While John, the Scot, is in service at the English court, the king's daughter becomes with child to him. She is thrown into prison. Johnie, who has fled to Scotland, sends a messenger to her with a token which she will recognize, urging her to come to him. An answer is returned that she is in chains. Johnie resolves to go to the rescue. He is warned of the danger, but a body of Scots at-

tends him, five hundred men, **A**-**D**, **O**, twenty-four, **E**, **G**, **I**; all unmarried, **B**, **D**, **E**, **G**, **H**, **I**, **O**. When he arrives at the English court, the king asks his name. His name is Pitnachton, **A** 26; McNaughtan, **B** 17, **E** 14, cf. **C** 16; Auchney, **H** 21; Buneftan, **I** 14; Johnie Scot, Love John, **C** 17, **K** 12, **L** 13, **N** 26; Earl Hector, **D** 18. The king will hang the Scot on his daughter's account. Resistance is threatened by Johnie's friends. The king has a champion who will fight them three by three, **A** 29, **B** 20, **E** 18, **F** 17, **N** 30. This champion is an Italian, **A** 29, **I** 17, **L** 16, **N** 31, **O** 8; an Itilian, **H** 27; Talliant, Tailliant, **C** 22, **D** 23, **F** 17, **G** 16. The Scot kills the Italian in a duel. In **C** 24, **D** 25, **F** 19, **G** 18, the Italian jumps over Johnie's head, skims over it like a swallow, and is apparently run through while so doing. Johnie calls for a priest to marry his love and him, the king for a clerk to write the tocher. But tocher is refused by the Scot, who wants only his dearly won lady.

The champion is described in **A** 31 as a gurious (grugous, gruous?) ghost; in **H** 27 as a greecy (frightful) ghost; in **L** 18 he is a fearsome sight, with three women's-spans between his brows and three yards between his shoulders; in the Abbotsford copy of **A**, 29, 30, a grisly sight, with a span between his eyes, between his shoulders three and three, and Johnie scarcely reaching his knee. These points are probably taken from another and a later ballad, which is perhaps an imitation, and might almost be called a parody, of Johnie Scot, 'Lang Johnny Moir:' see Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 248.

The process of striping a sword oer a stane or to the stran, **N** 28, **H** 28, striking it across the plain, **A** 32, **K** 14, is that of whetting or wiping, already noted under No 81, II, 243 f. To the places cited there may be added 'Child Maurice,' **F** 30, 'Jellon Grame,' No 90, **B** 8, 21, **C** 14, 'The Baffled Knight,' No 112, **A** 10. **G** 20² is a manifest corruption, a repetition of 17²; **K** 14 has been corrected, in conformity with **A** 32.

The Rev. Andrew Hall, in his Interesting

Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife, 1823, p. 216, relates the following story, on traditional authority.* James Macgill, of Lindores, had killed Sir Robert Balfour, of Denmiln, in a duel which he had wished to avoid, about the year 1679. Macgill "immediately went up to London in order to procure his pardon, which it seems the king, Charles the Second, offered to grant him upon condition of his fighting an Italian gladiator or bravo, or, as he was then called, a bully; which, it is said, none could be found to do. . . . Accordingly a large stage was erected for the exhibition before the king and court. . . . Sir James, it is said, stood on the defensive till the bully had spent himself a little, being a taller man than Sir James. In his mighty gasconading and bravadoing he actually leaped over the knight as if he would swallow him alive, but in attempting to do this a second time Sir James run his sword up through him, and then called out, 'I have spitted him; let them roast him who will.' This not only procured his pardon, but he was also knighted on the spot."

The exploit of Johnie Scot, and, if you please, of Sir James Macgill, has been achieved as well on the south side of the English Channel. The Breton seigneur Les Aubrays, or Lizandré, of St Brieux, is ordered by the French king to undertake a combat with his wild Moor. Les Aubrays asks a page, who brings the king's command, about the Moor's fashion of fighting. The Moor is master of devilish magic, and has herbs about him by virtue of which any wounds he may get are soon healed. The Breton is told, among other things, that he must throw holy water at the Moor the moment the savage draws, and when the Moor makes a leap in the air he must receive him on the point of his sword. These instructions are followed with perfect success. When the Moor is "swimming" in the air, Lizandré so disposes his sword as to take him on it. Luzel, 'Lezobre,' etc., 'Les Aubrays et le More du Roi,' second and third versions, I, 300-03, 294, 295; 'Le Géant

* Pointed out to Motherwell by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Lizandré,' II, 568-71, 'Le Géant Les Aubrays,' 576-79; Poésies populaires de la France, MS., vol. i, near the beginning. Though the brave Breton is called giant in the title of Luzel's last two versions, nothing is said in the ballads of his being of unusual proportions. He is victorious in nineteen

fights, but it is because of his profuse liberality to St Anne; it borders on the irreligious, therefore, to call him a giant.*

The copy in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 204, is translated by Wolff, *Halle der Völker*, I, 15, *Hauschatz*, p. 210.

A

Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 5.

1 O JOHNIE was as brave a knight
As ever saild the sea,
An he's done him to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.

2 He had nae been in fair England
But yet a little while,
Untill the kingis ae daughter
To Johnie proves wi ehil.

3 O word's come to the king himsel,
In his chair where he sat,
That his ae daughter was wi bairn
To Jack, the Little Scott.

4 'Gin this be true that I do hear,
As I trust well it be,
Ye pit her into prison strong,
An starve her till she die.'

5 O Johnie's on to fair Scotland,
A wot he went wi speed,
An he has left the kingis eourt,
A wot good was his need.

6 O it fell once upon a day
That Johnie he thought lang,
An he's gane to the good green wood,
As fast as he cou'd gang.

7 'O whare will I get a bonny boy,
To rin my errand soon,
That will rin into fair England,
An haste him back again?'

8 O up it starts a bonny boy,
Gold yallow was his hair,
I wish his mither meickle joy,
His bonny love mieekle mair.

9 'O here am I, a bonny boy,
Will rin your errand soon;
I will gang into fair England,
An come right soon again.'

10 O whan he eame to broken briggs,
He bent his bow and swain;
An whan he came to the green grass growan,
He slaikid his shoone an ran.

11 Whan he came to yon high eastèl,
He ran it roun about,
An there he saw the king's daughter,
At the window looking out.

12 'O here's a sark o silk, lady,
Your ain han sewd the sleeve;
You'r bidden come to fair Scotlan,
Speer nane o your parents leave.

13 'Ha, take this sark o silk, lady,
Your ain han sewd the gare;
You're bidden come to good green wood,
Love Johnie waits you there.'

14 She's turnd her right and roun about,
The tear was in her ee:
'How can I come to my true-love,
Exept I had wings to flee?'

15 'Here am I kept wi bars and bolts,
Most grievous to behold;

* "Les Aubrays est le nom d'une seigneurie du pays de Retz, apportée en mariage, en 1455, à Rolland de Lannion, par Guyonne de Grezy, dame des Aubrays. La ballade ne peut pas, par conséquent, être antérieure à cette époque, et

My breast-plate's o the sturdy steel,
Instead of the beaten gold.

16 'But tak this purse, my bonny boy,
Ye well deserve a fee,
An bear this letter to my love,
An tell him what you see.'

17 Then quickly ran the bonny boy
Again to Scotlan fair,
An soon he reachd Pitnachton's towrs,
An soon found Johney there.

18 He pat the letter in his han
An taul him what he sa,
But eer he half the letter read,
He loote the tears doun fa.

19 'O I will gae back to fair Englan,
Tho death shoud me betide,
An I will relieve the damesel
That lay last by my side.'

20 Then out it spake his father dear,
My son, you are to blame;
An gin you'r catchd on English groun,
I fear you'll neer win haine.

21 Then out it spake a valiant knight,
Johny's best friend was he;
I can commaun five hunder men,
An I'll his surety be.

22 The firstin town that they came till,
They gard the bells be rung;
An the nextin town that they came
till,
They gard the mess be sung.

23 The thirdin town that they came till,
They gard the drums beat roun;
The king but an his nobles a'
Was startld at the soun.

24 Whan they came to the king's palace
They rade it roun about,
An there they saw the king himsel,
At the window looking out.

25 'Is this the Duke o Albany,
Or James, the Scottish king?
Or are ye some great foreign lord,
That's come a visiting?'

26 'I'm nae the Duke of Albany,
Nor James, the Scottish king;
But I'm a valiant Scottish knight,
Pitnachton is my name.'

27 'O if Pitnachton be your name,
As I trust well it be,
The morn, or I tast meat or drink,
You shall be hanged hi.'

28 Then out it spake the valiant knight
That came brave Johny wi;
Behold five hunder bowmen bold,
Will die to set him free.

29 Then out it spake the king again,
An a scornfu laugh laugh he;
I have an Italian i my house
Will fight you three by three.

30 'O grant me a boon,' brave Johny cried;
'Bring your Italian here;
Then if he fall beneath my sword,
I've won your daughter dear.'

31 Then out it came that Italian,
An a gurious ghost was he;
Upo the point o Johny's sword
This Italian did die.

32 Out has he drawn his lang, lang bran,
Struck it across the plain:
'Is there any more o your English dogs
That you want to be slain?'

33 'A clark, a clark,' the king then cried,
'To write her tocher free;
'A priest, a priest,' says Love Johny,
'To marry my love and me.'

34 'I'm seeking nane o your gold,' he says,
'Nor of your silver clear;
I only seek your daughter fair,
Whose love has cost her dear.'

B

Glenriddell MSS, XI, 78 : 1791.

1 JOHNNY's into England gane,
Three quarters of a year;
Johnny's into England gane,
The king's banner to bear.

2 He had na been in England lang,
But and a little while,
Untill the king's daughter
To Johnny gaes wi child.

3 Word is to the kitchin gane,
And word is to the ha,
And word is to the king's palace,
Amang the nobles a'.

4 Word's gane to the king's palace,
The palace where she sat,
That his ae daughter gaes wi child
To Jock, the Little Scot.

5 'If she be wi child,' he says,
'As I trow well she be,
I'll put her into strang prison,
And hang her till she die.'

6 But up and spak young Johnny,
And O he spake in time:
Is there never a bony boy here
Will rin my errand soon?

7 That will gae to yon castle,
And look it round about?
And there he'll see a fair lady,
The window looking out.

8 Up then spak a bony boy,
And a bony boy was he:
I'll run thy errand, Johnny, he said,
Untill the day I die.

9 'Put on your gown o silk, madam,
And on your hand a glove,
And gang into the good green-wood,
To Johnny, your true-love.'

10 'The fetters they are on my feet,
And O but they are cauld!
My bracelets they are sturdy steel,
Instead of beaten gold.'

11 'But I will write a lang letter,
And seal it tenderlie,
And I will send to my true-love,
Before that I do die.'

12 The first look that Johnny lookd,
A loud laughter gae he;
But the next look that Johnny gae,
The tear blinded his ee.

13 He says, I'll into England gae,
Whatev'r may betide,
And a' to seek a fair woman
That sud hae been my bride.

14 But up and speaks his father,
And O he spak in time:
If that ye into England gae,
I'm feerd ye neer come hame.

15 But up then speaks our gude Scotch king,
And a brisk young man was he:
He's hae five hunder o my life-guard,
To bear him companie.

16 When Johnny was on saddle set,
And seemly for to see,
There was not a married man
Into his companie.

17 When Johnny sat on saddle-seat,
And seemly to behold,
The hair that hang on Johnny's head
Was like the threads o gold.

18 When he eam to
He gard the bells a' ring,
Untill the king and a' his court
Did marvel at the thing.

19 'Is this the brave Argyle,' he said,
'That's landed and come hame?
Is this the brave Argyle,' he said,
'Or James, our Scottish king?'

20 'It's no the brave Argyle,' they said,
'That's landed and come hame;
But it is a brave young Scottish knight,
McNaughtan is his name.'

21 'If McNaughtan be his name,' he says,
'As I trow weel it be,

The fairest lady in a' my court
Gangs wi child to thee.'

22 'If that she be wi child,' he says,
'As I wat weel she be,
I'll mak it lord o a' my land,
And her my gay lady.'

23 'I have a champion in my court
Will fight you a' by three ;'
But up then speaks a brisk young man,
And a brisk young man was he :
I will fight to my life's end,
Before poor Johnny die.

24 The king but and his nobles a'
Went out into the plain,
The queen but and her maidens a',
To see young Johnny slain.

25 The first wound that Johnny gae the champion
Was a deep wound and sair ;
The next wound that he gae the champion,
He never spak mair.

26 'A priest, a priest,' young Johnny cries,
'To wed me and my love ;'
'A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cries,
'To sign her tocher gude.'

27 'I'll hae nane o your goud,' he says,
'I'll hae nane o your gear,
But a' I want is my true-love,
For I hae bought her dear.'

28 He took out a little goat-horn,
And blew baith loud and shill ;
The victry's into Scotland gane,
Tho sair against their will.

C

Motherwell's MS., p. 213 : from the recitation of Mrs Thomson, Kilbarchan.

1 O JOHNIE's to the hunting gone,
Unto the woods sae wild,
And Earl Percy's old daughter
To Johnie goes with child.

2 O word is to the kichen gone,
And word is to the ha,
And word is to the highest towers,
Amang the nobles a'.

3 'If she be with child,' her father said,
'As woe forbid it be,
I'll put her into a prison strong,
And try the veritie.'

4 'But if she be with child,' her mother said,
'As woe forbid it be,
I'll put her intil a dungeon dark,
And hunger her till she die.'

5 Then she has wrote a braid letter,
And sealed it wi her hand,
And sent it to the merry green wood,
Wi her own boy at command.

6 The first line of the letter he read,
His heart was full of joy ;
But he had not read a line past two
Till the salt tears blind his eye.

7 'O I must up to England go,
What ever me betide,
For to relieve that fair ladie
That lay last by my side.'

8 Out and spak his father then,
And he spak all in time :
Johnie, if ye to England go,
I fear ye'll neer return.

9 But out and spak his uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie :
Five hundred of my good life-guards
Shall go along with thee.

10 When they were mounted on their steeds,
They were comely to behold ;
The hair that hung owre Johnie's shoulders
Was like the yellow gold.

11 The first town that they came to,
They made the bells to ring ;
And when they rode the town all owre,
They made the trumpets sound.

12 When they came to Earl Percy's gates,
They rode them round about,
And who saw he but his own true-love,
At a window looking out !

13 'The doors they are bolted with iron and
steel,
The windows round about ;
My feet they are in fetters strong ;
And how can I get out ?

14 'My garters they are of the lead,
And oh but they be cold !
My breast-plate's of the beaten steel,
Instead of beaten gold.'

15 But when they came to Earl Percy's yett,
They tirled at the pin ;
None was so ready as Earl Percy
To open and let them in.

16 'Art thou the King of Aulsberry,
Or art thou the King of Spain ?
Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,
McNachtan by thy name ?'

17 'I'm not the King of Aulsberry,
Nor yet the King of Spain ;
But I am one of our gay Scots lords,
Johnie Scot I am called by name.'

18 'If Johnie Scot be thy name,' he said,
'As I trow weel it be,
The fairest lady in a' our court
Gaes big with child to thee.'

19 'If she be with child,' fair Johnie said,
'As I trow weel she be,
I'll make it heir owre a' my land,
And her my gay ladie.'

20 'But if she be with child,' her father said,
'As I trow weel she be,
Tomorrow morn again eight o clock
High hanged thou shalt be.'

21 But out and spak his uncle then,
And he spak bitterlie :
Before that we see Johnie Scot slain,
We'll a' fight till we die.

22 'But is there ever a Tailliant about your court,
That will fight duels thre ?
Before that I be hanged or slain,
On the Tailliant's sword I'll die.'

23 But some is to the good green wood,
And some is to the plain,
Either to see fair Johnie hanged,
Or else to see him slain.

24 And they began at eight o clock of the morning,
And they fought on till three,
Till the Tailliant, like a swallow swift,
Owre Johnie's head did flee.

25 But Johnie being a clever young boy,
He wheeled him round about,
And on the point of Johnie's broad sword
The Tailliant he slew out.

26 'A priest, a priest,' fair Johnie cried,
'To wed my love and me ;'
'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,
'To sum the tocher free.'

27 'I'll have none of your gold,' fair Johnie said,
'Nor none of your white monie ;
But I will have my own fair bride,
For I vow that I've bought her dear.'

28 He's taen his true-love by the hand,
He led her up the plain :
'Have you any more of your English dogs
You want for to have slain ?'

29 He took a little horn out of his pocket,
He blew it baith loud and shill,
And honour's into Scotland gone,
In spite of England's skill.

D

Motherwell MS., p. 205 : a, "words and tune from Mrs McNiccol," of Paisley, native of the parish of Houston ; b, variations from "John Lindsay, cowfeeder, Wallace Street, Paisley."

1 O JOHNNIE Scot walks up and down
Among the woods sae wild ;
Who but the Earl of Percy's ae daughter
To him goes big with child !

2 O word is to the kitchen gone,
And word 's gone to the hall,
And word is to King Henry gane,
And amongst his nobles all.

3 O Johnnie 's ealled his waiting-man,
His name was Germanie :
'O thou must to fair England go,
Bring me that fair ladie.'

4 He rode till he came to Earl Percy's gate,
He tirled at the pin ;
'O who is there ?' said the proud porter,
'But I daurna let thee in.'

5 So he rade up, and he rode down,
Till he rode it round about ;
Then he saw her at a wee window,
Where she was looking out.

6 'O thou must go to Johnnie Scot,
Unto the woods so green,
In token of thy silken shirt,
Thine own hand sewed the seam.'

7 'How can I go to Johnnie Scot ?
Or how can I get out ?
My breast plate 's o the hard, hard iron,
With fetters round about.'

8 'But I will write a lang letter,
And give it unto thee,
And thou must take that to Johnnie Scot,
See what answer he sends to me.'

9 When Johnnie looked the letter upon
A sorry man was he ;
He had not read one line but two
Till the saut tear did blind his ee.

10 'O I must to fair England go,
Whatever me betide,
All for to fight for that gay ladie
That last lay by my side.'

11 O out and spoke his father then,
And he spoke well in time :
O if you to fair England go,
I doubt your coming home.

12 'O no, O no,' said good King James,
'Before such a thing shall be,
I 'll send five hundred of my life-guards,
To bear Johnnie company.'

13 When they were all on saddle set,
Most pleasant to behold,
The hair that hung over Johnnie's neck
Was like the links of gold.

14 When they were all marching away,
Most beautilful to see,
There was not so much as a married man
In Johnnie's company.

15 O Johnnie was the foremost man
In the company that did ride ;
King James he was the second man,
Wi his rapier by his side.

16 They rode till they came to Earl Percy's yate,
They tirled at the pin :
'O who is there ?' said the proud porter ;
'But I daurnot let thee in.'

17 'Is it the Duke of York,' he said,
'Or James, our Scotish king ?
Or is it one of the Scotish lords,
From hunting new come home ?'

18 'It 's not the Duke of York,' he said,
'Nor James, our Scotish king ;
But it is one of the Scotish lords,
Earl Hector is my name.'

19 When Johnnie came before the king,
He fell low down on his knee :
'O the bravest lady in a' my court
With child goes big to thee.'

20 'O if she be with child,' Johnnie said,
'As I trew well she be,
I will make it heir of all my land,
And her my gay ladie.'

21 'But if she be with child,' said the king,
'As I trew well she be,
Before the morn at ten o clock
High hanged thou shalt be.'

22 'O no, O no,' said good King James,
 ' Before such a thing shall be,
 Before that Johnnie Scot be hanged,
 We 'll a' fight till we die.'

23 'But there is a Talliant in my court,
 Of men he will fight five ;
 Go bring them out to the green wood,
 See wha will gain the prize.'

24 Lords and ladies flocked all,
 They flocked all amain,
 They flocked all to the green wood,
 To see poor Johnnie slain.

25 This Talliant he could find no way
 To be poor Johnnie's dead,

Bnt, like unto a swallow swift,
 He jumped oer Johnnie's head.

26 But Johnnie was a clever man,
 Cunning and crafty withal,
 And up on the top of his braid sword
 He made this Talliant fall.

27 'A priest, a priest,' then Johnnie cried,
 ' To marry my love and me ;'
 'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,
 ' To sum the tocher free.'

28 'I 'll take none of your gold,' Johnnie said,
 ' Nor none of your other gear,
 But I 'll just have my own true-love,
 This day I 've won her dear.'

—

E

Motherwell's MS., p. 113 ; from the recitation of T. Risk.

1 McNAUGHTON's unto England gane,
 The king's banner to bear :
 ' O do you see yon castle, boy ?
 It 's walled round about ;
 There you will spy a fair ladye,
 In the window looking out.'

2 'Here is a silken sark, fair lady,
 Thine own hand sewed the sleeve,
 And thou must go to yon green wood,
 To Johnnie thy true-love.'

3 'The castle it is high, my boy,
 And walled round about ;
 My feet are in the fetters strong,
 And how can I get out ?

4 'My garters o the gude black iron,
 And they are very cold ;
 My breast plate 's of the sturdy steel,
 Instead of beaten gold.'

5 'But had I paper, pen and ink,
 And candle at my command,
 It 's I would write a lang letter
 To John in fair Scotland.'

6 The first line that Johnnie looked on,
 A loud, loud lauch leuch he ;

The second line that Johnnie looked on,
 The tear did blind his ee.

7 Says, I must unto England go,
 Whatever me betide,
 For to relieve my own fair lady,
 That lay last by my side.

8 Then up and spoke Johnnie's auld mither,
 A well spoke woman was she :
 If you do go to England, Johnnie,
 I may take farewell o thee.

9 Then up and spoke Johnnie's old father,
 A well spoke man was he :
 It 's twenty-four of my gay troop
 Shall go along with thee.

10 When Johnie was on saddle set,
 Right comely to be seen,
 There was not so much as a married man
 In Johnie's companie ;
 There was not so much as a married man,
 Not a one only but ane.

11 The first gude toun that Johnie came to,
 He made the bells be rung ;
 The next gude toun that Johnie came to,
 He made the psalms be sung.

12 The next gude toun that Johnie came to,
 He made the drums beat round,

Till the king and all his merry men
A-marvelled at the sound.

13 'Are you the Duke of Mulberry,
Or James, our Scotish king?
Are you the Duke of Mulberry,
From Scotland new come home?'

14 'I'm not the Duke of Mulberry,
Nor James, our Scotish king;
But I am a true Scotishman,
McNaughtoun is my name.'

15 'If McNaughtoun be your name,' he said,
'As I trew well it be,
The fairest lady in a' my court
She goes with child to thee.'

16 'If McNauchton be your name,' he said,
'As I trew well it be,
Tomorrow morn by eight o'clock
O hanged you shall be.'

17 O Johnie had a bonnie little boy,
His name was Germany:
'Before that we be all hanged, my sovereign,
We'll fight you till we die.'

18 'Say on, say on, my bonnie little boy,
It is well spoken of thee,
For there is a campioun in my court
Shall fight you three by three.'

19 Next morning about eight o'clock
The king and his merry men,

The queen and all her maidens fair,
Came whistling down the green,
To see the cruel fight begin,
And see poor Johnnie slain.

20 They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
Wi swords of tempered steél,
Until the drops of red, red blood
Ran prinkling down the field.

21 They fought on, and Johnie fought on,
They fought so manfullie
They left not a man alive in all the king's
court,
Not a man only but three.

22 'A priest, a priest,' poor Johnie cries,
'To wed my love and me;
'A clerk, a clerk,' the king did cry,
'To write her portion free.'

23 'I'll have none of your gold,' he says,
'Nor none of your white money,
But I will have mine own fair lady,
Who has been dear to me.'

24 Johnie put a horn unto his mouth,
He blew it wondrous schill;
The sound is unto Scotland gane,
Sair against all their will.

25 He put his horn to his mouth,
He blew it ower again,
And aye the sound the horn cried,
'McNaughtoun's cure to them!'

F

Motherwell's MS., p. 211; from the recitation of Agnes Laird, Kilbarchan, 21 June, 1825.

1 Word has to the kitchen gane,
And word has to the ha,
And word has to the king himself,
In the chamber where he sat,
That his ae daughter gaes wi bairn
To bonnie Johnie Scot.

2 Word has to the kitchen gane,
And word has to the ha,
And word has to the queen hersell,
In the chamber where she sat,

That her ae dochter gaes wi bairn
To bonnie Johnie Scot.

3 'O if she be wi bairn,' he says,
'As I trew well she be,
We'll put her in a prison strang,
And try her verity.'

4 'O if she be wi bairn,' she says,
'As I trew weel she be,
We'll put her in a dungeon dark,
And hunger her till she die.'

5 Now she has written a letter,
And sealed it with her hand,

And sent it unto Johnie Seot,
To come at her command.

6 The first lang line that he looked to,
He laughed at the same ;
The neist lang line that he did read,
The tears did blin his een.

7 'Once more to England I must go,
May God be my sure guide !
And all to see that lady fair
That last lay by my side.'

8 Then out bespoke our Scotish king,
And he spoke manfullie :
I and three thousand of my guards
Will bear you compayne.

9 They all were mounted on horseback,
So gallantly they rode ;
The hair that hung owre Johnie's shoulders
Was like the links of goud.

10 When they came to the king of England's
gate,
They knocked at the pin ;
So ready was the king himself
To open and let them in.

11 'Are you the Duke [of York],' he says,
'Or are ye the King of Spain ?
Or are ye some of the gay Seots boys,
From hunting now come hame ?'

12 'I am not the Duke of York,' he says,
'Nor yet the King of Spain ;
But I am one of the gay Scots boys,
From hunting just come hame.'

13 'If you are one of the Scots boys,
As I trew weel you be,
The fairest lady in my hall
Gaes big wi child to thee.'

14 'Then if she be wi bairn,' he says,
'As I trew weel she be,
I'll make him heir of a' my gear,
And her my fair ladye.'

15 'If she be wi bairn,' her father says,
'As I trew weel she be,
Before the morn at ten o'clock
High hanged thou shall be.'

16 Then out bespoke our Scotish king,
And he spoke manfullie :
Before that Johnie Scott be slain,
We 'll all fight till we die.

17 'I have a Talliant in my house
We 'll fight your men by three ;'
'Bring out your trooper,' Johnie says,
'For fain I would him see.'

18 Some gade unto the high mountain,
Some gade unto the plain,
Some at high windows looked out,
To see poor Johnie slain.

19 The Talliant he fought on a while,
Thinking Johnie would retire,
And then he, like a swallow swifte,
Owre Johnie's head did flee.

20 But Johnie was a clever man,
And turned about with speed,
And on the edge of his broadsword
He slew the Talliant dead.

21 Then he has brought the lady out,
And sat her on a dapple-gray,
And being mounted on before,
They briskly rode away.

22 Now the honour unto Scotland came,
In spite of England's skill ;
The honour unto Scotland came
In spite of England's will.

G

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 35, Motherwell MS., p. 394 ;
from the singing of Agnes Lyle, of Kilbarchan, 24 August,
1825.

1 JOHNIE SCOTT 's a hunting gone,
To England woods so wild,

Until the king's old dochter dear
She goes to him with child.

2 'If she be with bairn,' her mother says,
'As I trew weel she be,
We 'll put her in a dark dungeon,
And hunger her till she die.'

3 'If she be with bairn,' her father says,
 'As oh forbid she be!
 We'll put her in a prison strong,
 And try the veritie.'

4 The king did write a long letter,
 Sealed it with his own hand,
 And he sent it to Johnie Seot,
 To speak at his command.

5 When Johnie read this letter long,
 The tear blindit his ee:
 'I must away to Old England;
 King Edward writes for me.'

6 Out and spak his mother dear,
 She spoke aye in time:
 Son, if thou go to Old England,
 I fear thou'll neer come hame.

7 Out and spoke a Scotish prince,
 And a weel spoke man was he:
 Here's four and twenty o' my braw troops,
 To bear thee companie.

8 Away they gade, awa they rade,
 Away they rade so slie;
 There was not a maried man that day
 In Johnie's companie.

9 The first good town that they passed thro,
 They made their bells to ring;
 The next good town that they passed thro,
 They made their music sing.

10 The next gude town that they passed thro,
 They made their drums beat round,
 The king and a' his gay armies
 Admiring at the sound.

11 When they came to the king's court,
 They travelled round about,
 And there he spied his own true-love,
 At a window looking out.

12 'O fain wald I come down,' she says,
 'Of that ye needna dout;
 But my garters they're of cauld, cauld iron,
 And I can no win out.

13 'My garters they're of cauld, cauld iron,
 And it is very cold;

My breast-plate is of sturdy steel,
 Instead o beaten gold.'

14 Out and spoke the king himsell,
 And an angry man was he:
 The fairest lady in a' my court,
 She goes with child to thee.

15 'If your old doughter be with child,
 As I trew weel she be,
 I'le make it heir of a' my land,
 And her my gay lady.'

16 'There is a Talliant in my court,
 This day he's killed three;
 And gin the morn by ten o'clock
 He'll kill thy men and thee.'

17 Johnie took sword into his hand,
 And walked cross the plain;
 There was many a weeping lady there,
 To see young Johnie slain.

18 The Talliant never knowing this,
 Now he'll be Johnie's dead,
 But, like unto a swallow swift,
 He flew out owre his head.

19 Johnie was a valliant man,
 Weel taught in war was he,
 And on the point of his broad sword
 The Talliant stickit he.

20 Johnie took sword into his hand,
 And walked cross the plain:
 'Are there here any moe of your English
 dogs
 That's wanting to be slain?

21 'A priest, a priest,' young Johnie cries,
 'To wed my bride and me;
 A clerk, a clerk,' her father cries,
 'To tell her tocher wi.'

22 'I'm wanting none of your gold,' he says,
 'As little of your gear;
 But give me just mine own true-love,
 I think I've won her dear.'

23 Johnie sets horn into his mouth,
 And he blew loud and sehrill;
 The honour it's to Scotland come,
 Sore against England's will.

H

Kinloch MSS, VI, 53, in an unknown hand.

1 'WHERE will I gett a bony boy,
That would fain win hose and shoon,
That will go on to yon palace,
And haste him back again ?'

2 'Here am I, a bony boy,
That would fain win hose and shoon,
That will go on to yon palace,
And haste me back again.'

3 'When you come to yon palace,
You 'l run it round about ;
There you 'l see a gay lady,
At the window looking out.'

4 'Give hir this shirt of silk,
Hir own hand sewed the slive,
And bid her come to good green woods,
Spear no hir parents' leave.'

5 'Give hir this shirt of silk, boy,
Hir own hand sewed the gare ;
You 'l bid her come to good green woods,
Love Johny, I 'll meet hir there.'

6 When he came to yon palace,
He ran it round about,
And there he saw a gay lady,
At the window looking out.

7 'Take here this shirt of silk, lady,
Your own hand sewed the slive ;
You 're biden come to good green woods,
Spire no your parents' leave.'

8 'Take here this shirt of silk, lady,
Your own hand sewed the gare ;
You 're biden come to good green woods,
Love Johny 'll meet you there.'

9 'The staunchens they are strong, boy,
Dear, vow but they are stout !
My feet they are in strong fettters,
And how shall I win out ?'

10 'My garters is of the cold iron,
Dear, vow but they are cold !
And three splits of the sturdy steel,
Instead of beaten goold.'

11 'But I will write a braud leter,
And sign it with my hand,
And I will send it to Love Johny,
Weel may he understand.'

12 And she has wrote [a] brand leter,
And signd it with hir hand,
And sent it on to Love Jony,
Weel did he understand.

13 When he got this letter,
A light laugh did he gie ;
But or he read it half down through,
The salt tears blinded 's ee.

14 Says, I 'll awa to fair England,
What ever may betide,
And all is for the fair lady
That lay close by my side.

15 Out it spoke Jony's mother,
And she spoke ay through pride ;
Says, If ye go to fair England,
Sir, better to you bide.

16 When Jony was on his saddle set,
And seemly to behold,
Every tet o Love Jony's hair
Was like the threads of goold.

17 When Jony was on his saddle set,
And seemly for to see,
There was not a maried man
In a' Jony's company.

18 The first town that they came till,
They gard the bells be rung ;
The next town that they came till,
They gard the mess bee sung.

19 When they came to the king's palace,
The drums they did beat round,
And the quien and her marys all
Amased at the sound.

20 'Is this the Duke of Mulberry,
Or James, our Scottish king ?
Or is it any noble lord
That 's going a visiting ?'

21 'It 's not the Duke of Mulberry,
Nor James, our Scottish king ;

But it is Jack, the Little Seot,
And Auchney is his name.'

22 'If Auchney bee your name,' he said,
'As I trust weel it be,
The fairest lady in all my court
She goes with bairn to the.'

23 'If she be with bairn,' he said,
'As I doubt not nor she be,
I will make it heir oer all my land,
And hir my gay lady.'

24 The king he swore a solemn oath,
And a solemn oath swore he,
'The morn, before I eat or drink,
High hanged he shall be !'

* * * *

25 The king and his nobles all
Went out into the plain,
And the quen and hir marys all,
To see Love Johny slain.

26 They fought up, and they fought down,
With swords of temperd steel,
But not a drop of Johny's blood
In that day he did spill.

27 Out they brought the Itilian,
And a greeey ghost was he,
But by the edge o Love Johny's sword
That Itilian did die.

28 Johny's taen his neat drawn sword,
And stript it to the stran :
'Is there any more of your English dogs
That wants for to be slain ?'

29 'A clerck, a clerck,' now says the king,
'To sign her tocher free ;'
'A priest, a priest,' said Love Johny,
'To mary my dear and me.'

30 'I fought not for your goold, your goold,
I fought not for your gear,
But I fought for my rose Mary,
And vow ! I've bought hir dear.'

I

Kinloch MSS, VII, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49.

1 JOHNIE is up to London gane,
Three quarters o the year,
And he is up to London gane,
The king's banner for to bear.

2 He had na been in fair London
A twalmonth and a day,
Till the king's ae daughter
To Johnie gangs wi child.

3 O word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha,
And word is to the king himsel
Amang his nobles a'.

* * * *

4 She has wrote a braid letter,
She has wrote it tenderly,
And she's wrote a braid letter,
To lat her Johnie see

5 That her bower is very high,
It's aw weel walled about;
Her feet are in the fetters strang,
Her body looking out.

6 Her garters are of cauld iron,
And they are very cold ;
Her breist-plate is o the sturdy steel,
Instead o the beaten gold.

7 Whan he lookit the letter on,
A licht lauch gaed he ;
But eer he read it til an end,
The tear blindit his ee.

8 'I maun up to London gang,
Whatever me betide,
And louse that lady out o prison strang ;
She lay last by my side.'

9 Up spak Johnie's ae best man,
That stood by Johnie's knie :
Ye'll get twenty four o my best men,
To bear ye companie.

10 When Johnie was in his saddle set,
A pleasant sight to see,
There was na ae married man
In Johnie's companie.

11 The first toun that he cam till,
He made the mass be sung;
The niest toun that he cam till,
He made the bells be rung.

12 When he cam to fair London,
He made the drums gae round;
The king and his nobles aw
They marveld at the sound.

13 'Is this the Duke of Winesberry,
Or James, the Scotish king?
Or is it a young gentleman,
That wants for to be in?'

14 'It's na the Duke of Winesberry,
Nor James, the Scotish king;
But it is a young gentleman,
Buneftan is his name.'

15 Up spak the king himsel,
An angry man was he:
The morn eer I eat or drink
Hie hangit sall he be.

16 Up spak Johnie's ae best man,
That stood by Johnie's knie:
Afore our master he be slain
We'll aw fecht till we die.

17 Up spak the king himsel,
And up spak he:

I have an Italian in my court
That will fecht ye manifullie.

18 'If ye hae an Italian in your court,
Fu fain wad I him see;
If ye hae an Italian in your court,
Ye may bring him here to me.'

19 The king and his nobles aw
Went tripping doun the plain,
Wi the queen and her maries aw,
To see fair Johnie slain.

20 Even anent the prison-door
The battle did begin;
• • • • •

21 They foucht up, and they foughht doun,
Wi swerds o tempered steel,
Til Johnie wi his gude braidswerd
Made the Italian for to yield.

22 He has kickd him with his foot,
And he has kickd him oure the plain:
'Onie mair Italians in your court
Ye want for to be slain?'

23 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king cried,
'To sign her tocher-fee;
'A priest, a priest,' young Johnie said,
'To marry her and me.'

24 'For I want nane o your gowd,
Nor nane o your weel won fee;
I only want your fair dochter,
I have won her manfullie.'

J

Kinloch MSS, VII, 40, 42, 46, 49.

1 O word is to the queen hersel,
In parlour whare she sat,
That the king's dochter goes wi child
To Jock, that little Seot.

2 O word is to the king himsel,
And an angry man was he;
Says, I will put her in cold prison,
And hunger her till she dee.

3 The ladie was laid in cold prison,
By the king, a grievous man;
And up and starts a little boy,
Upon her window-stane.

4 Says, Here's a silken shift, ladye,
Your ane hand sewed the sleeve,
And ye maun gang to yon greenwud,
And of your freends speir na leave.

5 'My bouer is very hie,' said the lady,
'And it's wondrous hie round about;

My feet are lockit in the iron fettters,
And how can I get out ?

6 'But I will write a braid letter,
And seal it tenderlie,
And send it to yon greenwud,
And let young Johnie see.'

7 O Johnie 's to his father gane,
And til him did say,
O I maun up to London, father,
And fecht for that lady gay.

8 His father spak but ae word,
Says, I speak it in time ;
For an ye gang to London, Johnie,
I fear your coming hame.

—

9 And out and spak anither youth,
And a pretty youth was he :
Afore I see young Johnie dung
I 'll fecht for him till I dee.

* * * *

10 He has wallowd it, he has wallowd it,
He 's wallowd it again ;
Cries, Onie mae o your English dogs
That wants for to be slain ?

11 He set the horn until his mouth,
And he has blawn baith loud and shill ;
The victor 's doun to Scotland gane,
Rieht sair against their will.

K

Kinloch MSS, I, 311.

1 JOHNIE 's up to England gane,
Three quarters o a year ;
Johnie 's up to England gane,
The king's banner to bear.

2 He had not in fair England been
A month 't was barely ane,
When the fairest lady o the court
To Johnie wi child is gane.

3 Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word 's gane to the ha ;
Word 's gane to the high, high rooms,
Among the nobles a'.

4 And word o 't to the king is gane,
In the chamber where he sat,
His only daughter goes wi child
To Johnie, the Little Seot.

5 'O if she be wi child,' he says,
'As I trow weel she be,
I 'll lock her up in strong prison,
And punish her till she dee.'

6 Then she has wrote a long letter,
And seald it without a blot,
And she has sent it to fair Scotland,
To Johnie, the Little Seot.

7 The first line that he did read,
In laughter loud was he ;
But or he gat the hindmost read
The tear blindit his ee.

8 'Get ready for me the black, black steed,
Get ready for me the brown,
And saddle to me the swiftest horse
Eer carried man to town.'

9 Whan he cam to Edinburgh town,
He made the bells to ring,
And when he eam to merry Carlisle,
He made the monks to sing.

10 When he cam to the king's gates,
He made his drums beat round ;
The king bot and his nobles a'
They wonderd at the sound.

11 'Is this [the] King of France,' he cried,
'Or is 't the King of Spain ?
Or is it Johnie, the Little Seot,
That 's wanting to be slain ?'

12 'It 's neither the King of France,' he said,
'Nor is 't the King of Spain ;
But it is Johnie, the Little Seot,
That 's come to claim his ain.'

* * * *

13 They fough't it ance, they fough't it twice,
 They fough't it oure again,
 Till draps o blood, like draps o rain,
 War rinning to the plain.

14 Then Johnie drew a nut-brown brand,
 And strook it oure the plain,
 Saying, Are there onie mae o your English-
 men
 That's wanting to be slain ?

15 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,
 'To sign her tocher-fee ;'
 'A priest, a priest,' then Johnie cried,
 'To marry my love and me.'

16 'I'll hae nane o your gowd,' he says,
 'As little o your gear ;
 But I'll hae her, my ain true-love,
 For I'm sure I've coft her dear.'

L

Campbell MSS, I, 57.

1 JOHNNIE SCOTT 's a hunting gane,
 To England's woods sae wild ;
 The fairest flower of all England
 To Johnnie prov'd big with child.

2 It 's word 's going up, and word 's going down,
 Going to the king's bower,
 That his dear daughter was with child,
 That was his daily flower.

3 'If she be with child,
 As I suppose she be,
 I'll put her into prison strong,
 And hunger her till she die.'

4 The king he wrote a letter broad,
 And sealed it with his hands,
 And sent it down to Johnnie Scott,
 In Scotland where he stands.

5 The first line that Johnnie lookd on,
 A merry man was he ;
 The next line that he lookd on,
 The salt tears blinded his eye.

6 Out then spoke his old father,
 Who neer spoke out of time :
 And if you go to England, son,
 I doubt your coming home.

7 Out then spoke our Scottish James,
 Sitting low by Johnnie's knee :
 Fifteen score of my life-guards
 Shall ride in your company.

8 When Johnnie came to the king's court
 He rode it round about,

And there he spied his own true-love,
 From the jail-window looking out.

9 'Come down, true-love,' said Johnnie Scott,
 'And now you 'll ride behind me ;
 Before I leave fair England
 Some life shall die for thee.'

10 'My feet are in the fetters strong,
 I 'm belted round about ;
 My breastplate is of the stubborn steel,
 Instead of beaten gold.'

11 When Johnnie came to the king's bower
 He tinkled at the ring ;
 Who was so ready as the king himself
 To let proud Johnnie in !

12 'Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,' he said,
 'Or James, our Scottish king ?
 Or are you my bastard son,
 From Scotland new come home ?'

13 'I 'm not the Duke of Marlborough,' he said,
 'Nor James, our Scottish king ;
 But I am just a good Scotch lad,
 And Johnnie Scott 's my name.'

14 'If you be Johnnie Scott,' says he,
 'As I suppose you be,
 The fairest flower in all England
 Is big with child by thee.'

15 'If she be big with child,' said he,
 'As I hope her to be,
 I 'll make it heir of all my lands,
 And she my gay lady.'

16 'O no,' then the king he crys,
 'There 's no such thing will be ;

There is an Italian in my court,
And by his hands ye 'll die.'

17 'I 'll stand my ground,' says Johnnie Scott,
'I 'll stand it till I die;
I 'll stand my ground,' says Johnnie Scott,
'One foot I 'd scorn to fly.'

18 When the Italian was brought out,
A fearsome sight was he;
Between his brows three women's spang,
His shoulders was yards three.

19 As Johnnie, being a crafty lad,
Well tried at the sword was he,
Upon the point of his broad sword
He made the Italian die.

M

Campbell MSS, II, 335.

1 LORD JOHNNIE 's up to England gane,
Three quarters of an year;
Lord Johnnie 's up to England gone,
The king's banner to bear.

2 He had not been in fair England,
Three quarters he was not,
Till the king's eldest daughter
Goes with child to Lord Johnnie Scott.

3 Word has to the kitchen gone,
And word 's gone to the hall,
And word 's gone to the high, high room,
Among the nobles all.

4 And word has gaen to the king himsel,
In his chamber where he sat,
That his eldest daughter goes wi child
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

5 'Gin that be true,' the king replied,
'As I suppose it be,
I 'll put her in a prison strong,
And starve her till she die.'

6 'O where will I get a little page,
That will win baith hose and shoon,
And run into fair Scotland,
And tell my love to come?'

* * * *

7 'What news, what news, my little page?
What news hae ye brought to me?'
'Bad news, bad news, my master dear,
The king's daughter maun die.'

8 'Here is a shirt, O master dear,
Her ain hand sewd the sleeve;
She bad me run and tell ye this,
And ask nae person's leave.'

9 'They have her in a prison strong,
And in a dungeon deep;
Her feet are in the fetters strong,
And they 've left her to weep.'

10 'Her feet are in the cold, cold iron,
Instead of beaten gold;
Her garters are of the cauld, cauld iron,
And O but they are cold!'

* * * *

11 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king did ery,
'To cry the toucher-fee;'
'A priest, a priest,' Lord Johnnie cry'd,
'To join my love and me.'

12 'I want none of your gold,' he said,
'Nor as little want I a fee;
But I do want your daughter dear,
My wedded wife to be.'

N

Buchan's Gleanings, p. 122.

1 LORD JOHN he's on to England gone,
To England gone is he ;
Love John he's on to England gone,
The king's banneret to be.

2 He hadna been in fair England
O but a little while,
Till faen in love wi the king's daughter,
And to him she's with chile.

3 Now word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the la,
And word is to the king's high court,
And that was warst of a'.

4 Out then spake the king himsell,
An angry man was he :
I'll put her into prison strong,
And starve her till she die.

5 Love John he's on to Scotland gone,
I wat he's on wi speed ;
Love John he's on to Scotland gone,
And as good was his need.

6 He hadna been in fair Scotland
But a very short tide,
Till he minded on the damsel
That lay last by his side.

7 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,
Will win baith meat and fee,
That will run on to fair England,
And haste him back to me ?'

8 'O here am I, a bonny boy,
Will win baith meat and fee,
That will run on to fair England,
And haste him back to thee.'

9 'Where ye find the grass grow green,
Ye'll slack your shoes and rin ;
And when ye find the brigs broken,
Ye'll bend your bow and swim.

10 'And when ye come to the king's high court,
Ye'll rin it round about,
And there ye'll see a lady gay,
At a window looking out.

11 'Bid her take this shirt of silk,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
Bid her come to good green-wood,
At her parents spier nae leave.

12 'Bid her take this shirt of silk,
Her ain hand sewed the gair ;
Bid her come to good green-wood,
Love John he waits her there.'

13 Where he found the grass grow green,
He slackd his shoes and ran ;
Where he fan the brigs broken,
He bent his bow and swam.

14 When he came to the king's high court,
He ran it round about ;
And there he saw the lady gay,
At the window looking out.

15 'Ye're bidden take this shirt of silk,
Yere ain hand sewed the sleeve ;
Ye're bidden come to good green-wood,
At your parents spier nae leave.

16 'Ye're bidden take this shirt of silk,
Yere ain hand sewed the gair ;
Ye're bidden come to good green-wood,
Love John he waits you there.'

17 'My feet are in the fetters strong,
Instead of silken sheen ;
My breast-plate's of the cold iron,
Instead of gold so fine.'

18 'But I will write a broad letter,
And seal it with my hand,
And send it off to my Love Johnny,
And let him understand.'

19 The first line that he looked on,
A loud laughter laught he ;
But ere he read it to the end,
The tear blinded his ee.

20 'O I will on to fair England,
Whatever me betide,
For to relieve the damsel
That lay last by my side.'

21 Out it spake his father dear,
A noble lord was he :

If ye gang to England, Johnny,
Ye'll neer come back to me.

22 Out it spake a noble lord,
A noble lord, I wat, was he :
Fifteen of our Scottish lords
Will bear his honour companie.

23 The first town that they eer came till,
They gart the bells be rung ;
The next town that they came till,
They gart the mass be sung.

24 And when they came to the king's court,
They gart the trumpet soun,
Till the king and all his merry young
men
Did marvel at the tune.

25 'Is this the Duke of Marlborough,
Or James, the Scottish king ?
Or is it else some Scottish lord,
Come here a visiting ?'

26 'It's not the Duke of Marlborough,
Nor James, the Scottish king :
It is Love John of fair Scotland,
Come here a visiting.'

27 'If this be John of fair Scotland,
He's dearly welcome to me ;

The morn ere he eat or drink,
High hanged he shall be.'

28 He's taen his broadsword in his hand,
And stripd it oer a stane ;
Then thro and thro the king's high court
With broadsword now is gane.

29 They fought it up, they fought it down,
Till they were weary men,
When the blood, like drops of rain,
Came trickling down the plain.

30 Out it spake the king himsel,
Ane angry man was he :
I have ane Italian within my court
Will fight ye three and three.

31 Out it came that ae Italian,
As pale as death was he,
And on the point of Johnny's sword
That ae Italian did die.

32 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,
'And seal her tocher wi ;'
'A priest, a priest,' Lord John he cried,
'That we may married be.'

33 'For I want neither gold,' he said,
'Nor do I want your gear ;
But I do want my ain true-love,
For I have bought her dear.'

O

Communicated by Mr William Macmath, of Edinburgh, from his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, formerly of Airds of Kells, now (December, 1882) of Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire, who learned it from the late Miss Jane Hannay, Newton Stewart.

* * * * *

1 OUT then spak his auld faither,
And a blythe auld man was he,
Saying, I'll send five hunner o my brisk young
men,
To bear Johnie companie.

2 And when they were on saddle set,
They were a pleasant sight for to see,
For there was na ae married man
In a' Johnie's companie.

3 And when they were on saddle set,
They were a pleasant sight to behold,
For the hair that hung down Johnie's back
Was like the links of gold.

4 And when they came to Newcastle,
They reined their horses about ;
Wha did he see but his ain Jeanie,
At a window looking out !

5 'Come doun, come donn, Jeanie,' he says,
'Come doun, come doun to me ;'
'I canna come doun, Johnie,' she says,
'For King Edward has bolted me.'

6 'My stockings are o the heavy iron,
I feel them very cold ;
And my breast-plate's o the sturdy steel,
Instead of beaten gold.'

* * * * *

7.

'I'll make it heir o a' my lands,
And her my gay lady.'

8 'There is an Italian in this court;
This day he has slain knights three;
And before tomorrow at eight o'clock
The Italian will slay thee.'

P

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 11.

1 JOHNIE's up to England gone,
Three quarters of a year;
Johnie's up to England gone,
The king's banner to bear.

2 He hadna been in fair England
A month but only three,

The king he had but one dochter,
And she fell in love with he.

3 And word is up, and word is down,
And word is to the ha,
And word is to the king's court gane,
Amang the nobles a'.

4 Now word is to the king himsell,
On throne where he did sit,
That his ae dochter goes wi child
To John that little Scot.

A. *Written in stanzas of two long lines in the Jamieson MS.*

4², 27². *MS. will?* 8³. *I wist.* 15³. *plates.*
The first stanza is given thus by Anderson in Nichols's Illustrations:

Johnie was as brave a knight
As ever sailed the sea,
And he is to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.

*The Abbotsford copy omits stanzas 4, 9, 34.
Most of the many changes are, beyond doubt,
arbitrary, but the following are more or
less countenanced by other versions.*

1³. 4. And he is up to fair England,
The king's braid banner to bear.
Cf. B, E, I, K, M, N, P.

19⁴. That should have been my bride.
Cf. B 10.

30. Out then cam that Italian knight,
A grisly sight to see;
Between his een there was a span,
Between his shoulders three and three.

And forth then came brave John the Scot,
He scarcely reachd his knee;

Yet on the point of Johny's brand
The Italian knight did die.

Cf. L 18.

B. *Written in stanzas of two lines.* 16³. *And there.*

C. 3². *forgid.* 14³. *plates.* 16⁴. *be thy.*
23³. Johnie slain. 24⁴. Johnie's dread.
26⁴. *free changed in MS. to fee.* *Cf. A 33², D 27⁴, E 22⁴, H 29²; fee, I 23², K 15², M 11².*

D. a. *The last two lines of each stanza are repeated in singing.*

8⁴. *Originally to thee.*

25². *dead changed to deid.*

b. *Title, Lord Johnnie Scot.*

The variations are generally written above the readings of a, or otherwise distinctly indicated.

1¹. It's Johnnie. 1³. And who.

3³. It's thou. 3⁴. gay ladie.

4¹. rode till her father's gate. 5¹. It's he.

6¹. to the green woods.

6². To Johnnie Scot thy lufe. 6⁴. the sleeve.

7¹. to the green woods. 10³. ladie gay.

11¹. out then . . . father dear.

11². spoke out. 11³. If thou unto.

11⁴. doubt thy. 12¹. Out then spoke our.

12². And he spoke manfullie.

13, 14. *These stanzas are often transposed.*
 13⁴. the yellow gold.
 14². Most pleasant for to.
 18¹. I 'm not. 18². James your.
 18³. But I 'm. 20¹. he said. 21¹. he said.
 22¹. Out then spoke our. 23⁴. the day.
 24¹. all did flock. 24². In coaches all amain.
 24³. all did flock. 25⁴. oer his head.
 26³. on the point.
The reciter had heard another ballad which detailed the same events, and but little differing in any respect, which went under the name of 'McNaughton's Valour,' or, 'Naughton's Valour.'
 E. 13⁴. *Originally now come, altered to new come.*
 17². *Var.* And a well spoke boy was he.
 18³. *Var.* champion.
 19³. *Originally written* Likewise the queen and her maidens fair.
 20⁴. trinkling down? *Motherwell.*

25⁴. *Var.* McNaughton and his men!
 "McNaughtoun's cure to ye!" is Devil relieve ye! *Motherwell.*
 F. 3¹, 4¹. Oh.
 G. 8². the rade. 8³. Theyre.
The second copy has these few differences, attributable to Motherwell:
 1². England's. 2¹, 3¹. said. 7⁴. bear him.
 23¹. set unto. 23². schill. 23³. Scotland gone.
 H. 8⁴. Johny I 'll. 19². They drums.
 20¹. muberry. 26³. Johny. 27³. But but.
 26, 27 *should, perhaps, be transposed; but compare N 29-31.*
 I. 2². *Kinloch corrects* day to while.
After 3. A verse a-wanting. It is about the king putting his daughter in prison.
 K. 14². shook: *cf.* A 32².
 L. 3⁴. dies (?). 17³. say.
 P. 2⁴. *Var.* goes with child to: *perhaps a change of Motherwell's.*

100

WILLIE O WINSBURY

A. 'Willie o Winsbury,' Campbell MSS, II, 38.

B. Herd's MSS, I, 29; II, 98.

C. 'Lord Thomas of Winsbury,' Kinloch MSS, I, 315.

D. Percy Papers, communicated by the Rev. P. Parsons, about 1775.

E. 'Johnnie Barbour,' Notes and Querics, Fifth Series, VII, 387.

F. 'Willie of Winsbery,' Motherwell's MS., p. 404.

G. 'Lord Thomas o Winsbury,' Buchan's MSS, II, 174; 'Lord Thomas of Winesberry and the King's Daughter,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 212.

H. 'Lord Thomas of Winesberrie,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 92.

I. 'Lord Thomas of Winsberry,' a, b, stall copies; c, Buchan's Gleanings, p. 127.

THE main points of the story of this ballad are the same in all the copies. The king of Scotland, C, F, of France, H, I, has been away from home a considerable time, in Spain, A, C, F, G, a prisoner, A, F, a-hunting, C, H, I, and during his absence his daughter has become with child by William or Thomas of Winsbury. The father threatens to hang the young man, but on seeing him is so struck with

his beauty that he exonerates his daughter, and offers her in marriage to her lover, with a large dowry. Winsbury accepts the lady, but declines gold and land, having enough of his own. In H he says he shall be king when he goes back to Scotland; in the other copies he appears to be only a man of very good estate.

From the hero turning out to be a royal person from Scotland, in H, Kinloch, Ancient Scot-

tish Ballads, p. 89, is led to imagine that the ballad may relate to James V of Scotland, who married a daughter of Francis I. His reasons are, first, that James *disguised himself* when he went to inspect the Duke of Vendôme's daughter (to whom he was in a way betrothed), so as not to be known to her or to her parents. Secondly, that when James, not fancying this lady, passed on, it was at a *hunting-party* that he met the French princess, who became so enamored of him that she would have no other husband. That the poor princess had long been sick, and "was not able to travel out of the realm to no other countrie" (on a milk-white steed, C 13), and that she died about six months after her marriage, does not come into the ballad.* Buechan thinks Winsbury's rank to be fixed by his version,

G, as that of a chamberlain, and therefore cannot admit the plausibility of a disguised James V.

The two English copies, D, E, both imperfect, change the hero's name to Johnnie Bar-bary ('lately come from Spain,' cf. B 5) or Johnnie Barbour. Motherwell, in a manuscript annotation to Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, mentions that he had obtained from recitation a copy in which the name was Sweet Willie of Salisbury. The change from a king to a lady neat and trim in D 1 is a corruption that one would have hardly looked for "from the spinning-wheel."

The stanza which notes the reluctance of the young man to come at call, C 9, D 6, F 12, occurs in all copies of 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter.'

A

Campbell MSS, II, 38.

1 THE king he hath been a prisoner,
A prisoner lang in Spain, O
And Willie o the Winsbury
Has lain lang wi his daughter at hame. O

2 'What aileth thee, my daughter Janet,
Ye look so pale and wan?
Have ye had any sore sickness,
Or have ye been lying wi a man?
Or is it for me, your father dear,
And biding sae lang in Spain?'

3 'I have not had any sore sickness,
Nor yet been lying wi a man;
But it is for you, my father dear,
In biding sae lang in Spain.'

4 'Cast ye off your berry-brown gown,
Stand straight upon the stone,
That I may ken ye by yere shape,
Whether ye be a maiden or none.'

* "A William Wynnesbury, who was yeoman of the Guard at the time of Henry VIII, used generally to act as Lord of Misrule in the years 1508-19, and he was Friar Tuck at Greenwich in May, 1515 (see Collier's Annals of the Stage, and J. S. Brewer's Letters and Papers of Henry VIII), and this, no doubt, made the name popular with the ballad-mak-

5 She's coosten off her berry-brown gown,
Stooden straight upo yon stone;
Her apron was short, and her haunches were
round,
Her face it was pale and wan.

6 'Is it to a man o might, Janet?
Or is it to a man of fame?
Or is it to any of the rank robbers
That's lately come out o Spain?'

7 'It is not to a man of might,' she said,
'Nor is it to a man of fame;
But it is to William of Winsbury;
I could lye nae langer my lane.'

8 The king's called on his merry men all,
By thirty and by three:
'Go fetch me William of Winsbury,
For hanged he shall be.'

9 But when he cam the king before,
He was clad o the red silk;
His hair was like to threeds o gold,
And his skin was as white as milk.

ers." Ward, Catalogue of Romances, etc., I, 532. Undeniably the Lord Winsbury of our ballad might be said to have acted as a lord of misrule, but it was hardly an English (or Scots) ballad-maker of the sixteenth century that made this ballad; and Mr. Ward, probably, did not intend so to be understood.

10 'It is nae wonder,' said the king,
 'That my daughter's love ye did win ;
 Had I been a woman, as I am a man,
 My bedfellow ye should hae been.

11 'Will ye marry my daughter Janet,
 By the truth of thy right hand ?
 I'll gie ye gold, I'll gie ye money,
 And I'll gie ye an earldom o land.'

12 'Yes, I'll marry yere daughter Janet,
 By the truth of my right hand ;
 But I'll hae name o yer gold, I'll hae name o
 yer money,
 Nor I winna hae an earldom o land.

13 'For I hae eighteen corn-mills,
 Runs all in water clear,
 And there's as much corn in each o them
 As they can grind in a year.'

B

Herd's MSS, I, 29 ; II, 98.

* * * * *

1 'WHAT aileth ye, my dochter Dysmill,
 Ye look sae pale and wan ?
 Hae ye had ony sair sickness,
 Or ill luve wi a man ?

2 'Cast aff, cast aff your bony brown goun,
 And lay 't down on the stane,
 And I sall tell ye ay or no
 Ye hae layn wi a man.'

3 She has taen aff her bony brown gown,
 She has laid it on the stane ;
 Her waist was big, her side was round,
 Her fair colour was gane.

4 'Now is it to a man of micht,
 Or to a man of mean ?
 Or is it to the ranke robber
 That robs upon the main ?'

5 'O it's nor to a man of micht,
 Nor to a man of mean ;

But it's to Willie Winchberrie,
 That came frae France and Spain.'

6 The king he's turnd him round about,
 An angry man was he :
 'Gar bring to me your fals leman,
 Wha sall high hanged be.'

7 Then Dysmill turnd her round about,
 The tear blinded her ee :
 'Gin ye begin to hang, father,
 Ye maun begin wi mee.'

8 When Willie he cam to the king,
 His coat was o the silk ;
 His hair was like the thread o gowd,
 His skin white as the milk.

9 'Ne wonder, ne wonder,' quoth the king,
 'My dochter shoud like ye ;
 Gin ye were a woman, as ye're a man,
 My bedfellow ye sould be.

10 'Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
 By the truth o your right hand ?
 Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,
 And be a lord o the land ?'

C

Kinloch MSS, I, 315.

1 THE king has been long seven years away,
 Long seven years away frae hame ;
 Our king has been long seven years away,
 A hunting oer in Spain.

* * * * *

2 'What aileth thee, my ae daughter,
 Thou lookst so pale and wan ?
 Hast thou had any sore sickness,
 Or hast thou loved man ?'

3 'I have not had any sore sickness,
 To make me look sae wan ;
 But it is for your own majestie,
 You staid sae lang in Spain.'

4 'Cast aff, cast aff thy silken gown,
And lay it on yon stane,
And I'll tell to thee if with child you be,
Or if ye be with nane.'

5 She's easten aff her costly gown,
That's made o the silk sae fine ;
Her stays were sae strait she could na
loot,
And her fair colour was wan.

6 'Oh is it to any mighty man ?
Or any lord of fame ?
Or is it to the rank robbers
That I sent out o Spain ?'

7 'It is no to the rank robbers
That you sent out o Spain ;
But it is to Thomas of Winsbury,
For I dought na lie my lane.'

8 'If it be to Lord Thomas,' he says,
'It's hanged shall he be :'
'If you hang Thomas of Winsbury,
You'll get na mair gude o me.'

9 The king's called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and three ;
Lord Thomas should hae been the foremost
man,
But the hindmost man was he.

10 'No wonder, no wonder,' the king he said,
'My daughter loved thee ;
For wert thou a woman, as thou art a man,
My bedfellow thou shouldst be.

11 'O will you marry my daughter dear,
By the faith of thy right hand ?
And thou shalt reign, when I am dead,
The king over my whole land.'

12 'I will marry your daughter dear,
With my heart, yea and my hand ;
But it never shall be that Lord Winsbury
Shall rule oer fair Scotland.'

13 He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple-grey,
And made her a lady of as much land
She could ride in a whole summer day.

D

Communicated to Percy by the Rev. P. Parsons, of Wey,
apparently in 1775. "This I had from the spinning-wheel."

1 THERE was a lady fine and gay,
She was so neat and trim ;
She went unto her own garden-wall,
To see her own ships come in.

2 And there she spied her daughter Jane,
Who lookd so pale and wan :
'What, have you had some long sickness,
Or lain with some young man ?'

3 'No, I have had no long sickness,
Nor lain with no young man :'
Her petticoats they were so short,
She was full nine months gone.

4 'Oh is it by some nobleman ?
Or by some man of fame ?
Or is it by Johnny Barbary,
That's lately come from Spain ?'

5 'No, it is by no nobleman,
Nor by no man of fame ;
But it is by Johnny Barbary,
That's lately come from Spain.'

6 Then she calld down her merry men,
By one, by two, by three ;
Johnny Barbary used to be the first,
But now the last came he.

7 'Oh will you take my daughter Jane,
And wed her out of hand ?
And you shall dine and sup with me,
And be heir of my land.'

8 'Yes, I will take your daughter Jane,
And wed her out of hand ;
And I will dine and sup with you,
But I do not want your land.'

9 Then she calld down her merry men,
With a shrill and a pleasant voice :
'Come, let us all now mery be,
Since she has made such a happy choice.'

E

Notes and Queries, Fifth Series, VII, 387, 1877: communicated by B. Montgomerie Ranking, as "heard sung years ago by a West Country fisherman."

* * * * *

1 'Oh daughter, oh daughter,' her father he said,
 'What makes you look so pale?

 Or are you in love with any man?'

2

 'But if it be one of my own sailor lads,
 High hanged he shall be.'

3 Johnnie Barbour he cam doun the stair,
 His shirt was of the silk;
 His two bonnie black een were rolling in his
 head,
 And his skin was as white as milk.

4 'Oh are you ready to marry my daughter,
 And take her by the hand,
 And to eat and drink with me at the table,
 And be heir of all my land?'

5 'Oh it's I am ready to marry your daughter,
 And take her by the hand,
 And to eat and drink with her at the table,
 And to fight for all your land.'

F

Motherwell's MS., p. 404; from the recitation of Agnes Laird, of Kilbarchan, August 24, 1825.

1 OUR king hath been a poor prisoner,
 And a poor prisoner in Spain; O
 When seven long years was past and gone,
 Our Scotish king came hame. O

2 As he was riding along the way,
 He met with his dear dochter:
 'What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter dear,
 Thou looks so pale and wan?

3 'Have ye had any sore sickness,
 Or have ye lovd a man?
Or is it for me, my dochter dear,
 I have been so long in Spain?'

4 'I have had no sore sickness,
 Nor yet have I loved a man:
But it is for you, my father dear,
 Thou've been so long in Spain.'

5 'Cast aff, cast aff thy brown silk gown,
 And spread it on yonder stone,
And I will tell you by and by
 Whether thou art a maid or none.'

6 She's coosten off her brown silk gown,
 And spread it on yonder stone,

And her belly was big, and her face pale and
 wan,
 And she was about half gone.

7 'Is it to a man o' micht?
 Or to a man of fame?
Or is it to one of the rank rebels
 That I sent out of Spain?'

8 'It is not to a man of micht,
 Nor to a man of fame,
Nor yet to one of the rank rebels
 That ye sent out o' Spain;
But it is to Willie o' Winsberry,
 Thy very own serving-man.'

9 'If it be to Willie o' Winsberry,
 As I trew well it be,
 Gin the morn at ten o' the clock
 It's hanged shall he be.'

10 As the king was riding up the gate
 He met Willie clothed in scarlet red,
 And his hair was as yellow as the beam,
 beam gold,
 And his breast as white as milk.

11 'No wonder, no wonder,' quo the king,
 'My dochter luvit thee;
For if thou was a woman, as thou'rt a
 man,
 My bedfellow thou should be.'

12 The king called down his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Sweet Willie should ha been the foremost
man,
But the hindmost man drew he.

13 'Will you take my dochter Jean,
By the faith of her richt hand?

And you shall sup and dine with me,
And heir the third part of my land.'

14 'I will take your dochter Jean,
By the faith of her richt hand,
And I will sup and dine with you,
But a fig for all your land;
For I've as much land in Winsberry
As we'll ride in a long summer's day.'

G

Buchan's MSS, II, 174; Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 212.

1 SEVEN years the king he staid
Into the land of Spain,
And seven years True Thomas was
His daughter's chamberlain.

2 But it fell ance upon a day
The king he did come home;
She baked and she benjed ben,
And did him there welcome.

3 'What aileth you, my daughter Janet,
You look sae pale and wan?
There is a dreder in your heart,
Or else you love a man.'

4 'There is no dreder in my heart,
Nor do I love a man;
But it is for your lang byding
Into the land of Spain.'

5 'Ye'll cast aff your bonny brown gown,
And lay it on a stone,
And I'll tell you, my jelly Janet,
If ever ye lovd a man.'

6 She's cast aff her bonny brown gown,
And laid it on a stone;
Her belly was big, her twa sides high,
Her colour it was quite gane.

7 'Is it to a man o the might, Janet,
Or is it till a man o the main?
Or is it to one o my poor soldiers,
That I brought hame frae Spain?'

8 'It's not till a man o the might,' she says,
'Nor yet to a man o the main;

But it's to Thomas o Winsbury,
That cannot longer len.'

9 'O where are all my wall-wight men,
That I pay meat and fee,
That will go for him True Thomas,
And bring him in to me?
For the morn, ere I eat or drink,
High hanged shall he be.'

10 She's turnd her right and round about,
The tear blinded her ee:
'If ye do any ill to True Thomas,
Ye's never get gude o me.'

11 When Thomas came before the king
He glanced like the fire;
His hair was like the threads o gold,
His eyes like crystal clear.

12 'It was nae wonder, my daughter Janet,
Altho ye loved this man;
If he were a woman, as he is a man,
My bed-fellow he would been.

13 'O will ye marry my daughter Janet?
The truth's in your right hand;
Ye's hae some o my gold, and some o my
gear,
And the twalt part o my land.'

14 'It's I will marry your daughter Janet;
The truth's in my right hand;
I'll hae nane o your gold, nor nane o your
gear,
I've enough in my own land.'

15 'But I will marry your daughter Janet
With thirty ploughs and three,
And four and twenty bonny breast-mills,
And a' on the water o Dee.'

H

Kinloch's Scottish Ballads, p. 92.

1 It fell upon a time, when the proud king of France
Went a-hunting for five months and more,
That his dochter fell in love with Thomas of Winesberrie,
From Scotland newly come oer.

2 Whan her father cam hame frae hunting the deer,
And his dochter before him cam,
Her belly it was big, and her twa sides round,
And her fair colour was wan.

3 'What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter Janet ?
What maks thee to look sae wan ?
Ye 've either been sick, and very, very sick,
Or else ye hae lain wi a man.'

4 'Ye 're welcome, ye 're welcome, dear father,'
she says,
'Ye 're welcome hame to your ain,
For I hae been sick, and very, very sick,
Thinking lang for your coming hame.'

5 'O pardon, O pardon, dear father,' she says,
'A pardon ye 'll grant me :'
'Na pardon, na pardon, my dochter,' he says,
'Na pardon I 'll grant thee.'

6 'O is it to a man of micht,
Or to a man of mean ?
Or is it to onie of thae rank robbers
That I sent hame frae Spain ?'

I

a. A stall copy printed by M. Randall, Stirling. b. A stall copy by C. Randall, Stirling. c. Buchan's Gleanings, p. 127.

1 It fell upon a time that the proud king of France
Went a hunting for five months and more ;
His daughter fell in love with Lord Winsberry,
Who from Scotland was newly come oer.

7 'It is not to a man of micht,
Nor to a man of mean ;
But it is to Thomas o' Winesberrie,
And for him I suffer pain.'

8 'If it be to Thomas o' Winesberrie,
As I trust well it be,
Before I either eat or drink,
Hie haugit soll he be.'

9 When this bonnie boy was brought afore the king,
His claithing was o the silk,
His fine yellow hair hang dangling doun,
And his skin was like the milk.

10 'Na wonder, na wonder, Lord Thomas,' he says,
'My dochter fell in love wi thee,
For if I war a woman, as I am a man,
My bed-fellow ye shoud be.'

11 'Then will ye marry my dochter Janet,
To be heir to a' my land ?
O will ye marry my dochter Janet,
Wi the truth o your richt hand ?'

12 'I will marry your dochter Janet,
Wi the truth o my richt hand ;
I 'll hae name o your gowd, nor yet o your gear,
I 've eneuch in fair Scotland.'

13 'But I will marry your dochter Janet,
I care na for your land,
For she 's be a queen, and I a king,
Whan we come to fair Scotland.'

2 'You 're welcome, welcome, dear father,' she said,
'You 're welcome again to your own ;
For I have been sick, and very, very sick,
Thinking long for your coming home.'

3 'Put off, put off your gown of green,' he says,
'And spread it on yonder green,
And tell them from me that in mourning you are,
Or that ye have lain with a man.'

4 She's pnt off her gown of green,
And spread it on the strand;
Her haunches were round, and her belly was
big,
From her face the colour is gone.

5 'O is it to a man of might,' he says,
'Or is it to a man that's mean?
Or is it to one of those rank rebels,
That lately from Scotland came?'

6 'O it is to a man of might,' she says,
'It is not to one that is mean;
It is to Lord Thomas of Winsberry,
And for him I must suffer pain.'

7 The king called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three:
'Go fetch me Lord Thomas of Winsberry,
For tomorrow he shall die.'

8 They sought him up, they sought him down,
As fast as fast could be;
There they found Lord Thomas of Winsberry,
Sitting under an orange tree.

9 'Get up, get up, Lord Thomas,' they said,
'Get up, and bound your way;
For the king has sworn by his honoured crown
That tomorrow is thy dying-day.'

10 'O what have I robb'd, or what have I stolen,
Or what have I killed or slain,

That I should be afraid to speak to your king?
For I have done him no wrong.'

11 Lord Thomas came tripping up the stair,
His cloathing was of the silk;
His fine yellow hair hung dangling down,
His skin was white as the milk.

12 And when he came before the king
He kneeled down on his knee;
Says, What is your will with me, my liege,
What is your will with me?

13 'I think no wonder, Lord Thomas,' he says,
'That my daughter fell in love with thee;
If thou wert a woman, as thou art a man,
My bed-fellow thou wouldest be.'

14 'Will ye marry my daughter Jean,
By the faith of thy right hand?
Thou'se have part of my gold, part of my
gear,
And a third part of my land.'

15 'Yes, I will marry thy daughter Jean,
By the faith of my right hand;
I'll have none of your gold, none of your gear;
I have enough in fair Scotland.'

16 He has mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple-grey;
He's got as much land in fair Scotland
As they can ride in a summer's day.

A. O is added, in singing, to every second and fourth verse. 1². oh.
9³. the reeds of, in my copy.
11². of my.
B. Quhat, ze, etc., are printed what, ye.
C. 9. Given thus in Kinloch's annotated copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads; derived from Motherwell:

The king called doun his merry men,
By thirties and by three;
Lord Thomas, that used to be the first,
The hindmost man was he.

D. 3². altered, wrongly, to But lain with a.
9². shrill.

F. O is added, in singing, to every second and fourth verse.
1³, 4. Thus in Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 27:
Seven long years was past and gone
When our Scotish king came home. O
16. Given thus in Kinloch's annotated copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads, as the concluding verse of Mr Motherwell's copies and that of Buchan:

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple-grey,
And they've as muckle land in braid Scot-
land
As can be rode in a lang simmer's day.

G. *Some trifling changes are made by Buchan in printing.*
 S⁴. ben, printed by Buchan len.
 I. a. 14². of my: so b. 16¹. her *wanting*.
 b. 2⁸. and very sick. 4¹, 2. *wanting*.

5². that is. 5³. these. 8². As fast as they.
 9³. his *wanting*. 11⁸. hang. 13⁴. should be.
 c. 2². You are. 3¹. Put off your. 5². that is.
 5³. these. 7⁴. Sitting under an orange tree.
 8. *wanting*. 14². of my. 14³. Thou 'llt.

101

WILLIE O DOUGLAS DALE

A. 'Willy o Douglass-dale,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 8.

Dame Oliphant,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 181; 'Lord Willie Douglas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 619.

B. a. 'Dame Oliphant, or, Willie o Douglass Dale,' Buchan MSS, II, 117. b. 'The Earl of Douglas and

C. 'Douglass Dale,' Kinloch MSS, V, 327.

A WAS among the fifteen ballads furnished by Mrs Brown to William Tytler in 1783, No 8. The first stanza is cited by Dr Anderson in Nichols's Illustrations, VII, 177. There is a copy in the Abbotsford MS. "Scottish Songs," fol. 16, in which the text is considerably altered; stanzas 7, 12, 19, 22-24 are omitted, and 25 is inserted between 30 and 31. B b inserts two stanzas after B a 15, and adds one at the end. The copy in Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 32, is an abridgment of B b as made over in The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland, Glasgow, 1871, p. 63. C has an appendage of two stanzas which belong to another ballad, and are transferred accordingly.

The first part of the story of this ballad, or down to the birth of the boy, is repeated in 'Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter' (hitherto called 'The Birth of Robin Hood'), which immediately follows. This portion of the ballad has resemblances to 'Leesome Brand,' No 15.*

A 9, B 15, is a popular passage the like of which is found in many ballads: as 'Child Waters,' A 2, 3; 'Lady Maisry,' H 7, 8;

'Willie o Winsbury,' A 5, C 5, D 3; 'Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter,' A 4; 'Der Ritter und die Magd,' Dünzter u. Herder, Briefe Goethe's, I, 157, st. 6; Nicolai, I, 40, No 2, st. 6; Wunderhorn, 1806, I, 50, st. 11, Erk, IV, 304, st. 5; Erk's Liederhort, p. 81, st. 10; Hoffmann u. Richter, No. 4, st. 4; Meier, Schwäbische Volkslieder, No 177, st. 9; Ditfurth, II, Nos 6, 7, 8, st. 5; Uhland, No 97 A, st. 5; Mittler, No 91, st. 6; 'Schön Elselein,' 'Das Schwabentöchterlein,' Böhme, No 51^a, st. 11, No 51^b, st. 8 (= Mittler, No 218; Uhland, No 257); 'Þiðriks kvæði konúngs,' Islenzk fornkvaði, II, 218, No 57, st. 6; Haupt u. Schmaler, V. l. der Wenden, I, 160, No 136, st. 7; Sakellaríos, Tà Kυπριακά, III, 52, No 20, vv 5-9; Guillon, Ch. p. de l'Ain, 'La Fille d'un Boulanger,' p. 201, sts 1, 2; Milá, Romancerillo, 'La infanta seducida,' p. 249, No 258, l. 4; 'De la infanta y el hijo del rey de Francia,' Wolf y Hofmann, Primavera, II, 91, No 158, verses 5, 6; Aigner, Ungarische Volksdichtungen, p. 86, st. 1, p. 215, st. 2.

The very ill-timed question in B 20 occurs in 'Young Hunting,' No 68, K 8, 'Clerk Saunders,' No 69, F 5, Buchan, Ballads of the North of Scotland, 'Auld Matrons,' II, 238, st. 4, and 'Willie's Fatal Visit,' II, 260, st. 7.

* For the five hundred pounds in A 12, C 4, 5, cf. 'Leesome Brand,' A 12, 18, and the corresponding Scandinavian ballads.

For others in this passage see 'Rose the Red and White Lily.' The bribe of gowns in B 29 is found in 'Young Hunting,' B 9, C 7, K 13.

The historical foundation for this ballad suggested in 'The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland,' Glasgow, 1871, p. 63, cannot be seriously entertained.

A

Jameson-Brown MS., fol. 8.

1 O WILLY was as brave a lord
As ever saild the sea,
And he has gane to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.

2 He had nae been at the kingis court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till he longd for a sight o the king's daughter,
But ane he coud never see.

3 O it fell ance upon a day
To the green wood she has gane,
An Willy he has followd her,
With the clear light o the moon.

4 He looted him low, by her did go,
Wi his hat intill his hand :
'O what 's your will wi me, Sir Knight?
I pray keep your hat on.'

5 'O I am not a knight, Madam,
Nor never thinks to be ;
For I am Willy o Douglassdale,
An I serve for meat and fee.'

6 'O I 'll gang to my bowr,' she says,
'An sigh baith even an morn
That ever I saw your face, Willy,
Or that ever ye was born.'

7 'O I 'll gang to my bowr,' she says,
'An I 'll pray baith night an day,
To keep me frae your tempting looks,
An frae your great beauty.'

8 O in a little after that
He keepit Dame Oliphant's bowr,
An the love that passd between this twa,
It was like paramour.

9 'O narrow, narrow 's my gown, Willy,
That wont to be sae wide ;

An short, short is my coats, Willy,
That wont to be sae side ;
An gane is a' my fair colour,
An low laid is my pride.

10 'But an my father get word of this,
He 'll never drink again ;
An gin my mother get word of this,
In her ain bowr she 'll go brain ;
An gin my bold brothers get word o
this,
I fear, Willy, you 'll be slain.'

11 'O will you leave your father's court,
An go along wi me ?
I 'll carry you unto fair Scotland,
And mak you a lady free.'

12 She pat her han in her pocket
An gae him five hunder poun :
'An take you that now, Squire Willy,
Till awa that we do won.'

13 Whan day was gane, and night was come,
She lap the castle-wa ;
But Willy kepit his gay lady,
He was laith to let her fa.

14 Whan night was gane, an day come in,
An lions gaed to their dens,
An ay the lady followd him,
An the tears came hailing down.

15 'O want ye ribbons to your hair ?
Or roses to your shoone ?
Or want ye as meickle dear bought love
As your ain heart can contain ?'

16 'I want nae ribbons to my hair,
Nor roses till my shoone ;
An Ohone, alas, for dear bought love !
I have mair nor I can contain.'

17 O he 's pu'd the oak in good green wood,
An he 's made to her a fire ;

He coverd it oer wi withred leaves,
An gard it burn thro ire.

18 He made a bed i the good green wood,
An he 's laid his lady down,
An he 's coverd her oer wi fig-tree leaves,
But an his ain night-gown.

19 'O had I a bunch o yon red roddins,
That grows in yonder wood,
But an a drink o water clear,
I think it woud do me good.'

20 He 's pu'd her a bunch o yon red roddins,
That grew beside yon thorn,
But an a drink o water clear,
Intill his hunting-horn.

21 He 's bent his bow, and shot the deer,
An thro the green wood gane,
An ere that he came back again
His lady took travailing.

22 'O up ye tak that horn,' she says,
'An ye blaw a blast for me ;
Gin my father be in good green wood,
Sae seen 's he 'll come me ti.'

23 'O gin there be a man on earth
That ye loo better nor me,
Ye blaw the horn yoursel,' he says,
'For it 's never be blawn by me.'

24 O he 's bent his bow, an shot the deer,
An thro the green wood has he gane,
An lang or he came back again
His lady bare him a son.

25 O up has he tane his bonny young son,
An washn him wi the milk,
An up has he tane his gay lady,
An rowd her i the silk.

26 He 's bent his bow, and shot the deer,
An thro the green wood has he gane,
Till he met wi a well-fard may,
Her father's flock feeding.

27 'Ye leave your father's flock feeding,
An go along wi me ;
I 'll carry you to a lady fair,
Will gi you both meat and fee.'

28 O whan she came the lady before,
She 's fa'n down on her knee :
'O what 's your will wi me, my dame ?
An a dame you seem to be.'

29 'O I 'm Dame Oliphant, the king's daughter,
Nae doubt but ye 've heard o me ;
Will you leave your father's flock feeding,
An go to Scotlan wi me ?

30 'An ye sal get a nouriship
Intill an earldome,
An I will gar provide for the
To marry some brave Scotsman.'

31 The may she keepit the bonny boy,
An Willy led his lady,
Untill they took their fair shippin,
Then quikly hame came they.

32 The win was fair, an the sea was clear,
An they a' wan safe to lan ;
He 's haled her lady of Douglassdale,
Himsel the lord within.

B

a. Buchan MSS, II, 117. b. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 181; Motherwell's MS., p. 619.

1 WILLIE was an earl's ae son,
And an earl's ae son was he,
But he thought his father lack to sair,
And his mother of low degree.

2 But he is on to fair England,
To sair for meat an fee,

And all was for Dame Oliphant,
A woman of great beauty.

3 He hadna been in fair England
A month but barely ane,
Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant
Gied him a gay gold ring.

4 He hadna been in fair England
A month but barely four,

Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant
 Gied him a red rose flower,
 Well set about with white lilies,
 Like to the paramour.

5 It fell ance upon a day
 Dame Oliphant thought lang,
 And she gaed on to good green wood,
 As fast as she could gang.

6 As Willie stood in his chamber-door,
 And as he thought it good,
 There he beheld Dame Oliphant,
 As she came thro the wood.

7 He's taen his bow his arm oer,
 His sword into his hand,
 And he is on to good green wood,
 As fast as he could gang.

8 And there he found Dame Oliphant,
 Was lying sound asleep,
 And aye the sounder she did sleep
 The nearer he did creep.

9 But when she wakend from her sleep
 An angry maid was she,
 Crying, Had far away frae me, young man,
 Had far away frae me !
 For I fear ye are the Scottish knight
 That beguiles young ladies free.

10 'I am not the Scottish knight,
 Nor ever thinks to be ;
 I am but Willie o Douglass Dale,
 That serves for meat an fee.'

11 'If ye be Willie o Douglass Dale,
 Ye're dearly welcome to me ;
 For oft in my sleep have I thought on
 You and your merry winking ee.'

12 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,
 And the lions took the hill,
 And Willie he gaed hame again,
 To his hard task and till ;
 And likewise did Dame Oliphant,
 To her book and her seam.

13 Till it fell ance upon a day
 Dame Oliphant thought lang,
 And she went on to Willie's bower-yates,
 As fast as she could gang.

14 'O are ye asleep now, Squire Willie ?
 O are you asleep ?' said she ;
 O waken, waken, Squire Willie,
 O waken, and speak to me.

15 'For the gowns that were oer wide, Willie,
 They winna meet on me,
 And the coats that were oer side, Willie,
 They winna come to my knee ;
 And if the knights of my father's court get
 word,
 I'm sure they'll gar you die.'

* * * * *

16 But she's taen a web of the scarlet,
 And she tare it fine an sma,
 And even into Willie's arms
 She leapt the castle-wa ;
 And Willie was wight and well able,
 And he keep her frae a fa.

17 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,
 And the lions took the hill,
 And Willie's ladie followed him,
 And the tears did twinkle still.

18 'O want ye ribbons to your hair ?
 Or roses to your sheen ?
 Or want ye chains about your neck ?
 Ye'se get mair ere that be deen.'

19 'I want not ribbons to my hair,
 Nor roses to my sheen,
 And there's mair chains about my neck
 Nor ever I'll see deen ;
 But I have as much dear bought love
 As my heart can contain.'

20 'Will ye go to the cards or dice ?
 Or to the table ee ?
 Or to a bed, so well down spread,
 And sleep till it be day ?'

21 'I've mair need of the roddins, Willie,
 That grow on yonder thorn ;
 Likewise a drink o Marywell water,
 Out of your grass-green horn.

22 'I've mair need of a fire, Willie,
 To had me frae the cauld ;
 Likewise a glass of your red wine,
 Ere I bring my son to the fauld.'

23 He's got a bush o roddins till her,
That grows on yonder thorn;
Likewise a drink o Marywell water,
Out of his grass-green horn.

24 He carried the match in his pocket
That kindled to her the fire,
Well set abont wi oaken spells,
That leam'd oer Lincolnshire.

25 And he has bought to his lady
The white bread and the wine;
And the milk he milked from the goats,
He fed his young son on.

26 Till it fell ance upon a day
Dame Oliphant thought lang:
'O gin ye hae a being, Willie,
I pray ye hae me hame.'

27 He's taen his young son in his arms,
His lady by the hand,

28 Till they came to a shepherd-may,
Was feeding her flocks alone;
Said, Will ye gae alang wi me,
And carry my bonny young son?

29 The gowns that were shapen for my
back,
They shall be sewd for thine;
And likewise I'll gar Squire Willie
Gie you a braw Scotsman.

30 When they came on to Willie's bower-
yates,
And far beyont the sea,
She was haled the lady o Douglass Dale,
And Willie an earl to be:
Likewise the maid they brought awa,
She got a braw Scotsman.

C

Kinloch MSS, V, 327, in the handwriting of Dr John Hill Burton.

1 SWEET Sir William of Douglas Dale,
A knight's ae son was he;
He dreamed of dear Dame Oliphant,
Lang ere he did her see.

2 He dreamed a woman of great beauty
Gave him a red rose flower,
Well busket about wi the lillies white,
Just like the paramour.

3 O sweet Sir William of Douglas Dale,
A knight's ae son was he,
And he is on to the king's high court,
To serve for meat and fee.

* * * *

4 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,
Tied in a towal so white,
And that she has given her Lord William,
Out oer the castle-dyke.

5 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,
Tied in a towel sae sma,

And that she has given her own true-love,
Ont ore the castle-wa.

6 She rowed hersell in a robe o silk,
To loup the castle-wa;
He ceppet her in his armes twa,
And he let not her get a fa.

* * * * *

7 The cocks do craw, and the day does daw,
And the wild fowl bodes on hill;
The lassie she followed her Sweet William,
And let the tears down fall.

* * * * *

8 'O want you ribbons to your hair?
Or roses to your sheen?
Or want ye as much of feel daft love
As your heart can contain?'

9 'I want nor ribbons to my hair,
Nor roses to my sheen;
I've got as much o dear bought love
As my heart can contain.'

* * * * *

10 He carried a flint in his pocket,
And he strack to her a fire,
And he buskit it roun wi the leaves o' oak,
And gart it burn wi ire.

11 He's taen his big coat him about,
And his gun into his hand,
And he has gone to good green wood,
To kill some venison.

12 He's taen his big coat him about,
And his gun into his han,
But lang ere he came back again
She bare his dear young son.

13 He rowed her in his muckle coat,
But in his good night-gown,
And he fed her wi the good goat-milk,
Till she was well able to gang.

14 He's taen his young son in his arm,
His lady in his hand,
And they are down thro good green wood,
As fast as they can gang.

15 And they came to a shepherd's daughter,
Was feeding at her sheep ;
Says, Will ye go to Douglass Dale,
Wi my yong son to keep ?

16 O I will gee you gold, maiden,
And I will gee you fee,
Gin ye will go to Douglas Dale,
Wi my yong son and me.

17 She's taen his young son in her arm,
And kissed baith cheek and chin ;
Says, I will go to Douglas Dale,
As fast as I can win.

18 He's taen his big coat him about,
And his lady in his hand,
And they are off to Douglas Dale,
As fast as they can gang.

19 And when they eame to Douglas Dale
A happy man was he,
For his lady, and his young son,
And his nurse, a' three.

A. The stanzas are written in the MS. in two long lines. The first stanza, as given by Anderson, is :

Willie was as brave a lord
As ever saild the sea,
And he's gone to the English court,
To serve for meat and fee.

1³. Enlish. 6², 7², 14¹, 24¹. & for an.
22⁴. tie (?). 24¹. the bow.

B. a. 27³. And there.

b. 15¹. Omits For.

After 15, inserts :

' Dame Oliphant, Dame Oliphant,
A king's daughter are ye ;
But woud ye leave your father and mother,
And gang awa wi me ? '

' O I woud leave my father and mother,
And the nearest that eer betide,
And I woud nae be feard to gang,
Gin ye war by my side.'

17⁴. trinkle. 19³. there are. 19⁴. Then ever.
20². table play. 23². grow. 26⁴. pray you.
After 30, inserts :

And lang and happy did they live,
But now their days are deen,
And in the kirk o' sweet Saint Bride
Their graves are growing green.

Motherwell makes some alterations in his copy : as 1³, laigh to sair ; 12⁴, and toil ; whatever, in the second line of the second inserted stanza, above ; besides others which are purely arbitrary. He has table eye in 20², where Buchan prints table play, and living, with being written over, in 26³.

C. 3¹, 8¹, 16¹. Oh. 6³. ceppit ? 16¹, 2. gie ?
There are appended to this version two stanzas of which Burton says : The reciter of this ballad is obstinate in persisting that the last two stanzas belong to it. They are evidently taken from 'The Birth of Robin Hood,' and have no connection with this ballad. See the following ballad.

102

WILLIE AND EARL RICHARD'S DAUGHTER

A. 'The Birth of Robin Hood,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 44.

B. 'The Birth of Robin Hood,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 1.

C. Kinloch's MSS, V, 330 f, two stanzas.

A WAS taken down from Mrs Brown's recitation by Jamieson in 1800, and published in his collection in 1806, "without the alteration of a single word." **C** wrongly forms the conclusion of 'Willie o Douglas Dale,' the preceding ballad. The copy in Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 128, is an abridgment of **B**, with a very few trivial changes.

The first half of the story in **A**, 1-9, is that of 'Willie of Douglas Dale,' **A**, 1-24, and there is a partial verbal correspondence.* In the latter a shepherd's daughter is engaged as nurse to the boy born in the wood, and Dame Oliphant is taken home by her lover and made lady of Douglas Dale. In the present ballad the lady's father tracks his daughter to the wood, finds the new-born child, adopts him as his grandson, and gives him the name Robin Hood, Willie [Archibald] disappearing from the scene.

The first part of **B** 4-18 is a variety of the wide-spread tragic ballad of 'Leesome Brand,'

No 15. So, also, is the larger part of 'Willie o Douglas Dale,' with the tragic features dropped.

This ballad certainly does not belong to the cycle of Robin Hood, and for this reason the title hitherto borne by it could not be retained. The connection with Robin Hood was in all probability mediated by the name Brown Robin. Brown Robin plays the part of Willie [Archibald] in 'Rose the Red and White Lily,' **A** 25-29. Brown Robin's son, in 'Jellon Grame,' is called Robin after Robin Hood, **B** 14, **C** 7, 17. Brown Robin carries off his love to the wood in the ballad of the same name. The Earl of Huntingdon, **B** 3, 21, has no place in the ancient traditional ballads of Robin Hood, but is of later literary invention. **A** 17, **B** 1, **C** 1, may, however, very well have belonged to some Robin Hood ballad.

A is translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 22, No 3.

A

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 44, from Mrs Brown's recitation.

1 O WILLIE's large o limb and lith,
And come o high degree,
And he is gane to Earl Richard,
To serve for meat and fee.

2 Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
Fair as a lily-flower,
And they made up their love-contract
Like proper paramour.

3 It fell upon a simmer's nicht,
Whan the leaves were fair and green,

* Compare No 102, **A** 1^{3, 4}, and No 101, **A** 1^{3, 4}; 2^{3, 4} and 8^{3, 4}; 3 and 3; 4 and 9^{1, 2, 5, 6}; 5 and 10^{1, 2, 5, 6}; 7¹, 8²⁻⁴ and 13; 9³ and 24⁴. Also No 102, **A** 3, and No 101, **B** 13; 4^{1, 2},

5^{1, 4} and 15^{1, 2, 5, 6}; 8 and 16. Also, No 102, **A** 1, and No 101, **C** 3; 8 and 6.

That Willie met his gay ladie
Intil the wood alane.

4 'O narrow is my gown, Willie,
That wont to be sae wide ;
And gane is a' my fair colour,
That wont to be my pride.

5 'But gin my father should get word
What 's past between us twa,
Before that he should eat or drink,
He 'd hang you oer that wa.

6 'But ye 'll come to my bower, Willie,
Just as the sun gaes down,
And kep me in your arms twa,
And latna me fa down.'

7 O whan the sun was now gane down,
He 's doen him till her bower,
And there, by the lee licht o the moon,
Her window she lookit oer.

8 Intill a robe o red scarlet
She lap, fearless o harm ;
And Willie was large o lith and limb,
And keppit her in his arm.

9 And they 've gane to the gude green wood,
And, ere the night was deen,
She 's born to him a bonny young son,
Amang the leaves sae green.

10 Whan night was gane, and day was come,
And the sun began to peep,
Up and raise the Earl Richard
Out o his drowsy sleep.

11 He 's ca'd upon his merry young men,
By ane, by twa, and by three :
'O what 's come o my daughter dear,
That she 's nae come to me ?

12 'I dreamt a dreary dream last night,
God grant it come to gude !
I dreamt I saw my daughter dear
Drown in the saut sea flood.

13 'But gin my daughter be dead or sick,
Or yet be stown awa,
I mak a vow, and I 'll keep it true,
I 'll hang ye ane and a !'

14 They sought her back, they sought her fore,
They sought her up and down ;
They got her in the gude green wood,
Nursing her bonny young son.

15 He took the bonny boy in his arms,
And kist him tenderlie ;
Says, Though I would your father hang,
Your mother 's dear to me.

16 He kist him oer and oer again :
'My grandson I thee claim,
And Robin Hood in gude green wood,
And that shall be your name.'

17 And mony ane sings o grass, o grass,
And mony ane sings o corn,
And mony ane sings o Robin Hood
Kens little whare he was born.

18 It wasna in the ha, the ha,
Nor in the painted bower,
But it was in the gude green wood,
Amang the lily-flower.

B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 1.

1 MONY ane talks o the grass, the grass,
And mony ane o the corn,
And mony ane talks o gude Robin Hood
Kens little whar he was born.

2 He was gotten in a earl's ha,
And in a lady's bower,

3 His father was the earl's own steward,
Sprung frae sma pedigree ;
His mother, Earl Huntingdon's ae daughter,
For he had nane else but she.

4 When nine months were near an end,
And eight months they were gone,

And born into gude greenwood,
Thro mony cauld winter's shower.

The lady's cheeks wi tears were wet,
And thus she made her moan :

5 'What shall I say, my love Archibald,
This day for you and me?
I will be laid in cauld irons,
And ye 'll be hanged on tree.'

6 'What aileth my love Clementina?
What gars you mourn sae sair?'
'You know,' said she, 'I 'm with child to thee,
These eight lang months and mair.'

7 'Will ye gae to my mother's bower,
Stands on yon stately green?
Or will ye gae to the gude greenwood,
Where ye will not be seen?'

8 'I winna gang to your mother's bower,
Stands on yon stately green;
But I will on to gude greenwood,
For I will not be seen.'

9 He 's girt his sword down by his side,
Took his lady by the hand,
And they are on thro gude greenwood,
As fast as they could gang.

10 With slowly steps these couple walkd,
About miles scarcely three,
When this lady, being sair wearied out,
Lay down beneath a tree.

11 'O for a few of yon junipers,
To cheer my heart again,
And likewise for a gude midwife,
To ease me of my pain!'

12 'I 'll bring to you yon junipers,
To cheer your heart again,
And I 'll be to you a gude midwife,
To ease you of your pain.'

13 'Had far awa frae me, Archibald,
For this will never dee;
That 's nae the fashion o our land,
And it 's nae be used by me.'

14 'Ye 'll take your small-sword by your side,
Your buckler and your bow,
And ye 'll gae down thro gude greenwood,
And hunt the deer and roe.'

15 'You will stay in gude greenwood,
And with the chase go on,
Until yon white hind pass you by,
Then straight to me ye 'll come.'

16 He 's girt his sword then by his side,
His buckler and his bow,
And he is on thro gude greenwood,
To hunt the deer and roe.

17 And in the greenwood he did stay,
And with the chase gaed on,
* Until the white hind passd him by,
Then to his love he came.

18 He girt his sword then by his side,
Fast thro greenwood went he,
And there he found his love lie dead,
Beneath the green oak tree.

19 The sweet young babe that she had born
Right lively seemed to be;
'Ohon, alas!' said young Archibald,
'A mournful scene to me!'

20 'Altho my sweet babe is alive,
This does increase my woe;
How to nourish a motherless babe
Is mair than I do know.'

21 He looked east, he looked west,
To see what he could see,
Then spied the Earl o Huntingdon,
And mony a man him wi.

22 Then Archibald fled from the earl's face,
Among the leaves sae green,
That he might hear what might be said,
And see, and nae be seen.

23 The earl straight thro the greenwood came,
Unto the green oak tree,
And there he saw his daughter dead,
Her living child her wi.

24 Then he 's taen up the little boy,
Rowed him in his gown-sleeve;
Said, Tho your father 's to my loss,
Your mother 's to me leave.

25 And if ye live until I die,
My bowers and lands ye 'se heir;

You are my only daughter's child ;
But her I never had mair.

26 Ye 'se hae all kinds of nourishment,
And likewise nurses three ;
If I knew where the fause knave were,
High hanged should lie be.

27 His daughter he buried in gude church-yard,
All in a mournful mood,
And brought the boy to chureh that day,
And christend him Robin Hood.

28 This boy was bred in the earl's ha
Till he became a man,
But loved to hunt in gude greenwood,
To raise his noble fame.

C

Kinloch MSS, V, 330 f, the last two stanzas of ' Douglass Dale.'

1 Mony aye speaks o grass, o grass,
And mony mare o eorn,

And mony aye sings o Robin Hood
Kens little whare he was born.

2 He was born in good green wood,
At the fut o yon olive tree ;
His father was a knight's ae son,
And his mother a lady free.

B. Christie says of his copy that the words sung by his maternal grandfather "were somewhat, as far as the Editor can remember, like those given by Buchan, and that some slight alterations were made by him from the way the Editor heard the ballad sung."

The alterations in Christie's eighteen stanzas are :

1⁸. mony talk. 1⁴. That kenna.
8⁴. Whare I will. 15¹. in the.
15⁸. a white. 18². gaed he.
25⁴. I neer. 28¹. The.

103

ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILY

A. 'Rose the Red and White Lilly,' Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. 1.

B. 'Rose the Red and White Lillie,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 67.

C. 'The Wedding of Robin Hood and Little John,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 69.

A WAS No 6 of the fifteen ballads written down by Mrs Brown for William Tytler in 1783 : Anderson, in Nichols's Illustrations, VII, 176. This copy was printed by Scott in his *Minstrelsy*, II, 60, 1802, "chiefly from

Mrs Brown's MS.," but with numerous alterations. Kinloch's annotated copy of his *Ancient Scottish Ballads* supplies an additional stanza of C ; the 17th.

The story in A is that Rose the Red and

White Lily have a bad step-mother, who, however, has two good sons that love these maids: Brown Robin, Lily, and Arthur, Rose. The maids build a bower, in which the young people make very merry, and the step-mother, to spoil sport, tells her sons that they must sail the sea. Brown Robin goes to the wood, and Arthur to the king's court. The maids disguise themselves as men, and take service with their lovers: White Lily under the name of Roge the Round, and Rose the Red under that of Sweet Willy. Before they part they make a mutual vow that at three blasts of a horn the one shall come to the other's help. Once upon a time, when Robin and his men are putting the stone, Roge sets it seven foot beyond all the rest, but, having exerted herself too much in so doing, is fain to lean her back against an oak and utters a moan, by which Brown Robin perceives that Roge is a woman. Forty weeks after this Roge has occasion for the aid of a bower-wife. Brown Robin proffers his help, but it is declined; nevertheless, with an apparent but not a real inconsistency, the lady asks him to blow her horn, for she has a brother at the court who will come to her upon the sound. Robin replies that if she has a brother whom she loves better than him she may blow the horn herself. This she does, and Sweet Willy comes at once. Brown Robin will let no man enter the bower without a fight. Rose the Red is wounded, and avows herself to be a woman. Brown Robin is distressed: he wished never to see a woman's blood, for the sake of a maid named White Lily. Roge the Round reveals herself as that same. Word comes to the king's court that Brown Robin's man has borne a son, and the king declares that he will go to the wood to inquire into this marvel. Arthur will go with him, to find a foot-page who had left him. Arrived at the wood, Arthur blows his horn, and Sweet Willy comes running to him. Arthur asks the page why he had run away, and is told that it was to see a brother that lives in the wood. The king enters the bower, and finds White Lily nursing her son. This leads to an explanation on the part of Rose the Red. Brown

Robin, coming in from hunting, starts to see the king. The king bids him have no fear, but quit the wood and come to court. Brown Robin and White Lily, Arthur and Rose the Red, go to church and are married.

In **B** the two maids, ill-treated by their step-mother, betake themselves to the wood, where they meet, not Brown Robin, but Robin Hood, and take service with him. Rose and Lily change parts; Rose, under the name of Nicholas, consorting with Robin Hood, and Lily, *alias* Roger Brown, with Little John. It is not, however, Robin Hood and Little John who turn out to be their lovers, but "a lad in the company," and "another youth among the company," stanzas 30, 51. Nothing is said of the king.

In the fragmentary **C** the maids are daughters of a king. Their proper names are not given, and we do not learn that the step-mother has a pair of sons. In consequence of the harshness of their step-mother, these king's daughters go to the wood as Nicholas and Rogee Roun, to seek Robin Hood, and they are discovered to be maids by a song which Rogee sings. Rogee is wedded to Robin Hood, and Nicholas to Little John.

It is easy to see that the Robin Hood of **B**, **C**, was suggested by the Brown Robin of **A**. The name Barnsdale in **A** 12, 51 has certainly been adopted from the Robin Hood cycle, but in the present ballad is the residence of the father of Rose and Lily, not that of Robin Hood.

The only part of the ballad which has the stamp of indubitably ancient tradition is the child-birth in the wood, and this scene is the rightful, and perhaps exclusive, property of 'Leesome Brand,' No 15: see I, 182. **A** 24-29, **B** 40-47, are found again in 'Willie o Douglas Dale,' **A** 15-17, 22, 23, **B** 18, 19, 22, 24, **C** 8-10, and the first part of 'Willie o Douglas Dale,' as well as of the ballad which immediately precedes the present, commonly called 'The Birth of Robin Hood,' is a variation of 'Leesome Brand.'

Robin Hood has no love-story in any ancient ballad, though his name has been foisted into modern love-ballads, as in 'Robin Hood and

the Tanner's Daughter,' No 8 C. Maid Marian is a late accretion. There is a piteously vulgar broadside, in which Maid Marian, being parted from Robin Hood, dresses herself "like a page" (but armed fully), meets Robin Hood, also under disguise, and has an hour's fight with him. There is so far a resemblance in this to A 30 ff, B 49, that a woman disguised as a page fights with Robin Hood. I suppose

the resemblance to be accidental, but whether it be or not, the question of 'Rose the Red and White Lily' being originally a Robin Hood ballad is not affected.

A 3, B 5, is like C 6 of 'The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford,' No 72.

Scott's copy is translated by Doenniges, p. 40.

A

Jameson-Brown MS., fol. 1.

1 O Rose the Red and White Lilly,

 Their mother dear was dead,

 And their father married an ill woman,

 Wishd them twa little guede.

2 Yet she had twa as fu fair sons

 As eer brake manis bread,

 And the tane of them loed her White Lilly,

 An the tither lood Rose the Red.

3 O biggit ha they a bigly bowr,

 And strawn it oer wi san,

 And there was mair mirth i the ladies'

 bowr

 Than in a' their father's lan.

4 But out it spake their step-mother,

 Wha stood a little foreby :

 I hope to live and play the prank

 Sal gar your loud sang ly.

5 She's calld upon her eldest son :

 Come here, my son, to me ;

 It fears me sair, my eldest son,

 That ye maun sail the sea.

6 'Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,

 Your bidding I maun dee ;

 But be never war to Rose the Red

 Than ye ha been to me.'

7 'O had your tongue, my eldest son,

 For sma sal be her part ;

 You'll nae get a kiss o her comely mouth

 Gin your very fair heart should break.'

8 She's calld upon her youngest son :

 Come here, my son, to me ;

 It fears me sair, my youngest son,

 That ye maun sail the sea.

9 'Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,

 Your bidding I mann dee ;

 But be never war to White Lilly

 Than ye ha been to me.'

10 'O hand your tongue, my youngest son,

 For sma sall be her part ;

 You'll neer get a kiss o her comely mouth

 Tho your very fair heart should break.'

11 When Rose the Red and White Lilly

 Saw their twa loves were gane,

 Then stopped ha they their loud, loud sang,

 And tane up the still mournin ;

 And their step-mother stood listnin by,

 To hear the ladies' mean.

12 Then out it spake her White Lilly :

 My sister, we'll be gane ;

 Why should we stay in Barnsdale,

 To waste our youth in pain ?

13 Then cutted ha they their green cloathing

 A little below their knee,

 An sae ha they there yallow hair,

 A little aboon there bree ;

 An they've doen them to haely chapel,

 Was christened by Our Lady.

14 There ha they chang'd their ain twa names,

 Sae far frae ony town,

 An the tane o them hight Sweet Willy,

 An the tither o them Roge the Roun.

15 Between this twa a vow was made,
 An they sware it to fulfil ;
 That at three blasts o a bugle-horn,
 She 'd come her sister till.

16 Now Sweet Willy 's gane to the kingis court,
 Her true-love for to see,
 An Roge the Roun to good green wood,
 Brown Robin's man to be.

17 As it fell out upon a day
 They a' did put the stane,
 Full seven foot ayont them a'
 She gard the puttin-stane gang.

18 She leand her back against an oak,
 And gae a loud Ohone !
 Then out it spake him Brown Robin,
 But that 's a woman's moan !

19 'O ken ye by my red rose lip ?
 Or by my yallow hair ?
 Or ken ye by my milk-white breast ?
 For ye never saw it bare ?'

20 'I ken no by your red rose lip,
 Nor by your yallow hair ;
 Nor ken I by your milk-white breast,
 For I never saw it bare ;
 But come to your bowr whaever sae likes,
 Will find a lady there.'

21 'O gin ye come to my bowr within,
 Thro fraud, deceit, or guile,
 Wi this same bran that 's in my han,
 I swear I will the kill.'

22 'But I will come thy bowr within,
 An spear nae leave,' quoth he ;
 'An this same bran that 's i my han
 I sall ware back on the.'

23 About the tenth hour of the night
 The ladie's bower-door was broken,
 An eer the first hour of the day
 The bonny knave-bairn was gotten.

24 When days were gane, and months were run,
 The lady took travailing,
 And sair she cry'd for a bowr-woman,
 For to wait her upon.

25 Then out it spake him Brown Robin :
 Now what needs a' this din ?

For what coud any woman do
 But I coud do the same ?

26 'T was never my mither's fashion,' she says,
 'Nor sall it ever be mine,
 That belted knights shoud eer remain
 Where ladies dreed their pine.

27 'But ye take up that bugle-horn,
 An blaw a blast for me ;
 I ha a brother i the kingis court
 Will come me quickly ti.'

28 'O gin ye ha a brither on earth
 That ye love better nor me,
 Ye blaw the horn yoursel,' he says,
 'For ae blast I winna gie.'

29 She 's set the horn till her mouth,
 And she 's blawn three blasts sae shrill ;
 Sweet Willy heard i the kingis court,
 And came her quickly till.

30 Then up it started Brown Robin,
 An an angry man was he :
 'There comes nae man this bowr within
 But first must fight wi me.'

31 O they hae fought that bowr within
 Till the sun was gaing down,
 Till drops o blude frae Rose the Red
 Came hailing to the groun.

32 She leand her back against the wa,
 Says, Robin, let a' be ;
 For it is a lady born and bred
 That 's foughten sae well wi thee.

33 O seven foot he lap a back ;
 Says, Alas, and wae is me !
 I never wisht in a' my life,
 A woman's blude to see ;
 An a' for the sake of ae fair maid
 Whose name was White Lilly.

34 Then out it spake her White Lilly,
 An a hearty laugh laugh she :
 She 's lived wi you this year an mair,
 Tho ye kentna it was she.

35 Now word has gane thro a' the lan,
 Before a month was done,
 That Brown Robin's man, in good green wood,
 Had born a bonny young son.

36 The word has gane to the kingis court,
An to the king himsel ;
'Now, by my fay,' the king could say,
'The like was never heard tell ! '

37 Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,
An a hearty laugh laugh he :
I trow some may has playd the loun,
And fled her ain country.

38 'Bring me my steed,' then cry'd the king,
'My bow and arrows keen ;
I 'l ride mysel to good green wood,
An see what 's to be seen.'

39 'An 't please your grace,' said Bold Arthur,
'My liege, I 'l gang you wi,
An try to fin a little foot-page,
That 's strayd awa frae me.'

40 O they 've hunted i the good green wood
The buck but an the rae,
An they drew near Brown Robin's bowr,
About the close of day.

41 Then out it spake the king in hast,
Says, Arthur, look an see
Gin that be no your little foot-page
That leans against yon tree.

42 Then Arthur took his bugle-horn,
An blew a blast sae shrill ;
Sweet Willy started at the sound,
An ran him quickly till.

43 'O wanted ye your meat, Willy ?
Or wanted ye your fee ?
Or gat ye ever an angry word,
That ye ran awa frae me ? '

44 'I wanted nought, my master dear ;
To me ye ay was good ;
I came but to see my ae brother,
That wons in this green wood.'

45 Then out it spake the king again,
Says, Bonny boy, tell to me
Wha lives into yon bigly bowr,
Stands by yon green oak tree ?

46 'O pardon me,' says Sweet Willy,
'My liege, I dare no tell ;
An I pray you go no near that bowr,
For fear they do you fell.'

47 'O hand your tongue, my bonny boy,
For I winna be said nay ;
But I will gang that bowr within,
Betide me weel or wae.'

48 They 've lighted off their milk-white steeds,
An saftly enterd in,
An there they saw her White Lilly,
Nursing her bonny yong son.

49 'Now, by the rood,' the king could say,
'This is a comely sight ;
I trow, instead of a forrester's man,
This is a lady bright ! '

50 Then out it spake her Rose the Red,
An fell low down on her knee :
O pardon us, my gracious liege,
An our story I 'll tell thee.

51 Our father was a wealthy lord,
That wond in Barnsdale ;
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meickle bale.

52 Yet she had twa as fu fair sons
As ever the sun did see,
An the tane o them lood my sister dear,
An the tither sayd he lood me.

53 Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,
As by the king he stood :
Now, by the faith o my body,
This shoud be Rose the Red !

54 Then in it came him Brown Robin,
Frae hunting o the deer,
But whan he saw the king was there,
He started back for fear.

55 The king has taen him by the hand,
An bade him naithing dread ;
Says, Ye maun leave the good green wood,
Come to the court wi speed.

56 Then up he took White Lilly's son,
An set him on his knee ;
Says, Gin ye live to wiald a bran,
My bowman ye sall bee.

57 The king he sent for robes of green,
An girdles o shinning gold ;
He gart the ladies be arrayd
Most comely to behold.

58 They 've done them unto Mary Kirk,
An there gat fair wedding,
An fan the news spread oer the lan,
For joy the bells did ring.

59 Then out it spake her Rose the Red,
An a hearty laugh laugh she :
I wonder what would our step-dame say,
Gin she this sight did see !

B

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 67.

1 Now word is gane thro a' the land,
Gude seal that it sae spread !
To Rose the Red and White Lillie,
Their mither dear was dead.

2 Their father's married a bauld woman,
And brought her ower the sea,
Twa sprightly youths, her ain young sons,
Intill her companie.

3 They fixd their eyes on those ladies,
On shipboard as they stood,
And sware, if ever they wan to land,
These ladies they woud wed.

4 But there was nae a quarter past,
A quarter past but three,
Till these young luvvers a' were fond
O other's companie.

5 The knights they harped i their bower,
The ladies sewd and sang ;
There was mair mirth in that chamer
Than a' their father's lan.

6 Then out it spak their step-mither,
At the stair-foot stood she :
I'm plagued wi your troublesome noise !
What makes your melodie ?

7 O Rose the Red, ye sing too loud,
White Lillie, your voice is strang ;
But gin I live and brook my life,
I 'se gar you change your sang.

8 'We maunna change our loud, loud song
For nae duke's son ye 'll bear ;
We winna change our loud, loud song,
But aye we 'll sing the mair.

9 'We never sung the sang, mither,
But we 'll sing ower again ;

We 'll take our harps into our hands,
And we 'll harp, and we 'll sing.'

10 She 's calld upon her twa young sons,
Says, Boun ye for the sea ;
Let Rose the Red and White Lillie
Stay in their bower wi me.

11 'O God forbid,' said her eldest son,
'Nor lat it ever be,
Unless ye were as kind to our luves
As gin we were them wi.'

12 'Yet never the less, my pretty sons,
Ye 'll boun you for the faem ;
Let Rose the Red and White Lillie
Stay in their bowers at hame.'

13 'O when wi you we came alang,
We felt the stormy sea,
And where we go, ye neer shall know,
Nor shall be known by thee.'

14 Then wi her harsh and boisterous word
She forc'd these lads away,
While Rose the Red and White Lillie
Still in their bowers did stay.

15 But there was not a quarter past,
A quarter past but ane,
Till Rose the Red in rags she gaed,
White Lillie's claiting grew thin.

16 Wi bitter usage every day,
The ladies they thought lang ;
'Ohon, alas !' said Rose the Red,
'She 's gard us change our sang.'

17 'But we will change our own fu names,
And we 'll gang frae the town,
Frae Rose the Red and White Lillie
To Nicholas and Roger Brown.

18 'And we will cut our green claiting
A little aboon our knee,

And we will on to gude greenwood,
Twa bauld bowmen to be.'

19 'Ohon, alas !' said White Lillie,
'My fingers are but sma,
And tho my hands woud wield the bow,
They winna yield at a'.'

20 'O had your tongue now, White Lillie,
And lat these fears a' be ;
There's naething that ye're awkward in
But I will learn thee.'

21 Then they are on to gude greenwood,
As fast as gang coud they ;
O then they spied him Robin Hood,
Below a green aik tree.

22 'Gude day, gude day, kind sir,' they said,
'God make you safe and free :'
'Gude day, gude day,' said Robin Hood,
'What is your wills wi me ?'

23 'Lo here we are, twa banishd knights,
Come frae our native hame ;
We're come to crave o thee service,
Our king will gie us nane.'

24 'If ye be twa young banishd knights,
Tell me frae what countrie :'
'Frae Anster town into Fifeshire ;
Ye know it as well as we.'

25 'If a' be true that ye hae said,
And tauld just now to me,
Ye're welcome, welcome, every one ;
Your master I will be.'

26 'Now ye shall eat as I do eat,
And lye as I do lye ;
Ye salna wear nae waur claiting
Nor my young men and I.'

27 Then they went to a ruinous house,
And there they enterd in,
And Nicholas fed wi Robin Hood,
And Roger wi Little John.

28 But it fell ance upon a day
They were at the putting-stane,
Whan Rose the Red she viewd them a',
As they stood on the green.

29 She hit the stane then wi her foot,
And kepd it wi her knee,
And spaces three aboon them a'
I wyte she gard it flee.

30 She sat her back then to a tree,
And gae a loud Ohon !
A lad spak in the companie,
I hear a woman's moan.

31 'How know you that, young man ?' she said,
'How know you that o me ?'
Did eer ye see me in that place
Ae foot my ground to flee ?

32 'Or know ye by my cherry cheeks ?
Or by my yellow hair ?
Or by the paps on my breast-bane ?
Ye never saw them bare.'

33 'I know not by your cherry cheeks,
Nor by your yellow hair ;
But I know by your milk-white chin,
On it there grows nae hair.'

34 'I never saw you in that cause
Ae foot your ground to flee ;
I've seen you stan wi sword in han
Mang men's blood to the knee.'

35 'But if I come your bower within,
By night, or yet by day,
I shall know before I go
If ye be man or may.'

36 'O if you come my bower within,
By night, or yet by day,
As soon's I draw my trusty brand,
Nae lang ye'll wi me stay.'

37 But he is haunted to her bower,
Her bigly bower o stane,
Till he has got her big wi bairn,
And near sax months she's gane.

38 Whan three mair months were come and gane,
They gaed to hunt the hynde ;
She wont to be the foremost ane,
But now stayd far behynd.

39 Her luver looks her in the face,
And thus to her said he ;

I think your cheeks are pale and wan ;
Pray, what gaes warst wi thee ?

40 O want ye roses to your breast ?
Or ribbons to your sheen ?
Or want ye as muckle o dear bought luv
As your heart can conteem ?

41 'I want nae roses to my breast,
Nae ribbons to my sheen ;
Nor want I as muckle dear bought luv
As my heart can conteem.

42 'I'd rather hae a fire behynd,
Anither me before,
A gude midwife at my right side,
Till my young babe be bore.'

43 'I'll kindle a fire wi a flint-stane,
Bring wine in a green horn ;
I'll be midwife at your right side,
Till your young babe be born.'

44 'That was neer my mither's custom,
Forbid that it be mine !
A knight stan by a lady bright
Whan she drees a' her pine.

45 'There is a knight in gude greenwood,
If that he kent o me,
Thro stock and stane and the hawthorn
Sae soon's he woud come me tee.'

46 'If there be a knight in gude greenwood
Ye like better than me,
If ance he come your bower within,
Ane o us twa shall dee.'

47 She set a horn to her mouth,
And she blew loud and shrill ;
Thro stock and stane and the hawthorn
Brave Roger came her till.

48 'Wha's here sae bauld,' the youth replied,
'Thus to encroach on me ?'
'O here I am,' the knight replied,
'Hae as much right as thee.'

49 Then they fought up the gude greenwood,
Sae did they down the plain ;
They niddart ither wi lang braid-swords,
Till they were bloody men.

50 Then out it spak the sick woman,
Sat under the greenwood tree ;
O had your han, young man, she said,
She's a woman as well as me.

51 Then out it speaks anither youth,
Amang the companie ;
Gin I had kent what I ken now,
'T is for her I woud dee.'

52 'O wae mat worth you, Rose the Red,
An ill death mat ye dee !
Altho ye tauld upo yoursell,
Ye might hae heald on me.'

53 'O for her sake I was content
For to gae ower the sea ;
For her I left my mither's ha,
Tho she proves fause to me.'

54 But whan these luvers were made known,
They sung right joyfullie,
Nae blyther was the nightingale,
Nor bird that sat on tree.

55 Now they hae married these ladies,
Brought them to bower and ha ;
And now a happy life they lead ;
I wish sae may we a'.

C

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, annotated by the editor, p. 69.

1 THE king has wedded an ill woman,
Into some foreign land ;
His daughters twa, that stood in awe,
They bravely sat and sang.

2 Then in became their step-mother,
Sae stately steppin ben :
'O gin I live and bruik my life,
I'll gar ye change your tune.'

3 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,
But we will sing again ;

And ye neer boor that son, ladie,
We wad lay our love on.

4 'But we will eow our yellow locks
A little abune our bree,
And we will on to gude greenwud,
And serve for meat and fee.

5 'And we will kilt our gay claiting
A little below the knee,
And we will on to gude greenwud,
Gif Robin Hood we see.

6 'And we will change our ain twa names,
When we gae frae the toun ;
The tane we will call Nicholas,
The tither Rogee Roun.'

7 Then they hae cowd their yellow locks
A little abune their bree,
And they are on to gude greenwud,
To serve for meat and fee.

8 And they hae kilt their gay claiting
A little below their knee,
And they are on to gud greenwud,
Gif Robin Hood they see.

9 And they hae chang'd thair ain twa names,
Whan they gaed frae the toun ;
The tane they 've called Nicholas,
The tither Rogee Roun.

10 And they hae staid in gude greenwud,
And never a day thought lang,
Till it fell anee upon a day
That Rogee sang a sang.

11 'Whan we were in our father's bouer,
We sewd the silken seam ;
But now we walk the gude greenwud,
And bear anither name.

12 'When we were in our father's ha,
We wore the beaten gold ;
But now we wear the shield sae sharp ;
Alas, we 'll die with cold ! '

13 Then up bespak him Robin Hood,
As he to them drew near :
'Instead of boys to carry the bow,
Two ladies we 've got here.'

14 So they had not been in gud greenwud
A twalmonth and a day,
Till Rogee Roun was as big wi bairn
As onie lady could gae.

15 'O wae be to my stepmother,
That garrd me leave my hame !
For I 'm wi bairn to Robin Hood,
And near nine month is gane.

16 'O wha will be my bouer-woman ?
Na bouer-woman is here ;
O wha will be my bouer-woman,
Whan that sad time draws near ? '

17 Then up bespak him Robin Hood,
At the foot o yon greenwud tree :
O hold your tongue, fair Rogee Roun,
For married ye shall be.

18 The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,
And the tither to Little John ;
And it was a' owing to their stepmother,
That garrd them leave their hame.

A. Written, like all the ballads in the MS., in stanzas of two long lines.

1. Anderson cites this stanza, giving the last line. Wist them twa little quee'd.

8¹. younges. 8³. youngest.

13¹. greed. 21⁴. sear. 26³. beltest kights.

47⁴. well ? 49¹. the the king.

Scott's variations, the contrary not being alleged, must be supposed to be his own. Scott inserts after 10:

Sae Bauld Arthur 's gane to our king's court,
His hie chamberlain to be ;
But Brown Robin he has slain a knight,
And to grene wood he did flee.

11^{5, 6} are 12^{1, 2} in the MS., making a stanza with 12^{1, 2}; 12^{3, 4} make an eight-line stanza with 13. 11^{5, 6} are omitted by Scott.

13^{5, 6} make the last half of a stanza in Scott, which begins :

And left hae they that bonny bouri,
To cross the raging sea.

20³, 4 are omitted by Scott.

33⁵, 6 make the last half of a stanza in Scott,
which runs:

And that all for the knightly vow
I swore to Our Ladye,

But mair, etc.

57 follows 53 in Scott, and 59 is omitted.

B. 7². While Lillie. 43². horn green.

104

PRINCE HEATHEN

A. 'The Disconsolate Lady,' The Jovial Rake's Garland, n. d., p. 6, No 4.

B. 'Prince Heathen,' Buchan's MSS, I, 97; Motherwell's MS., p. 665.

THE fragment A (pointed out to me by Svend Grundtvig) is partly explained by B, which is no doubt some stall-copy, reshaped from tradition. Motherwell's copy was derived from Buchan.

The story, which reads like an old one extremely corrupted, is none too intelligible even in the longer form. Lady Margery is sitting in her bower-door. Prince Heathen comes by and gives her a ring. She refuses him her love. He swears that he will make her greet; she swears that he shall not. He takes her maidenhead: still she will not greet. He tells her that he has killed her father, mother, and seven brothers: still she will not greet. He puts her in a vault of stone, fastened with five and thirty locks: she will not greet [go, A], but rues. He comes back from the mountains, and asks her how she is faring. Dying, she

says. He takes her out upon the green, allowing her no female service, and she brings forth a son. How is it with her now? Dying. She asks for a drink of water: he will not give her a drop until she wraps up her young son. She has nothing to wrap the babe in; he gives her his horse-sheet; her tears fall fast. "Bonny may, now you greet!" he exclaims ["will you go now?" A]. But she greets not for him; it is for her young son, wrapped so roughly. Prince Heathen, satisfied, as far as we can see, now that he has subdued her proud will, orders his son to be rolled in silk and washed in milk, according to the usage of Scottish nursery: see No 5, B 61, C 82, 83, E 32, F 57, G 33; No 20, C 8; No 63, B 35, C 35, F 22, J 47; No 101, A 25. Having broken her spirit, he loves her well.

A

'The Jovial Rake's Garland, n. d., p. 6, No 4, Bodleian Library, Douce PP, 164.

1 LADY MARGERY MAY sits in her bower,
Sewing at her seem;
By there comes a heathen knight,
From her her maidenhead has tane.

2 He has put her in a tower strong,
With double locks on fifty doors:

'Lady Margery May, will you ga now?
'O ye heathen knight, not yet for you.

3 'I am asking, you heathen knight;
What I am asking will you grant to
me?
Will ye let one of your waitmen
A drink of your well bring to me?'

4 'Meat nor drink you shall never get,
Nor out of that shall you never come,

Meat nor drink shall you never get,
Until you bear to me daughter or son.'

5 Thus time drew on, and further on,
For travail eame this young lady to ;
She travailed up, so did she down,
But lighter eould she never be.

6 ' An asking, an asking, you heathen knight ;
An asking will you grant to me ?

Will you give me a seread of silk,
For to row your young son wi ? '

7 He took the horse-sheet in his hand,
The tears eame twinkling down :
' Lady Margaret May, will ye ga now ? '
' O ye heathen knight, not yet for you.'

8 ' I 'll wash my young son with the milk,
I will dry my young son with the silk ;
For hearts will break, and bands will bow ;
So dear will I love my lady now ! '

B

Buchan's MSS, I, 97 ; Motherwell's MS., p. 665.

1 LADY MARGARET sat in her bower-door,
Sewing at her silken seem,
When by it eame Prince Heathen then,
An gae to her a gay gold ring.

2 He turnd about, an gied a bow ;
She said, Begone, I love na you ;
When he sware by his yellow hair
That he woud gar her greet fu sair.

3 But she sware by her milk-white skin
Prince Heathen shoud gar her greet name :
' O bonny may, winna ye greet now ? '
' Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

4 He 's taen her in his arms twa,
Laid her between him an the wa,
An ere he let her free again,
Her maidenhead frae her he 's taen.
' O bonny may, winna ye greet now ? '
' Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

5 ' I killd your father in his bed,
And your gay mother by his side,
And your seven brothers, ane by ane,
And they were seven pretty men.
O bonny may, winna ye greet now ? '
' Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

6 ' I 'll put you in a vault o stone,
Where five an thirty locks hing on ;
Naebody there then shall you see,
For I will keep the keys wi me.
O bonny may, winna ye greet now ? '
' Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

7 He 's put her in a vault o stone,
Where five an thirty locks hing on ;
Naebody there coud eer her see,
Prince Heathen kept the keys him wi.
But ae she eried, What shall I do !
The heathenish dog has gart me rue.

8 Prince Heathen from the mountains came,
Attended by his armed men,
And he 's gane to the bonny may,
And to the prison where she lay :
' O bonny may, what do you now ? '
' Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'

9 ' I 'll take you out upon the green,
Where women ye shall neer see ane,
But only me and my young men,
Till ye bring daughter hame or son.
O bonny may, what do you now ? '
' Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'

10 He 's taen her out upon the green,
Where she saw women never ane,
But only him and 's merry young men,
Till she brought hame a bonny young son.
' O bonny may, what do you now ? '
' Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'

11 ' A drink, a drink, frae Prince Heathen's hand,
Though it were frae yon cauld well strong ! '
' O neer a drap, Prince Heathen,' said one,
' Till ye row up your bonny young son.'
' How can I row up my bonny young son,
When I hae naething to row him in ? '

12 ' I will lend you my horse's sheet,
That will row him baith head and feet.'
As soon 's she took it in her han,

Tears o'er her cheeks down rapping ran.
'O bonny may, ye do greet now :'
'Ye heathenish dog, but nae for yon.'

13 'But a' is for my bonny young son ;
Your sheets are rough to row him in ;
Ohon, alas, sair may I rue
That eer I saw such roges as you !'

14 'Ye'll row my young son in the silk,
An ye' will wash him wi the milk,
An lay my lady very saft,
That I may see her very aft.'

When hearts are broken, bands will bow ;
Sae well 's he loved his lady now !

A. 3³. writmen. 5². too.
B. 11². wells. *Motherwell MS.* well.

There are some trifling deviations in Motherwell's copy.

105

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

a. Printed for P. Brooksby, Roxburghe Ballads, II, 457.
b. Printed for J. Walter, Douce Ballads, II, fol. 229.
c. Printed for P. Brooksby, Pepys Ballads, III, 258,

No 256. d. Printed for P. Brooksby, Roxburghe Ballads, IV, 56. e. Printed for P. Brooksby, Douce Ballads, II, fol. 230. f. An Aldermanry Churchyard copy.

REPRINTED in Percy's Reliques, III, 133, 1765, from the Pepys copy, c, but "with some improvements, communicated by a lady as she heard the same repeated in her youth ;" that is, in fact, a few casual verbal variations, attributable to imperfect recollection of a broadside. There are much better in a copy which I have received from an Irish lady, partly made over by secondary tradition. Reprinted also by Ritson, A Select Collection of English Songs, II, 234, 1783, apparently from a, with an arbitrary change in st. 8², and one or two other variations. Mr F. H. Stoddard informs me that 'The Bailiff's Daughter' is still very much sung, and may be heard any day at a country cricket-match.

A fond youth and a coy maid, a bailiff's daughter, having been parted seven years, the maid disguises herself to go in quest of her lover, and meets him on her way. He asks her whether she knows the bailiff's daughter. The bailiff's daughter is dead long ago, she replies. Then he will go into a far country.

The maid, assured of his faith, reveals herself, and is ready to be his bride.

This is the counterpart of a ballad found in other languages (and represented in English by Percy's cento 'The Friar of Orders Gray,' Reliques, I, 225, 1765), in which a man tells a woman that the object of her affection, lover, or more commonly husband, is dead. So runs the story in the following :

Italian. Marcoaldi, Canti popolari umbri, etc., p. 151, 'La prova d' amore,' Piedmontese; Gianandrea, C. p. marchigiani, p. 270, No 7, 'La prova d' amore ;' Ferraro, C. p. monferrini, p. 60, No 41, 'Il ritorno,' and C. p. di Ferrara, Cento e Pontelagoscuro, p. 16, No 4, p. 105, No 18 ; Bernoni, C. p. veneziani, Punt. IX, No 1, 'Il ritorno dalla guerra ;' Wolf, Volkslieder aus Venetien, No 91, 'La ragazza ed i soldati ;' Bolza, Canzoni p. comasche, No 53, 'Il riconoscimento ;' Finamore, Storie p. abruzzesi, Archivio, I, 91, No 6, 'Rusine e Ddiamóre ;' Kestner, in Reifferscheid, Westfälische V. l., p. 156, Ronian.

Spanish. 'Caballero de lejas tierras,' Juan de Ribera, *Nueve Romanées*, 1605, in Duran, I, 175, No 318, Wolf y Hofmann, *Primavera*, II, 88, No 156, and a traditional version in a note of Duran, as above, repeated in *Primavera*. Catalan. 'La vuelta del peregrino,' Milá, *Observaciones*, p. 111, No 12, 'El peregrino,' *Romanerillo*, p. 154, No 203; 'La tornada del pelegrí,' Briz, V, 65.

Portuguese. 'Bella Infanta,' Almeida-Garrett, II, 7; Bellermann, p. 100, No 12; Braga, C. p. do Arehipelago açoriano, p. 298, No 41, *Romanceiro Geral*, p. 1, 'Dona Infanta,' p. 4, 'Dona Catherina;' Coelho, in *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie*, III, 63, 1879 (imperfect).

Romaic. 'H ἀναγνώρισις,' Zambelios, p. 718, No 5, *Kind, Anthologie*, 1861, p. 126, No

5, Passow, No 442: 'H πιστὴ σύνγος,' Evlambios, p. 58, Marellus, I, 332, Passow, No 444; Tommaseo, III, 148, Passow, No 445, and III, 150, Passow, No 446; Schmidt, *Griechische M., S., u. V. l.*, p. 192, No 57 (see note, p. 272); Marellus, I, 328, Passow, No 441; 'Ἀναγνώρισμός,' Chasiotis, p. 89, No 28; Aravandinos, Nos 347-349, pp. 209-211; 'Τὸ γύρισμα,' Oikonomides, p. 132; Jeannaraki, p. 237, No 300, with perverted conclusion; Faeriel, II, 396, Passow, No 447 (fragment). Aravandinos, No 348, is translated by Miss Garnett, *Greek Folk Songs*, p. 163.

Translated by Bodmer, I, 82; Döring, p. 85; Arndt, p. 193; Von Marées, p. 45; Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands*, No 64.

1 THERE was a youth, and a well belovd youth,
And he was a esquire's son,
He loved the bayliff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

2 She was coy, and she would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him show.

3 But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

4 And when he had been seven long years,
And his love he had not seen,
'Many a tear have I shed for her sake
When she little thought of me.'

5 All the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play;
All but the bayliff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

6 She put off her gown of gray,
And put on her puggish attire;
She's up to fair London gone,
Her true-love to require.

7 As she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
There was she aware of her true-love,
At length came riding by.

8 She stept to him, as red as any rose,
And took him by the bridle-ring:
'I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
To ease my weary limb.'

9 'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Where that thou wast born?'
'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
'Where I have had many a scorn.'

10 'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Whether thou dost know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'
'She's dead, sir, long ago.'

11 'Then will I sell my goodly steed,
My saddle and my bow;
I will into some far countrey,
Where no man doth me know.'

12 'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!
She's alive, she is not dead;
Here she standeth by thy side,
And is ready to be thy bride.'

13 'O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times and more !

For now I have seen my own true-love,
That I thought I should have seen no more.'

a-f. True Love Requited, or, The Bayliff's Daughter of Islington.

The young man's friends the maid did scorn,
Cause she was poor, and left forlorn ;
They sent the esquire to London fair,
To be an apprentice seven year.
And when he out on 's time was come,
He met his love, a going home,
And then, to end all further strife,
He took the maid to be his wife.

To a North Countrey Tune, or, I have a
good old mother at home.

e, f have of's, of his, in verse 5.
a. 8². bridal ring, and so all but f.

At the end: Printed for P. Brooksby, at the
Golden Ball in Pye-Corner. *Brooksby printed*
1672-95: *Chappell.*

b. 1². a squire's.

Printed for J. Walter, at the Golden Bal[1] in
Pye-Corner. *J. Walter's time is 1690-1720:*
Chappell.

c. 1². a *wanting*. 6². her *wanting*.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in
Pye-Corner.

d. 3⁴. a apprentice. 6². her *wanting*.

9². was. 12¹. thou well belovd.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in
West Smithfield.

e. 3¹. a apprentice. 6². her *wanting*.

6⁴. inquire. 8³. a penny.

9². was. 11¹. I sell *wanting*.

12¹. thou well belovd.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golde[n] Ball,
near the Bear Tavern, in Pye Corner.

f. 1¹. was was youth. 1². a squire's. 2¹. He was.

2³. would she. 5¹. When all . . . of fair.

6². her ragged. 6³. And she is.

6⁴. After her . . . enquire. 7¹. And as.

8¹. a rose. 8². bridle. 8⁴. For to.

9². Whereat. 10². Whether that. 11¹. I will.

11³. And travel into. 13³. I see.

13⁴. should neer see more.

Printed and sold in Aldermary Churchyard,
Bow Lane, London. "1700, or a little later."

106

THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN

a. Wood, E. 25, fol. 75, Bodleian Library. b. Pepys,
III, 142, No 140, Magdalen College Library, Cam-

bridge. c. A Collection of Old Ballads, I, 216,
1723.

THIS ballad was given in Percy's Reliques, III, 87, 1765, "from a written copy, containing some improvements (perhaps modern ones)." These improvements are execrable in style and in matter, so far as there is new matter, but not in so glaring contrast with the groundwork as literary emendations of traditional ballads. Ritson reprinted in A Select

Collection of English Songs, II, 244, 1783, some broadside like that which was followed by c.*

'Sweet Willie' in Kinloch MSS, V, 407 and VII, 197 (the latter printed in Kinloch's

* Heber had a copy printed by J. Andrews, who flourished 1655-60.

Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 96), and also a fragment with the same title in the Harris MS., fol. 20f, No 15, are derived from the broadside through recitation. A copy in Buchan's MSS, I, 150, is taken directly from print.

In other cases portions of the broadside appear to have entered into combination with traditional verses belonging to some other story, or possibly to some older form of this.

The Dean of Derry communicated to Percy in 1776 the following stanzas, which he wrote down from the recitation of his mother, Mrs Barnard, wife of the Bishop of Derry.*

- 1 My mother showd me a deadly spight ;
She sent three thieves at darksome night ;
They put my servants all to flight,
They rob'd my bower, and they slew my knight.
- 2 They could not do me much more harm,
But they slew my baby on my arm ;
They left me nothing to wrap it in
But the bloody, bloody sheet that it lay in.
- 3 They left me nothing to make a grave
But the bloody sword that slew my babe ;
All alone the grave I made,
And all alone salt tears I shed.
- 4 All alone the bell I rung,
And all alone sweet psalms I sung ;
I leant my head against a block,
And there I cut my lovely locks.
- 5 I eut my locks, and chang'd my name
From Fair Eleanore to Sweet William.

Scott inserted in his Border Minstrelsy, III, 83, 1803, seven stanzas under the title of 'The Lament of the Border Widow,' which show broader traces of the sheet-ballad (1-3), and also, as Aytoun has remarked, agreements with

* Mrs Barnard makes this note: I remember to have seen a printed ballad, at least seventy years since, in which this was contain'd, as sung by a youth, overheard by a king he serv'd, and exalted to become his queen. I fancy these scenes were in Germany, by the names. — Percy regards the verses as a "fragment of an older copy than that printed of 'The Lady turnd Serving-Man.'"

† The Border Widow's Lament has received extraordinary favor. It has been translated by Schubart, p. 209; Talvj, Charakteristik, p. 570; Fiedler, Geschichte der schottischen

'The Three Ravens' and with 'Fair Helen of Kireonnell' (5-7). 'The Lament of the Border Widow,' "obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick," has been thought to relate to the execution of Cokburne, a border-free-booter, by James V. Those who are interested in such random inventions (as, under pardon, they must be called) will find particulars in Scott's introduction, and a repetition of the same in Maidment's Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary, II, 170.†

- 1 My love he built me a bonny bower,
And elad it a' wi lilye-flour ;
A brawer bower ye neer did see
Than my trne-love he built for me.
- 2 There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away,
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.
- 3 He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;
He slew my knight, and poind his gear ;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.
- 4 I sewd his sheet, making my mane ;
I watched the corpse, myself alone ;
I watched his body, night and day ;
No living creature came that way.
- 5 I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sate ;
I diggd a grave, and laid him in,
And happd him with the sod sae green.
- 6 But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul on his yellow hair ?
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turnd about, away to gae ?
- 7 Nae living man I 'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;

Liederdichtung, p. 29; Freiligrath, Zwischen den Garben, II, 229, Stuttgart, 1877; Doenniges, p. 77; Knortz, L. u. R. Alt-Englands, p. 195, No 58. Cunningham furbished up the verses a little in The Songs of Scotland, II, 97. The copy in Chambers's Scottish Songs, I, 174, is Cunningham's, all but the sixth stanza, which is from Scott. — A great deal of nonsense passes in ballads, but I am impelled to ask just here how a lover would go about to clothe a bower with lily-flower. Is the ballad lily a climbing plant ?

Wi ae lock of his yellow hair
I 'll chain my heart for evermair.

Again, there are six couplets in Johnson's Museum, p. 90, No 89, called, from the burden, 'Oh ono chrio,' which have a little of The Border Widow, and incidentally of The Flower of Serving-Men, winding up with sentiments of transcendent elegance.

Oh was I not a weary wight,
Maid, wife and widow in one night !

When in my soft and yielding arms,
When most I thought him free from harms,

Even at the dead time of the night,
They broke my bower, and slew my knight.

With ae lock of his jet-black hair
I'll tye my heart for ever mair.

Nae sly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,
Shall eer untye this knott again.

Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee.

"Dr Blacklock informed Burns that this song . . . was composed on the horrid massacre at Glencoe": Stenhouse's note, IV, 92.

The English broadside, which may reasonably be believed to be formed upon a predecessor in the popular style, has been held to have a common origin with the Scandinavian ballad 'Maid and Stable Boy,' already spoken of under 'Child Waters' at p. 84f of this volume. The points of resemblance are that a maid cuts her hair, dons man's clothes, and seeks service with a king. In the end she is married to the king's son, or to a nobleman of his court. The differences, in other respects, are considerable.

Percy's ballad is translated by Bodmer, I, 160; by Merk, Ursinus, p. 79, and Bothe, p. 307; by Döring, p. 329.

1 You beautious ladies, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in this land.

2 I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and onely heir,
But when my good old father dy'd,
Then was I made a young knight's bride.

3 And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeckt with many a fragrant flower ;
A braver bower you never did see
Then my true-love did build for me.

4 But there came thieves late in the night,
They rob'd my bower, and slew my knight,
And after that my knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.

5 My servants all from me did flye,
In the midst of my extremity,
And left me by my self alone,
With a heart more cold then any stone.

6 Yet, though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair ;
Wherefore in hast I chang'd my name
From Fair Elise to Sweet William.

7 And therewithal I cut my hair,
And drest my self in man's attire,
My doublet, hose, and bever-hat,
And a golden band about my neck.

8 With a silver rapier by my side,
So like a gallant I did ride ;
The thing that I delighted on,
Was for to be a serving-man.

9 Thus in my sumptuous man's array,
I bravely rode along the way ;
And at the last it chanced so
That I unto the king's court did go.

10 Then to the king I bowed full low,
My love and duty for to show,
And so much favour I did crave
That I a serving-man's place might have.

11 'Stand up, brave youth, the king replyd,
'Thy service shall not be denyd ;
But tell me first what thou canst do ;
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

12 'Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all ?
Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,
To wait on me when I shall dine ?

13 'Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
To make my bed both soft and fine ?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard ?
And I will give thee thy reward.'

14 Sweet William, with a smiling face,
Said to the king, If 't please your grace
To show such favour unto me,
Your chamberlain I fain would be.

15 The king then did the nobles call,
To ask the counsel of them all,
Who gave consent Sweet William he
The king's own chamberlain should be.

16 Now mark what strange things came to pass :
As the king one day a hunting was,
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William did at home remain.

17 Sweet William had no company then
With him at home but an old man ;
And when he saw the coast was clear,
He took a lute which he had there.

18 Upon the lute Sweet William plaid,
And to the same he sung and said,
With a pleasant and most noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice :

19 'My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford ;
My mother was a lady bright,
My husband was a valiant knight.

20 'And I my self a lady gay,
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array ;
The bravest lady in the land
Had not more pleasures to command.

21 'I had my musick every day,
Harmonious lessons for to play ;
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on me.

22 'But now, alas ! my husband 's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled ;
My former joys are past and gone,
For now I am a serving-man.'

23 At last the king from hunting caine,
And presently upon the same
He called for the good old man,
And thus to speak the king began.

24 'What news, what news, old man ? ' quod he ;
'What news hast thou to tell to me ? '
'Brave news,' the old man he did say ;
'Sweet William is a lady gay.'

25 'If this be true thou tellest me
I 'le make thee a lord of high degree ;
But if thy words do prove a lye,
Thou shalt be hanged up presently.'

26 But when the king the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound ;
According as the old man did say,
Sweet William was a lady gay.

27 Therefore the king without delay
Put on her glorious rich array,
And upon her head a crown of gold,
Which was most famous to behold.

28 And then, for fear of further strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife ;
The like before was never seen,
A serving-man to be a queen.

a. Printed for J. Hose, next door but one to the Rose Inn, near Holbourn-bridge. John Hose, over against Staples-Inn, near Gray's Inn Lane, *printed, according to Chappell, 1660-1675.*

b. Printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passinger. W.

Thackeray's date, *Chappell*, is 1660-1689 ; T. Passinger's, 1670-1682.

a, b *have for title and preface :*
The Famous Flower of Serving-men, or,
The Lady turnd Serving-man.

Her lover being slain, her father dead,
Her bower robd, her servants fled,
She drest her self in mans attire,
She trim'd her locks, she cut her hair,
And therupon she changde her name
From Fair Elise to Sweet William.

To a dainty tune, or Flora Farewel, Summer-
Time, or Love's Tide.

Before 19 : Sweet William's Song.

After 22 : The end of Sweet William's Song.

a. *After 8* : The Second Part, to the same tune.

b. 8⁴. It was to. 12⁴. I do. 20⁴. pleasure.

c. 2⁴. I was. 8⁴. It was to. 9⁴. I to.

12⁴. I do. 16¹. thing. 17². the house.

18². a sweet and noble voice.

20⁴. pleasure. 23³. this good.

25¹. tellst to.

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WILL STEWART AND JOHN

A. 'Will Stewart and John,' Percy Manuscript, p. 428; Hales and Furnivall, III, 216. B. 'Tring Dilly,' Campbell's MSS, II, 30.

THE fragment B is disordered as well as mutilated. B 1 corresponds to A 18, 13; 2 to 14; 3 to 19, 40; 4 to 41, 42; 5 to 43; 6 to 35, 36; 7 to 17. It is simply a confused recollection of some parts of the ballad.

The first stanza furnishes a sort of general lyrical introduction, and does not belong to the story, to which, as I conceive, the circumstance that Adlatts Park is wide and broad is of no more special pertinence than the other which follows, that grass grows green in our countrye. See I, 7, note.

Will Stewart, of Argyle Castle, languishes with love for the Earl of Mar's daughter, and lies in care-bed. His younger brother, John, a wiser man, offers to go a-wooing for his brother, and to forward his object takes service with the Earl of Mar as chamberlain to his daughter. One Sunday, as John is conveying the lady home from church, he makes known to her that he is a messenger. The lady at first, like Shakspere's Olivia, would rather he should speak for himself, but upon hearing what John has to say for his brother is ready to love Will heartily. She bids her lover come with a hundred men to a foot-ball match on Sunday after St Andrew's day. He must

play sixteen games, and if he win the greater part she shall love him the more. This tidings makes Will Stewart leap from care-bed. He chooses a hundred men from eleven score and three, dresses them in green, himself in scarlet (about which the lady had been particular), meets his mistress at the rendezvous, gives her a kiss of courtesy, and wins twelve of the sixteen games. The Earl of Mar invites Will to his house, where the Stewart avows his love for his daughter; he knows not whether the lady loves him. "God forbid!" exclaims the earl. "I would rather thou wert hanged or burned. To thy chamber, lady, or I will beat thee before the Stewart's eye." Will, with John, who renounces Mar's service, returns to Argyle Castle, and Will leaps into care-bed again. A parliament is held at Edinburgh, to which both brothers are summoned. Mar discovers that Will is an earl's son, and even the king's cousin, but this discovery has no effect to change the mind of the peremptory nobleman. Will and John go back to Argyle Castle when the parliament is done, and Will once more leaps into care-bed. John, in great concern for his brother, offers to go a-wooing for

him again. He disguises himself as a beggar, comes to Mar's house on a dole-day, makes his way to the lady and sticks by her till all the beggars are gone, and then tells her that he is no beggar, but a messenger. The lady, reproached for her cruelty, says the blame is not hers, and appoints Will to meet her within three days at Martinsdale with a hundred men, they and he dressed as before. Will leaps out of care-bed, chooses a hundred of the best out of eleven score men and three, rides to Martinsdale, and finds the true lady waiting for him. They send for priest and clerk and are married, and she goes home with Will. A twelvemonth after, John is despatched to bid the Earl of Mar to a christening. John

frightens the earl with an intimation that his daughter will now be returned on his hands. This brings the wilful father round. The marriage ceremony is performed over again, and Will made Earl of Mar.

As Mr Hales has remarked, Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, III, 215, the allusions to manners and customs are highly interesting: as, to foot-ball matches, 27; to the kiss of courtesy, 35³; to the beating of daughters, 42⁴, 43³; to the dole-day, 66²; to the beggar's dress and equipment, 61, 78³.

The superfluous *that* in 3⁴, 16³, 18⁴, 38¹, 68¹, 89², is common in the ballads of the Percy manuscript.

A

Percy MS., p. 428; Hales and Furnivall, III, 216.

- 1 ADLATTS parke is wyde and broad,
And grasse growes grene in our coun-
trye;
Eche man can gett the loue of his ladye,
But alas, I can gett none of mine !
- 2 Itt's by two men I sing my song,
Their names is William Stewart and Iohn ;
William he is the elder brother,
But Iohn hee is the wiser man.
- 3 But William he is in care-bed layd,
And for the loue of a ffaire ladye ;
If he haue not the loue of the Erle of Mar's
daughter.
In ffaith ffor loue *that* he must dye.
- 4 Then Iohn was sorry ffor his brother,
To see him lye and languish soe :
' What doe you mourne for, brother ? ' he
saies,
' I pray you tell to me your woe.
- 5 ' Doe [you] mourne for gold, brother ? ' he
saies,
' Or doe you mourne ffor ffee ?
Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,
You neuer saw her with your eye ? '

- 6 ' I doe not mourne for gold,' he saies,
' Nor I doe not mourne for any ffee ;
But I doe mourne for a likesome ladye,
I neere blinke on her with mine eye.'
- 7 ' But when haruest is gotten, my deere broth-
er —
All this is true *that* I tell thee —
Gentlemen, they loue hunting well,
And giue wight-men their cloth and ffee.
- 8 ' Then I 'le goe a wooing ffor thy sake,
In all the speed *that* I can gone,-
And for to see this likesome ladye,
And hope to send thee good tydings home.'
- 9 Iohn Stewart is gone a wooing for his brother,
Soe ffarr into ffaire Scotland,
And left his brother in mikle ffeare,
Vntill he heard the good tydand.
- 10 And when he came to the Erle of Mar's his
house,
Soe well he could his curtesye,
And when he came before the erle,
He kneeled low downe vpon his knee.
- 11 ' O rise vp, rise vp, Iohn Steward,
Rise vp, now, I doe bidd thee ;
How doth thy ffather, Iohn Stewart,
And all the lords in his countrie ? '

12 'And itt please you, my lord, my ffather is dead;
My brother and I cannott agree;
My brother and I am ffallen att discord,
And I am come to craue a service of thee.'

13 'O welcome, welcome, Iohn Stewart,
A welcome man thou art to me;
I 'le make thee chamberlaine to my daughter,
And ffor to tend of *that* ladye soe ffree.'

14 'And if thou wilt haue a better office,
Aske, and thou shall haue itt of mee;
And where I giue other men a penny of wage,
Inffait, Iohn, thou shalt haue three.'

15 And then bespake him John Stewart,
And these were the words said hee :
There is no office in your court
This day *that* better pleaseth mee.

16 The Ffryday is gone, the Sunday is come —
All this is true *that* I doe say —
And to the church that they be gone,
John Stewart and the lady gay.

17 And as they did come home againe —
I-wis itt was a meeten mile —
John Stewart and the lady gay,
They thought itt but a [little] while.

18 'I am a messenger, ladye,' he saies,
'I am a messenger to thee :'
'O speake ffor thy selfe, John Stewart,' shee
saies,
'A welcome man *that* thou shalt bee.'

19 'Nay, by my ffaith,' saies John Stewart,
'Which euer, alas, *that* may not bee !
He hath a higher degree in honour,
Allas, ladye, then euer I !

20 'He is a lord now borne by birth,
And an erle affter his ffather doth dye ;
His haire is yellow, his eyes becene gray ;
All this is true *that* I tell yee.

21 'He is ffine in the middle, and small in the wast,
And pleasant in a woman's eye ;
And more nor this, he dyes for your loue,
Therefore, lady, show some pitty.'

22 'If this be soe,' then saies the lady,
'If this be trne *that* thou tells mee, !
By my ffaith then, Iohn Stewart,
I can loue him hartilye.'

23 'Bidd him meete me att S^t Patr[i]cke's Church
On Sunday after S^t Andrew's day ;
The fflower of Scotland will be there,
And then begins our summer's play.'

24 'And bidd him bring with him a hundred gunners,
And rawnke ryders lett them bee,
And lett them bee of the rankest ryders
That be to be ffound in *that* countrye.'

25 'They best and worst, and all in like,
Bidd him cloth them in one liuerye ;
And ffor his men, greene is the best,
And greene now lett their liueryes bee.'

26 'And clothe himselfe in scarlett redd,
That is soe seemlye ffor to see ;
Ffor scarlett is a ffaire coulour,
And pleasant allwayes in a woman's eye.

27 'He must play sixteene games att ball,
Against the men of this countrye,
And if he winn the greater part,
Then I shall love him more tenderlye.'

28 What the lady said, John Stewart writh,
And to Argyle Castle sent it hee ;
And [when] Willie Steward saw the letter,
Fforth of care-bed then lope hee.

29 Hee mustered together his merry men all,
Hee mustered them soe louelilye ;
Hee thought hee had had searson halfe a hundred,
Then had hee eleuen score and three.

30 He chose fforth a hundred of the best
That were to be ffound in *that* countrye,
He cladd them all in one coulour,
And greene i-wis their liueryes bee.

31 He cladd himselfe in scarlett redd,
That is soe seemlye ffor to see ;
Ffor scarlett is a ffaire coulor,
And seemlye in a woman's eye.

32 And then towards Patricke Church he went,
 With all his men in braue array,
 To gett a sight, if he might,
 And speake with his lady gay.

33 When they came to Patricke's churche,
 Shee kneeled downe by her mother trulye :
 ' O mother, if itt please you to giue me leaue,
 The Stewart's horsse ffaine wold I see.'

34 ' I le giue you leaue, my deere daughter,
 And I and my maide will goe with yee :'
 The lady had rather hane gone her selfe
 Then hane had her mother's companye.

35 When they came before Willie Stewart,
 Soe well hee cold his curtesye :
 ' I wold kisse your daughter, ladye,' he said,
 ' And if your will that soe itt bee.'

36 The ladye's mother was content
 To doe a straunger *that* curtesye ;
 And when Willie had gotten a kisse,
 I-wis shee might haue teemed him three.

37 Sixteen games were plaid *that* day there —
 This is the truth as I doe say —
 Willie Stewart and his merry men,
 Thé carryed twelue of them away.

38 And when they games *that* they were done,
 And all they ffolkes away were gone
 But the Erle of Marr and William Stewart,
 The erle wold needs haue William home.

39 And when they came vnto the erle's howse,
 They walked to a garden greene ;
 Ffor to conferr of their bussines,
 Into the garden they be gone.

40 ' I loue your daughter,' saies William Stewart,
 ' But I cannott tell whether she loueth mee :'
 ' Marry, God defend,' saies the Erle of Mar,
 ' That ener soe *that* itt shold bee !

41 ' I had rather a gallowes there was made,
 And hange thee ffor my daughter's sake ;
 I had rather a ffyer were made att a stake,
 And burne thee ffor my daughter's sake !

42 ' To chamber, to chamber, gay ladye,' he saies,
 ' In the deuill's name now I bidd thee !

And thou gett thee not to the chamber soone,
 I le beate thee before the Stewart's eye.'

43 And then bespake William Stewart,
 These were the words said hee :
 ' If thou beate thy daughter for my sake,
 Thou 'st beate a hundred men and mee.'

44 Then bespake Iohn Stewart —
 ' Lord ! an angry man was hee —
 ' O churle, if thou wouldest not haue macht
 with my brother,
 Thou might haue answerd him curteously.'

45 ' O hold thy peace, Iohn Stewart,
 And chamber thy words now, I bidd thee ;
 If thou chamber not thy words soone,
 Thou 'st loose a good service ; soe shalt thou
 doe me.'

46 ' Marry ! hang them *that* cares,' saies Iohn
 Stewart,
 ' Either ffor thy service or ffor thee ;
 Services can I haue enoughe,
 But brethren wee must euer bee.'

47 William Stewart and his brother Iohn,
 To Argyle Castle gon they bee ;
 And when Willye came to Argyle Castle,
 Into care-bedd then lope hee.

48 A parlaint att Edenborrow was made,
 The *king* and his nobles all mett there ;
 Thé sent ffor William Stewart and Iohn,
 To come amongst the other peeres.

49 Their clothing was of scarlett redd,
 That was soe seemelye ffor to see ;
 Blacke hatts, white ffeathers plewed with
 gold,
 And sett all on their heads trulye.

50 Their stockings were of twisted silke,
 With garters ffringed about with gold ;
 Their shoes were of the cordevine,
 And all was comelye to behold.

51 And when they came to Edenborrowe,
 They called ffor Iohn Stewart and Willie :
 ' I answer in a lord's roome,' saies Will Stewart,
 ' But an erle I hope to bee.'

52 'Come downe, come downe,' saies the Lord of Marr,
 ' I knew not what was thy degree : '
 ' O churle, if I might not haue macht with thy daughter,
 Itt had not beene long of my degree.'

53 'My ffather, hee is the *king* his brother,
 And then the *king* is vncle to me ;
 O churle, if I might not haue macht with thy daughter,
 Itt had not beene long of my degree.'

54 'O hold your peace,' then sayd the *king*,
 ' Cozen William, I doe bidd thee ;
 Infaith, cozen William, he loues you the worsse
 Because you are a-kinn to mee.'

55 'I 'le make thee an erle with a siluer wande,
 And adde more honors still to thee ;
 Thy brother Iohn shall be a lord,
 Of the best att home in his countrye.'

56 'Thy brother Kester shalbe a knight,
 Lands and liuings I will him giue,
 And still hee shall liue in court with mee,
 And I 'le maintaine him whilst he doth liue.'

57 And when the parlaiment was done,
 And all the ffolkes away were gone,
 Willye Stewart and Iohn his brother,
 To Argyle Castle they be gone.

58. But when they came to Argyle Castle,
 That was soe ffarr in *that* countrie,
 He thought soe much then of his loue
 That into care-bedd then lope hee.

59 John Stewart did see his brother soe ill,
Lord, in his heart *that* hee was woe !
 'I will goe wooing for thy sake
 Againe yonder gay ladye to.'

60 'I 'le cloth my selfe in strange array,
 In a beggar's habbitt I will goe,
 That when I come before the Erle of Marr
 My clothing strange he shall not knowe.'

61 John hee gott on a clouted cloake,
 Soe meete and low then by his knee,

With four garters vpon one legg,
 Two aboue, and towe below trulye.'

62 'But if thou be a beggar, brother,
 Thou art a beggar *that* is vnowne ;
 Ffor thou art one of the stoutest beggars
 That euer I saw since I was borne.'

63 'Heere, geeue the lady this gay gold ringe,
 A token to her *that* well is knowne ;
 And if shee but aduise itt well,
 Shee 'le know some time itt was her owne.'

64 'Stay, by my ffaith, I goe not yett,'
 John Stewart he can replye ;
 'I 'le haue my bottle ffull of beere,
 The best *that* is in thy butterye.'

65 'I 'le haue my sachell ffilld full of meate,
 I am sure, brother, [it] will doe noe harme ;
 Ffor, before I come to the Erle of Marr's his house,
 My lipps, I am sure, they wilbe warme.'

66 And when he came to the Erle of Marr's house,
 By chance itt was of the dole-day ;
 But Iohn cold ffind no place to stand,
 Vntill he came to the ladye gaye.

67 But many a beggar he threw downe,
 And made them all with weeping say,
 He is the devill, hee is no beggar,
 That is come fforth of some strange countrye.

68 And now the dole *that* itt is delte,
 And all the beggars be gon away,
 Sauing Iohn Stewart, *that* seemed a beggar,
 And the ladye *that* was soe gay.

69 'Lady,' sais Iohn, 'I am no beggar,
 As by my clothes you may thinke *that* I bee ;
 I am your servant, Iohn Stewart,
 And I am sent a messenger to thee.'

70 'But if thou be Iohn Stewart,
 As I doe thinke *that* thou bee,
 Avayle thy capp, avayle thy hoode,
 And I will stand and speake to thee.'

71 'How doth thy brother, Iohn Stewart,
 And all the lords in his countrye ?'

‘O ffye vpon thee, wicked woman !
My brother he doth the worsse ffor thee.’

72 With that the teares stood in her eyes ;
O lord, shee wept soe tenderlye !
Sais, Ligg the blame vnto my ffather ;
I pray you, Iohn Stewart, lay it not to mee.

73 Comend me to my owne true-loue,
That lies soe farr in the North countrye,
And bidd him meete me att Martingsdale,
Ffullye w[i]thin these dayes threec.

74 Hang them, sais the lady gay,
That letts their ffather witting bee !
I le protie a ladye ffull of loue.
And be there by the sunn be a quarter highe.

75 And bidd him bring with him a hundred gun-
ners,
And ranke riders lett them bee ;
Lett them be of the rankest ryders
That be to be ffonnd in *that* countrye.

76 The best and worse, and all in like,
Bidd him clothe them in one liuerye ;
And for his men, greene is the best,
And greene now lett their lyueryes bee.

77 And cloth himselfe in scarlett redd,
That is soe seemelye for to see ;
For scarlett is a ffaire coulor,
And pleasant in a woman’s eye.

78 What they lady sayd, Iohn Stewart writt,
To Argyle Castle sent itt hee ;
His bagg and his dish and showing horne,
Unto three beggars he gaue them all three.

79 And when Willie Stewart saw the letter,
Fforth of care-bed then lope hee ;
He thought himselfe as lustye and sound
As any man in *that* countrye.

80 He mustered together his merrymen all,
He mustered them soe louinglye ;
He thought he had had scarce halfe a hundred,
Then had hee eleuen score and three.

81 He chose fforth a hundred of the best
That were to be found in *that* compayne,

And presentlye they tooke their horsse,
And to Martingsdale posted hee.

82 And when he came to Martingsdale,
He found his loue staying there trulye,
For shee was a lady true of loue,
And was there by [the] sunn was a qwarter
highe.

83 Shee kisst William Stewart and his brother
Iohn,
Soo did shee part of his merry men :
‘If the churle, thy ffather, hee were here,
He shold not hauue thee baeke againe.’

84 They sent ffor preist, they sent ffor clarke,
And they were marryed there with speede ;
William tooke the lady home with him,
And they liued together long time indeed.

85 And in twelue monthe soe they wrought,
The lady shee was great with childe ;
Thé sent Iohn Stewart to the Erle off Marre,
To come and christen the barne soe milde.

86 ‘And if this be soe,’ sayes the Erle of Marre,
‘Iohn Stewart, as thou tells mee,
I hope in God you haue marryed my daugh-
ter.
And put her bodye to honestye.’

87 ‘Nay, by my ffaith,’ then saies Iohn Stewart,
‘Ffor euer alas *that* shall not bee ;
Ffor now wee haue put her body to shame,
Thou ’st haue her againe haine to thee.’

88 ‘I had rather make thee Erle of Marre,
And marry my daughter vnto thee ;
For by my ffaith,’ sais the Erle of Marr,
‘Her marryage is marrd in our countrye.’

89 ‘If this be soe,’ then sais Iohn Stewart,
‘A marryage soone *that* thou shalt see ;
Ffor my brother William, my ffather’s heyre,
Shall marry thy daughter before thine eye.’

90 They sent ffor preist, thé sent ffor clarke,
And marryed there they were with speede ;
And William Stewart is Erle of Marr,
And his ffather-in-law dwells with him in-
deed.

B

Campbell MSS, II, 30.

1 'SPEAK for yoursell, John Stewart,' he did say,
 ' Speak for yoursell, John Stewart,' he did say,
 ' Speak for yoursell, John Stewart,' he did say,
 ' And soon an answer I will gie to thee ;
 The highest service I can give thee
 Is to wait on my daughter Ailly.'

2 '

 If ever I gie a man a penny wage,
 I 'm sure, John Stewart, ye shall hae three.'

3 'I speak not for myself,' John Stewart he did
 say,
 ' I speak for a lord of a higher degree ;
 The message is from my brother William,
 Your loving daughter's husband to be.'

4 '

I 'll rather beat fair Ailly in my leather bang,
 As lang as she can either stand or gang.'

5 '

 ' Ye hadna beat her before my face
 Or ye 'll beat three hundred men and me.'

6 When William came to Mulbery Hall,
 He kissd the ladies one and all ;
 But when he cam to fair Ailly,
 She thought he might hae gaen her twa or
 three.

7 Between the kitchen and the garden
 It is calld a measured mile ;
 That lady and that lord fell into discourse,
 And they thought they rode it in a short
 while.

Chorus: Tring dilly, tring dilly, tring ding
 dido,
 Tring dilly, tring dilly, dolo dee.

A. 2¹. by 2. 14⁴. hause 3. 24¹. a 100.
 27⁴. love is written in the MS. by a later
 hand between then and I. *Furnivall.*
 29³. a 100^d. 29⁴. 11 score.
 30¹. a 100. 36⁴. him 3.
 37¹. 16 games. 37⁴. 12 of.
 38³. Marrs. 38⁴. & the Erle. 40³. March.
 43⁴. a 100^d: men and nee.
 44⁴. might has two strokes for the i in the MS.
Furnivall.
 48⁴. amongst has four strokes for the m in the
 MS. *Furnivall.*

51³. in L, MS. *Furnivall.*
 52¹. Mars. 60³. March.
 61³. 4 garters. 61⁴. 2 aboue.
 73⁴. dayes 3. 75¹. a 100^d. Gunners has m in
 place of nn. *Furnivall.*
 75³. Two or three letters appear one over the
 other for the s in ryders. *Furnivall.*
 78⁴. vnto 3, all 3. 80³. a 100 d.
 80⁴. 11 score. 81¹. a 100^d.
 84³. n instead of m in home. *Furnivall.*
 85¹. in 12. 85⁴. chrsten.
 And throughout for &.

108

CHRISTOPHER WHITE

‘Christopher White,’ Percy MS., p. 513; Hales and Furnivall, III, 494.

A RICH merchant, burgess of Edinburgh, overhears a lady making moan for Christopher White, who is banished from England. He makes her great offers to abandon Christopher and lay her love on him. She resists these offers at first, and tells him that if she is false to Christopher she cannot be true to him. But silver and gold makes her heart turn and makes her leave good company. After she has been married two or three months tidings come to Edinburgh that all the merchants must to sea; it is for service against Spain, 17⁴. The lady takes advantage of her husband's absence to write to Christopher; she sends him a hundred pound and bids him come to Edinburgh. Christopher first goes to London and obtains pardon of the king of

England, then makes for Edinburgh. The lady tells him that she is a merchant's wife, and he shall have enough of the merchant's gold. Christopher, who seems not till then to have known of her marriage, begins an indignant answer, but the lady cuts him short with an offer to go to England with him. They pack up silver and gold and make off to Little England, whatever that may be (perhaps a Percy MS. phrase: see ‘Hugh Spencer,’ st. 34). The merchant comes back, and is told that his wife has fled with Christopher. He does not care for the loss of silver and gold, but mourns for the lady, who, he frankly owns, had given him due warning of what he might look for.

1 As I walked fforth one morninge,
By one place *that* pleased mee,
Wherin I heard a wandering wight,
Sais, Christopher White is good compayne.

2 I drew me neere, and very neere,
Till I was as neere as neere cold bee;
Loth I was her councell to discreene,
Because I wanted compayne.

3 ‘Say on, say on, thou well faire mayd,
Why makest thou moane soe heauly? ’
Sais, All is ffor one wandering wight,
Is banished fforth of his owne countrye.

4 ‘I am the burgesse of Edenburrow,
Soo am I more of townes three;
I haue money and gold great store,
Come, sweet wench, and ligg thy loue on
mee.’

5 The merchant pulled forth a bagg of gold
Which had hundreds two or three;
Sais, Euery day throughout the weeke
I ’le comt as much downe on thy knee.

6 ‘O merchant, take thy gold againe,
A good liuing ’t will purchase thee;
If I be ffalse to Christopher White,
Merchant, I cannott be true to thee.’

7 Sais, I haue halls, soe haue I bowers,
Sais, I haue shipps sayling on the sea;
I am the burgess of Edenburrowe;
Come, sweete wench, ligge thy loue on mee.

8 Come on, come, thou well faire mayde,
Of our matters lett vs goe throughe,
For to-morrowe I ’le marry thee,
And thy dwelling shalbe in Edenburrough.

9 The lady shee tooke this gold in her hand,
 The teares the ffell ffast ffrom her eye ;
 Sais, Siluer and gold makes my hart to turne,
 And makes me leane good compayne.

10 They had not beene marryed
 Not ouer monthes two or three,
 But tydings came to Edenburrowe
 That all the merchants must to the sea.

11 Then as this lady sate in a deske,
 Shee made a loue-letter ffull round ;
 She mad a *lettre* to *Christopher White*,
 And in itt shee put a hundred pound.

12 She lin'd the letter with gold soe red,
 And mony good store in itt was found ;
 Shee sent itt to *Christopher White*,
 That was soe ffar in the Scotts ground.

13 Shee bade him then ffrankely spend,
 And looke that hee shold merry bee,
 And bid him come to Edenburrowe,
 Now all the merchants be to the sea.

14 But *Christopher* came to leeue London,
 And there he kneeled lowly downe,
 And there hee begd his pardon then,
 Of our noble king that ware the crowne.

15 But when he came to his true-loue's house,
 Which was made both of lime and stone,
 Shee tooke him by the lily-white hand,
 Sais, True-loue, you are welcome home !

16 Weleome, my honey, welcome, my ioy,
 Weleome, my true-loue, home to mee !
 Ffor thou art hee that will lengthen my
 dayes,
 And I know thou art good compayne.

17 *Christopher*, I am a merchant's wiffe ;
Christopher, the more shall be your gaine ;

18 'But if you be a merchant's wiffe,
 Something to much you are to blame ;
 I will thee reade a lone-letter
 Shall sture thy stumps, thou noble dame.'

19 'Althoug I be a merchant's wiffe,
 shall mine
 . . and g
 Into England I 'le goe with the.'

20 They packet vp both siluer and plate,
 Siluer and gold soe great plentye,
 And they be gon into Little England,
 And the merchant must them nener see.

21 And when the merchants they came home,
 Their wiues to eche other can say,
 Heere hath beene good *Christopher White*,
 And he hath tane thy wiffe away.

22 They hane packett vp spoone and plate,
 Siluer and gold great plenty,
 And they be gon into Little England,
 And them againe thow must nener see.

23 'I care nott ffor my siluer and gold,
 Nor for my plate soe great plentye,
 But I mourne for that like-some ladye
 That *Christopher White* hath tane ffrom
 mee.

24 'But one thing I must needs confesse,
 This lady shee did say to me,
 If shee were ffalse to *Christopher White*,
 Shee cold neuer be true to mee.

25 'All young men a warning take,
 A warning, looke, you take by mee ;
 Looke that you loue your old lones best,
 For infaith they are best compayne.'

1¹. mornige. 2³. disreeme. 3². thom.
 4². townes 3. 5². 2 or. 9². eyes.
 10². 2 or 3. 11⁴. 100¹¹. 15⁴. yo^r are.
 16³. lenghen. 18³. lertor. 18⁴. stue thy.
 19². ³. *The MS. is pared away at the bottom*

of p. 513, and the writing has perished and
 part of the paper is broken away at the top
 of p. 514. *Furnivall*.
 20¹. siluer & p : see 22¹.
 And for &, throughout.

109

TOM POTTS

A. 'Thomas of Potte,' Percy MS., p. 409; Hales and Furnivall, III, 135.

B. 'The Lovers Quarrel, or, Cupid's Triumph,' etc.
a. London, printed for F. Coles, and others, 1677.

b. Pepys Merriments, I, 189; Ritson, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, p. 115, 1791.

C. 'The Two Constant Lovers in Scotland,' etc., broadside of 1657; Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 248.

ALL the copies here printed are of the seventeenth century, and the ballad need not be put much beyond that date. Modernized editions, differing much, were issued in the century following, perhaps earlier, some of which have a Second Part, narrating the happy married life of Tom Potts, Lord Arundel, and Fair Rosamund. See Halliwell's *Descriptive Notices of Popular English Histories*, p. 17, No 15, Percy Society, vol. xxiii, and the notes to B.

Unequal matches are common enough in ballads and romances, and very naturally, since they are an easy expedient for exciting interest, at least with those who belong to the humbler party. We have other ballad-examples of disparagement on the female side in 'The Bonny Foot-Boy' and 'Ritchie Storie.' No offence seems to be given when King Cophetua weds the Beggar-Maid, but when the Lady of the Strachy marries the Yeoman of the Wardrobe good taste is shocked. Such events would be celebrated only by fellows of the yeoman or of the foot-boy, and surely in the present case the minstrel was not much above the estate of the serving-man. Lord Jockey's reckless liberality throughout, and Lord Phenix's in the end, is a mark of the serving-man's ideal nobleman.

Tom Potts stauches his blood with a charm

in A 75⁴, B 82⁴, just as the sons of Autolycus do that of Ulysses in *Odyssey* xix, 457 f. His rejecting of his master's thirty fine horses in favor of the old white cut-tail is a ludicrous repetition of Hugh Spencer's preference of the hack he had brought over sea, and Walter of Aquitaine's predilection for his worn-out charger. See, further on, 'Hugh Spencer's Feats in France.'

There is a Lord Phenix in a sufficiently absurd ballad in Motherwell's MS., 'Jamie o Lee,' p. 654; an English nobleman who steals the Queen of Scotland's jewels and lays the blame on Jamie o Lee, a page of fifteen years, being himself, for rhyme's sake, thretty three. The page worsts his accuser in a duel and makes him confess.

Mr Macmath notes for me that Swift, in *The Tale of a Tub* (written about 1696), having associated Dryden's Hind and Panther with Tom Thumb, Whittington and his Cat, and other "prime productions of our society," adduces Tommy Potts as "another piece, supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former :" Scott's edition, XI, 72.

The message to Strawberry Castle occurs also in No 65, D, E, F, and No 87 C.

B is translated by Bothe, p. 315.

A

Percy MS., p. 409; Hales and Furnivall, III, 135.

1 ALL you lords of Scotland ffaire,
And ladyes alsoe, bright of blee,
There is a ladye amongst them all,
Of her report you shall heare of me.

2 Of her bewtye shee is soe bright,
And of her colour soe bright of blee ;
Shee is daughter to the Lord Arrndell,
His heyre apparrant ffor to bee.

3 'I 'le see *that* bryde,' Lord Phenix sayes,
'That is a ladye of hye degree,
And iff I like her countenance well,
The heyre of all my land shee'st bee.'

4 To *that* ladye ffayre Lord Phenix came,
And to *that* like-some dame said hee,
Now God thee saue, my ladye ffaire,
The heyre of all my land tho'st bee.

5 'Leaue of your suite,' the ladye sayd ;
'You are a lord of honor ffree ;
You may gett ladyes enowe att home,
And I haue a loue in mine owne countrye.'

6 'I haue a louer true of mine owne,
A servinge-man of a small degree ;
Thomas a Pott, itt is his name,
He is the ffirst loue *that* euer I had, and the
last *that* hee shalbee.'

7 'Giue Thomas a Pott then be his name,
I wott I ken him soe readilye ;
I can spend forty pounds by weeke,
And hee cannott spend pounds three.'

8 'God giue you good of your gold,' said the
ladye,
'And alsoe, sir, of your ffee !
Hee was the ffirst loue *that* euer I had,
And the last, sir, shall hee bee.'

9 With *that* Lord Phenix was sore amoued ;
Vnto her ffather then went hee ;
Hee told her ffather how itt was proued,
How *that* his daughter's mind was sett.

10 'Thou art my daughter,' the Erle of Arrndell
said,
'The heyre of all my land to bee ;

Thou 'st be bryde to the Lord Phenix,
Daughter, giue thou 'le be heyre to mee.'

11 For lacke of her loue this ladye must lose,
Her foolish wooing lay all aside ;
The day is appoyned, and ffreinds are agreeede ;
Shee is fforcte to be the Lord Phenix bryde.

12 With *that* the lady began to muse —
A greeued woman, God wott, was shee —
How shee might Lord Phenix beguile,
And scape vnmarryed ffrom him *that* day.

13 Shee called to her her litle ffoote-page,
To Iacke her boy, soe tenderlye ;
Sayes, Come thou hither, thou litle ffoote-page,
For indeed I dare trust none but thee.

14 To Strawberry Castle, boy, thou must goe,
To Thomas Pott there as hee can bee,
And giue him here this letter ffaire,
And on Guilford Greene bidd him meete me.

15 Looke thou marke his contenance well,
And his colour tell to mee ;
And hye thee ffast, and come againe,
And forty shillings I will giue thee.

16 For if he blush in his fface,
Then in his hart hee 'se sorry bee ;
Then lett my ffather say what hee will,
For false to Potts I 'le neuer bee.

17 And giue hee smile then with his mouth,
Then in his heart hee 'le merry be ;
Then may hee gett him a lone where-euer he
can,
For small of his compayne my part shalbe.

18 Then one while *that* the boy hee went,
Another while, God wott, rann hee,
And when hee came to Strawberry Castle,
There Thomas Potts hee see.

19 Then he gaue him this letter ffaire,
And when he began then for to reade,
They boy had told him by word of mouth
His loue must be the Lord Phenix bryde.

20 With *that*, Thomas a Pott began to blushe,
The teares trickled in his eye :
'Indeed this letter I cannot reede,
Nor neuer a word to see or spy.'

21 'I pray thee, boy, to me thou'le be trew,
 And heer's fine marke I will gine thee;
 And all these words thou must peruse,
 And tell thy lady this ffrom mee.'

22 'Tell her by ffaith and troth shee is mine
 owne,
 By some part of promise, and soe itt's be
 found;
Lord Phenix shall neuer marry her, by night
 nor day,
 Without he can winn her with his hand.'

23 'On Gilford Greene I will her meete,
 And bidd *that* ladye ffor mee pray;
 For there I 'le loose my liffe soe sweete,
 Or else the wedding I will stay.'

24 Then backe againe the boy he went,
 As ffast againe as he cold hye;
 The ladye mett him fne mile on the way:
 'Why hast thou stayd soe long?' saies shee.'

25 'Boy,' said the ladye, 'thou art but younge;
 To please my mind thou'le mocke and
 scorne;
 I will not beleene thee on word of mouth,
 Vnlesse on this booke thou wilt be sworne.'

26 'Marry, by this booke,' the boy can say,
 'As Christ himselfe be true to mee,
 Thomas Pott cold not his letter reade
 For teares trickling in his eye.'

27 'If this be true,' the ladye sayd,
 'Thou bonny boy, thou tells to mee,
 Forty shillings I did thee promise,
 But heere's ten pounds I 'le givitt thee.'

28 'All my maids,' the lady sayd,
 'That this day doe waite on mee,
 Wee will ffall downe vpon our knees,
 For Thomas Pott now pray will wee.'

29 'If his ffortune be now ffor to winn —
 Wee will pray to Christ in Trinetye —
 I 'le make him the fflower of all his kinn,
 Ffor they *Lord* of Arrundale he shalbe.'

30 Now lett vs leaue talking of this ladye faire,
 In her prayer good where shee can bee;
 And I 'le tell you hou Thomas Pott
 For ayd to his lord and master came hee.'

31 And when hee came *Lord* Iockye before,
 He kneeled him low downe on his knee;
 Saies, Thou art welcome, *Thomas Pott*,
 Thou art allwayes full of thy eurtesye.

32 Has thou slaine any of thy ffellowes,
 Or hast thou wrought me some villanye?
 'Sir, none of my ffellowes I haue slaine,
 Nor I haue wrought you noe villanye.'

33 'But I haue a loue in Scotland ffaire,
 I doubt I must lose her through pouertye;
 If you will not beleene me by word of mouth,
 Behold the letter shee writt vnto mee.'

34 When *Lord* Iockye looked the letter vpon,
 The tender words in itt cold bee,
 'Thomas Pott, take thou no care,
 Thou 'st neuer loose her through pouertye.'

35 'Thou shalt have forty pounds a weeke,
 In gold and siluer thou shalt rowe,
 And Harbye towne I will thee allowe
 As longe as thou dost meane to woee.'

36 'Thou shalt haue fortye of thy ffellowes ffaire,
 And forty horsse to goe with thee,
 And forty speares of the best I haue,
 And I my-selfe in thy companye.'

37 'I thanke you, master,' sayd *Thomas Pott*,
 'Neither man nor boy shall goe with mee;
 I wold not ffor a thousand pounds
 Take one man in my companye.'

38 'Why then, God be with thee, *Thomas Pott*!
 Thou art well knownen and proued for a
 man;
 Looke thou shedd no guiltlesse bloode,
 Nor neuer confound no gentlman.'

39 'But looke thou take with him some truce,
 Apoint a place of lybertye;
 Lett him provide as well as hee cann,
 And as well provided thou shalt bee.'

40 And when *Thomas Pott* came to Gilford
 Greene,
 And walked there a litle beside,
 Then was hee ware of the *Lord Phenix*,
 And with him Ladye Rozamund his bryde.

41 Away by the bryde rode *Thomas of Pott*,
 But noe word to her *that he did say* ;
 But when he came *Lord Phenix before*,
 He gaue him the right time of the day.

42 'O thou art welcome, *Thomas a Potts*,
 Thou serving-man, welcome to mee !
 How ffares they *lord and master* att home,
 And all the ladyes in thy euntry ?'

43 'Sir, my *lord and master* is in verry good
 health,
 I wott I ken itt soe readylye ;
 I pray you, will you ryde to one outsyde,
 A word or towne to talke with mee.'

44 'You are a nobleman,' sayd *Thomas a Potts*,
 'Yee are a borne *lord* in Scotland ffree ;
 You may gett ladyes enowe att home ;
 You shall neuer take my loue ffrom
 mee.'

45 'Away, away, thou *Thomas a Potts* !
 Thou seruing-man, stand thou a-side !
 I wott there 's not a serving-man this day,
 I know, can hinder mee of my bryde.'

46 'If I be but a seruing-man,' sayd *Thomas*,
 'And you are a lord of honor ffree,
 A speare or two I 'le with you runn,
 Before I 'le loose her thus cowardlye.'

47 'On Gilford Greene,' *Lord Phenix* saies, 'I 'le
 thee meete ;
 Neither man nor boy shall come hither with
 mee ;'
 'And as I am a man,' said *Thomas a Pott*,
 'I 'le haue as ffew in my companye.'

48 With *that* the wedding-day was stayd,
 The bryde went vnmarryed home againe ;
 Then to her maydens ffast shee loughe,
 And in her hart shee was ffull ffaine.

49 'But all my mayds,' they ladye sayd,
 'That this day doe waite on mee,
 Wee will ffall downe againe vpon our knees,
 For *Thomas a Potts* now pray will wee.

50 'If his ffortune be ffor to winn —
 Wee 'le pray to Christ in Trynitye —
 I 'le make him the fflower of all his kinn,
 For the *Lord of Arrundale* he shalbe.'

51 Now let vs leaue talking of this lady fayre,
 In her prayers good where shee can bee ;
 I 'le tell you the troth how *Thomas a Potts*
 For aide to his lord againe came hee.

52 And when he came to *Strawberry Castle*,
 To try ffor his ladye he had but one weeke ;
 Alacke, ffor sorrow hee cannott fforbeare,
 For four dayes then he ffell sick.

53 With *that* his *lord and master* to him came,
 Sayes, I pray thee, *Thomas*, tell mee without
 all doubt,
 Whether hast thou gotten the bonny ladye,
 Or thou man gange the ladye withoute.

54 'Marry, master, yett *that* matter is vntryde ;
 Within two dayes tryed itt must bee ;
 He is a *lord*, and I am but a seruing-man,
 I doubt I must loose her through pouertye.'
 'Why, *Thomas a Pott*, take thou no care ;
 Thou 'st neuer loose her through pouertye.'

55 'Thou shalt haue halfe my land a yeere,
 And *that* will raise thee many a pound ;
 Before thou shalt loose thy bonny ladye,
 Thou shalt drop angells with him to the
 ground.

56 'And thou shalt haue forty of thy ffellowes
 ffaire,
 And forty horsses to goe with thee,
 And forty speres of the best I haue,
 And I my-selfe in thy companye.'

57 'I thanke you, master,' sayd *Thomas a Potts*,
 'But of one thinge, sir, I wold be ffaine ;
 If I shold loose my bonny ladye,
 How shall I increase your goods againe ?'

58 'Why, if thou winn thy lady ffaire,
 Thou maye well fforth for to pay mee ;
 If thou loose thy lady, thou hast losse enouge ;
 Not one penny I will aske thee.'

59 'Master, you haue thirty horsses in one hold,
 You keepe them ranke and roiallye ;
 There 's an old horsse, — for him you doe not
 care —
 This day wold sett my lady ffree.

60 'That is a white, with a cutt tayle,
 Ffull sixteen yeeres of age is hee ;

Giffe you wold lend me *that* old horsse,
Then I shold gett her easilye.'

61 'Thou takes a ffoolish part,' the *Lord Iockye*
sayd,
'And a ffoolish part thou takes on thee ;
Thou shalt haue a better then euer he was,
That forty pounds cost more nor hee.'

62 'O master, those horsses beene wild and
wicked,
And litle they can skill of the old traine ;
Giffe I be out of my saddle cast,
They beene soe wild they 'le neuer be tane
againe.'

63 'Lett me haue age, sober and wise ;
Itt is a part of wisdome, you know itt
plaine ;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
Hee 'le either stand still or turne againe.'

64 'Thou shalt haue *that* horsse with all my hart,
And my cote-plate of siluer ffree,
And a hundred men att thy backe,
For to fight if neede shalbee.'

65 'I thanke you, master,' said *Thomas a Potts*,
'Neither man nor boy shall goe with mee ;
As you are a lord off honor borne,
Let none of my ffellowes know this of mee.'

66 'Ffor if they wott of my goinge,
I wott behind me they will not bee ;
Without you keepe them vnder a locke,
Vppon *that* greene I shall them see.'

67 And when *Thomas* came to Gilford Greene,
And walked there some houres three,
Then was he ware of the *Lord Phenix*,
And four men in his company.

68 'You haue broken your vow,' said *Thomas a Pott*,
'Your vowe *that* you made vnto mee ;
You said you wold come your selfe alone,
And you haue brought more then two or
three.'

69 'These are my waiting-men,' *Lord Phenix*
sayd,
'That euery day doe waite on mee ;
Giffe any of these shold att vs stirr,
My speare shold runn throwe his body.'

70 'I 'le runn noe raee,' said *Thomas Potts*,
'Till *that* this othe heere made may bee :
If the one of vs be slaine,
The other fforgiuen *that* hee may bee.'

71 'I 'le make a vow,' *Lord Phenix* sayes,
'My men shall beare witnesse with thee,
Giffe thou slay mee att this time,
Neuer the worsse beloued in Scotland thou
shalt bee.'

72 Then they turned their horsses round about,
To run the race more egarlye ;
Lord Phenix he was stiffe and stout,
He has runn *Thomas* quite thorrow the
thye.

73 And beere *Thomas* out of his saddle ffaire ;
Vpon the ground there did hee lye ;
He saies, For my liffe I doe not care,
But ffor the lone of my ladye.

74 But shall I lose my ladye ffaire ?
I thought shee shold haue beene my wiffe ;
I pray thee, *Lord Phenix*, ryde not away,
For with thee I will loose my liffe.

75 Tho *Thomas a Potts* was a seruing-man,
He was alsoe a phisityan good ;
He clapt his hand vpon his wound,
With some kind of words he stauncheht the
blood.

76 Then into his saddle againe hee leape ;
The blood in his body began to warme ;
He mist *Lord Phenix* bodey there,
But he run him quite throw the brawne of
the arme.

77 And he bore him quite out of his saddle ffaire ;
Vpon the ground there did he lye ;
He said, I pray thee, *Lord Phenix*, rise and
ffight,
Or else yeeld this ladye sweete to mee.

78 'To ffight with thee,' quoth *Phenix*, 'I cannott
stand,
Nor ffor to ffight, I cannott, sure ;
Thou hast run me through the brawne of the
arme ;
Noe longer of thy spere I cannott endure.

79 'Thou 'st haue *that* ladye with all my hart,
Sith itt was like neuer better to proue.

Nor neuer a noble-man this day,
 That will seeke to take a pore man's loue.'

80 'Why then, be of good cheere,' saies *Thomas Pott*,
 'Indeed your bucher I 'le neuer bee,
 For I 'le come and stanche your bloode,
 Giff any thankes you 'le giue to mee.'

81 As he was stanching the Phenix blood,
 These words *Thomas a Pott* cann to him
 proue:
 'I 'le neuer take a ladye of you thus,
 But here I 'le giue you another choice.'

82 'Heere is a lane of two miles longe;
 Att either end sett wee will bee;
 The ladye shall sitt vs betweene,
 And soe will wee sett this ladye ffree.'

83 'If thou 'le doe soe,' *Lord Phenix* sayes,
 'Thomas a Pott, as thou dost tell mee,
 Whether I gett her or goe without her,
 Heere 's forty pounds I 'le gine itt thee.'

84 And when the ladye there can stand,
 A woman's mind that day to proue,
 'Now, by my ffaith,' said this ladye ffaire,
 'This day *Thomas a Pott* shall hane his
 owne loue.'

85 Toward *Thomas a Pott* the ladye shee went,
 To leape behind him hastilye;
 'Nay, abyde a while,' sayd *Lord Phenix*,
 'Ffor better yett proued thou shalt bee.'

86 'Thou shalt stay heere with all thy maids —
 In number with thee thou hast but three —
Thomas a Pott and I 'le goe beyond yonder wall,
 There the one of vs shall dye.'

87 And when they came beyond the wall,
 The one wold not the other nye;
Lord Phenix he had giuen his word
 With *Thomas a Pott* neuer to fflight.

88 'Gine me a choice,' *Lord Phenix* sayes,
 'Thomas a Pott, I doe pray thee;
 Lett mee goe to yonder ladye ffaire,
 To see whether shee be true to thee.'

89 And when hee came *that ladye* too,
 Vnto that likesome dame sayd hee,
 Now God thee sauе, thou ladye ffaire,
 The heyre of all my land thou 'st bee.

90 Ffor this *Thomas a Potts* I hane slaine;
 He hath more then deadlye wounds two or
 three;
 Thou art mine owne ladye, he sayd,
 And marryed together wee will bee.

91 The ladye said, If *Thomas a Potts* this day
 thou hane slaine,
 Thou hast slaine a better man than euer was
 thee;
 And I 'le sell all the state of my lande
 But thou 'st be hanged on a gallow-tree.

92 With *that* they lady shee ffell in a soone;
 A greeued woman, I wott, was shee;
Lord Phenix hee was readye there,
 Tooke her in his armes most hastilye.

93 'O Lord, sweete, and stand on thy ffeete,
 This day *Thomas a Pott* aliuie can bee;
 I 'le send ffor thy father, the *Lord of Arrundale*,
 And marryed together I will you see:
 Giffe hee will not maintaine you well,
 Both gold and land you shall haue from
 me.'

94 'I 'le see *that* wedding,' my *Lord of Arrundale*
 said,
 'Of my daughter's loue *that* is soe ffaire;
 And sith itt will no better be,
 Of all my land *Thomas a Pott* shall be my
 heyre.'

95 'Now all my maids,' the ladye said,
 'And ladyes of England, faire and ffree,
 Looke you neuer change your old loue for no
 new,
 Nor neuer change for no pouertye.'

96 'Ffor I had a louer true of mine owne,
 A seruing-man of a small degree;
 Ffrom *Thomas a Pott* I 'le turne his name,
 And the *Lord of Arrundale* hee shall bee.'

B .

a. London, printed for F. Coles, and others, 1677, Bodleian Library, Wood, 259. b. Pepys Penny Merriments, I, 189, Magdalen College Library, Cambridge.

1 Of all the lords in Scotland fair,
And ladies that been so bright of blee,
There is a noble lady among them all,
And report of her you shall hear by me.

2 For of her beauty she is bright,
And of her colour very fair ;
She's daughter to Lord Arundel,
Approv'd his parand and his heir.

3 'I le see this bride.' Lord Phenix said,
'That lady of so bright a blee,
And if I like her countenance well,
The heir of all my lands she 'st be.'

4 But when he came the lady before,
Before this comely maid came he,
'O God thee save, thou lady sweet,
My heir and parand thou shalt be.'

5 'Leave off your suit,' the lady said,
'As you are a lord of high degree ;
You may have ladies enough at home,
And I have a lord in mine own country.

6 'For I have a lover true of mine own,
A serving-man of low degree,
One Tominy Pots it is his name,
My first love and last that ever shall be.'

7 'If that Tom Pots is his name,
I do ken him right verily ;
I am able to spend fourty pounds a week,
Where he is not able to spend pounds three.'

8 'God give you good of your gold,' she said,
'And ever God give you good of your fee ;
Tom Pots was the first love that ever I had,
And I do mean him the last to be.'

9 With that Lord Phenix soon was movd ;
Towards the lady did he threat ;
He told her father, and so it was provd,
How his daughter's mind was set.

10 'O daughter dear, thou art my own,
The heir of all my lands to be ;
Thou shalt be bride to the Lord Phenix,
If that thou mean to be heir to me.'

11 'O father dear, I am your own,
And at your command I needs must be ;
But bind my body to whom you please,
My heart, Tom Pots, shall go with thee.'

12 Alas ! the lady her fondness must leave,
And all her foolish wooing lay aside ;
The time is come, her friends have appointed,
That she must be Lord Phenix bride.

13 With that the lady began to weep ;
She knew not well then what to say,
How she might Lord Phenix deny,
And escape from marriage quite away.

14 See calld unto her little foot-page,
Saying, I can trust none but thee ;
Go carry Tom Pots this letter fair,
And bid him on Guilford Green meet me.

15 For I must marry against my mind,
Or in faith well proved it shall be ;
And tell to him I am loving and kind,
And wishes him this wedding to see.

16 But see that thou note his countenance well,
And his colour, and shew it to me ;
And go thy way and hie thee again,
And forty shillings I will give thee.

17 For if he smile now with his lips,
His stomach will give him to laugh at the
heart ;
Then may I seek another true-love,
For of Tom Pots small is my part.

18 But if he blush now in his face,
Then in his heart he will sorry be ;
Then to his vow he hath some grace,
And false to him I will never be.

19 Away this lacky-boy he ran,
And a full speed forsooth went he,
Till he came to Strawberry Castle,
And there Tom Pots came he to see.

20 He gave him the letter in his hand ;
Before that he began to read,
He told him plainly by word of mouth,
His love was fore'd to be Lord Phenix
bride.

21 When he lookd on the letter fair,
The salt tears blemished his eye ;

Says, I cannot read this letter fair,
Nor never a word to see or spy.

22 My little boy, be to me true,
Here is five marks I will give thee ;
And all these words I must peruse,
And tell my lady this from me.

23 By faith and troth she is my own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be
found ;
Lord Phenix shall not have her night nor
day,
Except he can win her with his own hand.

24 On Guilford Green I will her meet ;
Say that I wish her for me to pray ;
For there I 'le lose my life so sweet,
Or else the wedding I mean to stay.

25 Away this lackey-boy he ran,
Even as fast as he could lie ;
The lady she met him two miles of the way ;
Says, Why hast thou staid so long, my boy ?

26 My little boy, thou art but young,
It gives me at heart thou 'l mock and scorn ;
I 'le not believe thee by word of mouth,
Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn.

27 'Now by this book,' the boy did say,
'And Jesus Christ be as true to me,
Tom Pots could not read the letter fair,
Nor never a word to spy or see.'

28 'He says, by faith and troth you are his own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be
found ;
Lord Phenix shall not have you night nor day,
Except he win you with his own hand.'

29 'On Guilford Green he will you meet ;
He wishes you for him to pray ;
For there he 'l lose his life so sweet,
Or else the wedding he means to stay.'

30 'If this be true, my little boy,
These tidings which thou tellest to me,
Forty shillings I did thee promise,
Here is ten pounds I will give thee.'

31 'My maidens all,' the lady said,
'That ever wish me well to prove,

Now let us all kneel down and pray
That Tommy Pots may win his love.

32 'If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I pray to Christ in Trinity,
I 'le make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'

33 Let 's leave talking of this lady fair,
In prayers full good where she may be ;
Now let us talk of Tommy Pots ;
To his lord and master for aid went he.

34 But when he came Lord Joekey before,
He kneeled lowly on his knee :
'What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie ?'

35 'What tydings, what tydings, thou Tommy
Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie ?
Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,
Or wrought to me some villany.'

36 'I have slain none of my fellows fair,
Nor wrought to you no villany,
But I have a love in Scotland fair,
And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.'

37 'If you 'l not believe me by word of mouth,
But read this letter, and you shall see,
Here by all these suspitious words
That she her own self hath sent to me.'

38 But when he had read the letter fair,
Of all the suspitious words in it might be,
'O Tommy Pots, take thou no care,
Thou 'st never lose her with poverty.'

39 'For thou 'st have forty pounds a week,
In gold and silver thou shalt row,
And Harvy Town I will give thee
As long as thou intendst to woe.'

40 'Thou 'st have forty of thy fellows fair,
And forty horses to go with thee,
Forty of the best spears I have,
And I my self in thy company.'

41 'I thank you, master,' said Tommy Pots,
'That proffer is too good for me ;
But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,
My own hands shall set her free.'

42 'God be with you, master,' said Tommy Pots,
 'Now Jesus Christ you save and see ;
 If ever I come alive again,
 Staid the wedding it shall be.'

43 'O God be your speed, thou Tommy Pots,
 Thou art well proved for a man :
 See never a drop of blood thou spil,
 Nor yonder gentleman confound.'

44 'See that some truce with him you take,
 And appoint a place of liberty ;
 Let him provide him as well as he ean,
 As well provided thou shalt be.'

45 But when he came to Guilford Green,
 And there had walkt a little aside,
 There was he ware of Lord Phenix come,
 And Lady Rosainond his bride.

46 Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,
 But never a word to her did say,
 Till he the Lord Phenix came before ;
 He gave him the right time of the day.

47 'O weleome, weleome, thou Tommy Pots,
 Thou serving-man of low degree ;
 How doth thy lord and master at home,
 And all the ladies in that countrey ?'

48 'My lord and master is in good health,
 I trust since that I did him see ;
 Will you walk with me to an out-side,
 Two or three words to talk with me ?'

49 'You are a noble man,' said Tom,
 'And born a lord in Scotland free ;
 You may have ladies enough at home,
 And never take my love from me.'

50 'Away, away, thou Tommy Pots ;
 Thou serving-man, stand thou aside ;
 It is not a serving-man this day
 That can hinder me of my bride.'

51 'If I be a serving-man,' said Tom,
 'And you a lord of high degree,
 A spear or two with you I 'le run,
 Before I 'le lose her cowardly.'

52 'Appoint a place, I will thee meet,
 Appoint a place of liberty ;
 For there I 'le lose my life so sweet,
 Or else my lady I 'le set free.'

53 'On Guilford Green I will thee meet ;
 No man nor boy shall come with me :'
 'As I am a man,' said Tommy Pots,
 'I 'le have as few in my company.'

54 And thus staid the marriage was,
 The bride unmarried went home again ;
 Then to her maids fast did she laugh,
 And in her heart she was full fain.

55 'My maidens all,' the lady said,
 'That ever wait on me this day,
 Now let us all kneel down,
 And for Tommy Pots let us all pray.'

56 'If it be his fortune the better to win,
 As I trust to God in Trinity,
 I 'le make him the flower of all his kin,
 For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'

57 When Tom Pots came home again,
 To try for his love he had but a week ;
 For sorrow, God wot, he need not care,
 For four days that he fel sick.

58 With that his master to him came,
 Says, Pray thee, Tom Pots, tell me if tho
 doubt
 Whether thou hast gotten thy gay lady,
 Or thou must go thy love without.'

59 'O master, yet it is unknown ;
 Within these two days well try'd it must be ;
 He is a lord, I am but a serving-man,
 I fear I shall lose her with poverty.'

60 'I prethee, Tom Pots, get thee on thy feet ;
 My former promises kept shall be ;
 As I am a lord in Scotland fair,
 Thou 'st never lose her with poverty.'

61 'For thou 'st have the half of my lands a year,
 And that will raise thee many a pound ;
 Before thou shalt out-braved be,
 Thou shalt drop angels with him on the
 ground.'

62 'I thank you, master,' said Tommy Pots,
 'Yet there is one thing of you I would fain ;
 If that I lose my lady sweet,
 How I 'st restore your goods again ?'

63 'If that thou win the lady sweet,
 Thou mayst well forth, thou shalt pay me ;

If thou loosest thy lady, thou losest enough ;
Thou shalt not pay me one penny.'

64 'You have thirty horses in one close,
You keep them all both frank and free ;
Amongst them all there's an old white horse
This day would set my lady free.

65 'That is an old horse with a cut tail,
Full sixteen years of age is he ;
If thou wilt lend me that old horse,
Then could I win her easily.'

66 'That's a foolish opinion,' his master said,
'And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee ;
Thou 'st have a better then ever he was,
Though forty pounds more it cost me.'

67 'O your choice horses are wild and tough,
And little they can skill of their train ;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
They are so wild they 'l ner be tain.'

68 'Thou 'st have that horse,' his master said,
'If that one thing thou wilt tell me ;
Why that horse is better than any other,
I pray thee, Tom Pots, shew thou to me.'

69 'That horse is old, of stomach bold,
And well can he skill of his train ;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
He 'l either stand still or turn again.'

70 'Thou 'st have the horse with all my heart,
And my plate-coat of silver free ;
An hundred men to stand at thy back,
To fight if he thy master be.'

71 'I thank you master,' said Tommy Pots,
'That proffer is too good for me ;
I would not, for ten thousand pounds,
Have man or boy in my company.'

72 'God be with you, master,' said Tommy Pots ;
'Now, as you are a man of law,
One thing let me crave at your hand ;
Let never a one of my fellows know.'

73 'For if that my fellows they did wot,
Or ken of my extremity,
Except you keep them under a lock,
Behind me I am sure they would not be.'

74 But when he came to Guilford Green,
He waited hours two or three ;
There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,
And four men in his company.

75 'You have broken your vow,' said Tommy Pots,
'The vow which you did make to me ;
You said you would bring neither man nor
boy,
And now has brought more than two or
three.'

76 'These are my men,' Lord Phenix said,
'Which every day do wait on me ;
[If] any of these dare proffer to strike,
I 'le run my spear through his body.'

77 'I 'le run no race now,' said Tommy Pots,
'Except now this may be ;
If either of us be slain this day,
The other shall forgiven be.'

78 'I 'le make that vow with all my heart,
My men shall bear witness with me ;
And if thou slay me here this day,
In Scotland worse belovd thou never shalt
be.'

79 They turnd their horses thrice about,
To run the race so eagerly ;
Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,
And ran Tom Pots through the thick o' th'
thigh.

80 He bord him out of the saddle fair,
Down to the ground so sorrowfully :
'For the loss of my life I do not care,
But for the loss of my fair lady.'

81 'Now for the loss of my lady sweet,
Which once I thought to have been my
wife,
I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ride not away,
For with thee I would end my life.'

82 Tom Pots was but a serving-man,
But yet he was a doctor good ;
He bound his handkerchief on his wound,
And with some kind of words he standt his
blood.

83 He leapt into his saddle again,
The blood in his body began to warm ;
He mist Lord Phenix body fair,
And ran him through the brawn of the arm.

84 He bord him out of his saddle fair,
Down to the ground most sorrowfully ;
Says, Prethee, Lord Phenix, rise up and fight,
Or yield my lady unto me.

85 'Now for to fight I cannot tell,
And for to fight I am not sure ;
Thou hast run me throw the brawn o' th' arm,
That with a spear I may not endure.

86 'Thou 'st have the lady with all my heart ;
It was never likely better to prove
With me, or any nobleman else,
That would hinder a poor man of his love.'

87 'Seeing you say so much,' said Tommy Pots,
'I will not seem your butcher to be ;
But I will come and stanch your blood,
If any thing you will give me.'

88 As he did stanch Lord Phenix blood,
Lord, in his heart he did rejoice !
'I 'le not take the lady from you thus,
But of her you 'st have another choice.'

89 'Here is a lane of two miles long ;
At either end we set will be ;
The lady shall stand us among,
Her own choice shall set her free.'

90 'If thou 'l do so,' Lord Phenix said,
'To lose her by her own choice it 's honesty ;
Chuse whether I get her or go her without,
Forty pounds I will give thee.'

91 But when they in that lane was set,
The wit of a woman for to prove,
'By the faith of my body,' the lady said,
'Then Tom Pots must needs have his love.'

92 Towards Tom Pots the lady did hie,
To get on behind him hastily ;
'Nay stay, nay stay,' Lord Phenix said,
'Better proved it shall be.'

93 'Stay you with your maidens here —
In number fair they are but three —

Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,
That one of us two be proved to dye.'

94 But when they came behind the wall,
The one came not the other nigh ;
For the Lord Phenix had made a vow,
That with Tom Pots he would never fight.

95 'O give me this choice,' Lord Phenix said,
'To prove whether true or false she be,
And I will go to the lady fair,
And tell her Tom Pots slain is he.'

96 When he came from behind the wall,
With his face all bloody as it might be,
'O lady sweet, thou art my own,
For Tom Pots slain have I.'

97 'Now have I slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him death's wounds two or three ;
O lady sweet, thou art my own ;
Of all loves, wilt thou live with me ? '

98 'If thou hast slain him, 'Tommy Pots,
And given him death's wounds two or three,
I 'le sell the state of my father's lands
But hanged shall Lord Phenix be.'

99 With that the lady fell in a swoond,
For a grieved woman, God wot, was she ;
Lord Phenix he was ready then
To take her up so hastily.

100 'O lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,
Tom Pots alive this day may be ;
I 'le send for thy father, Lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see.

101 'I 'le send for thy father, Lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see ;
If he will not maintain you well,
Both lands and livings you 'st have of me.'

102 'I 'le see this wedding,' Lord Arundel said,
'Of my daughter's luck that is so fair ;
Seeing the matter will be no better,
Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir.'

103 With that the lady began for to smile,
For a glad woman, God wot, was she ;
'Now all my maids,' the lady said,
'Example you may take by me.'

104 'But all the ladies of Scotland fair,
And lasses of England that well would
prove,
Neither marry for gold nor goods,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.'

105 'For I had a lover true of my own,
A serving-man of low degree ;
Now from Tom Pots I 'le change his name,
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'

C

A white letter sheet in five columns, "published May 29, 1657," The King's Pamphlets, British Museum, 669, f. 20, 55.

1 IN Scotland there are ladies fair,
There 's ladies of honor and high degree,
Hey down, down a down derry
But one excels above all the rest,
And the Earl of Arundel's daughter is she.
With hey down, derry down,
Lang derry down derry

2 Both knights and lords of great account
Comes thither a wooing for this ladie's sake :
It fell on a day that *Earl Arundell* said,
Daughter, which of these lords will you
take ?

3 Or which of them now likes thee best ?
Speak truth to me, but do not lie ;
Speak truth to me, and do not jest,
Who must heir my livings when as I die ?

4 Lord Fenix is a lord of high degree,
And hath both lands and livings free ;
I tell thee, daughter, thou shalt him have,
If thou wilt take any counsell at me.

5 With that the young lady fell down of her
knee,
And trickling tears ran down her eye :
'As you are my father, and loves me dear,
My heart is set where it must be.'

6 'On a serving-man which is so poor,
For all he hath is but pounds three ;
He was the first lover that ere I had,
And the last I mean him for to be.'

7 With that her father was sore offended,
And fast he rode at that same tide,
Until he to the Lord Fenix came,
And said, Take thee my daughter for thy
bride.

8 The yong ladie cald up Jack, her foot-boy :
'I dare trust no man alive but thee ;
Thou must go my earand to Strawbery Castle,
To the place where Tomy o'th Potts doth
lye.'

9 'And carry this letter, in parchment fair,
'That I have sealed with mine own hand ;
And when Tomey looks this letter upon,
Be sure his countenance thou understand.'

10 'And if he either laugh or smile,
He is not sorry at his heart ;
I must seek a new love where I will,
For small of Tomey must be my part.'

11 'But if he wax red in the face,
And tricling tears fall from his eyes,
Then let my father say what he will,
For true to Tomey I 'le be always.'

12 'And thou must tell him by word of mouth,
If this letter cannot be read at that tyde,
That this day sennight, and no longer hence,
I must be Lord William Fenix bride.'

13 The boy took leave of his lady gay,
And to Strawbery Castle he did him fast
hie ;
A serving-man did guide him the way
To the place where Tomey o'th Potts did lie.

14 'O Christ thee save, good Tomey o'th Pots,
And Christ thee save as I thee see ;
Come read this letter, Tomey o'th Potts,
As thy true-love hath sent to thee.'

15 Then Tomey he waxed red in the face,
And trickling tears ran down his eyes ;
But never a letter could he read,
If he should be hanged on th' gallow-tree.'

16 'Shee bid me tell you by word of mouth,
If this letter could not be read at this tide,

That this day sennight, and no longer hence,
She must be Lord William Fenix bride.'

17 'Now in faith,' said Tomey, 'she is mine own,
As all hereafter shall understand ;
Lord Fenix shall not marry her, by night or
day,
Unless he win her by his own hand.'

18 'For on Gilforth Green I will her meet,
And if she love me, bid her for me pray ;
And there I will lose my life so sweet,
Or else her wedding I will stay.'

19 He cald this boy mnto accounts ;
Think whether he loved this lady gay !
He gave him forty shilling for his message,
And all he had was but pounds three.

20 The boy took his leave of Tomey o'th Potts,
Fearing that he had staid too late ;
The young lady did wait of his comming,
And met him five miles out of the gate.

21 'O boney boy, thou art not of age,
Therefore thou canst both mock and scorn ;
I will not beleeve what my love hath said,
Unlesse thou on this book be sworn.'

22 'Now, in faith, gay lady, I will not lye,
And kist the book full soon did he :
'One letter he could not read at that time,
If he should have been hangd at gallo-tree.

23 'He said in faith you are his own,
As all hereafter shall understand ;
Lord Fenix shall not marry you by night or
day,
Unlesse he winn you with his own hand.'

24 'For on Gilforth Green he will you meet,
And if you love him, you must for him
pray ;
And there he will lose his life so sweet,
Or else your wedding he will stay.'

25 Let us leave talking of the boy,
That with his gay lady is turned home ;
Now let us go talk of Tomey o'th Potts,
And how to his master he is gone.

26 When Tomey came his master before,
He kneeled down upon his knee :

'What tidings hast thou brought, my man,
As that thou makes such courtesie ?'

27 'O Christ you save, dear master,' he said,
'And Christ you save as I you see ;
For God's love, master, come read me this let-
ter,
Which my true love hath sent to me.'

28 His master took this letter in hand,
And looked ore it with his eye ;
'In faith, I am fain, my man,' he said,
'As thou hast a lady so true to thee.'

29 'I have a lady true to me,
And false to her I 'le never be ;
But ere this day sennight, and no longer hence,
I must lose my love through povertie.

30 'Lord Fenix he will her have,
Because he hath more wealth then I :'
'Now hold thy tongue, my man,' he said,
'For before that day many a one shall die.'

31 'O Tomey,' said he, 'I love thee well,
And something for thee I will doo ;
For Strawbery Castle shall be thine own
So long as thou dost mean to woo.

32 'One half of my lands I 'le give thee a year,
The which will raise thee many a pound ;
Before that thou lose thy bonny sweet-hart,
Thou shalt drop angels with him to the
ground.'

33 'I have thirty steeds in my stable strong,
Which any of them is good indeed,
And a bunch of spears hangs them among,
And a nag to carry thee swift with speed.'

34 'My sute of armour thou shalt put on —
So well it becomes thy fair body —
And when thou comst on Gilford Green
Thou 'll look more like a lord then he.'

35 'My men shall all rise and with thee go,
And I my self with thee will ride ;
And many a bloody wound will we make
Before that thou shalt lose thy bride.'

36 'Now Christ reward you, dear master,' he
said,
'For the good will you bear to me ;'

But I trust to God, in a little space,
With my own hands to set her free.

37 'I'le none of your horses, master,' he said,
'For they cannot well skill of their trade ;
None but your gray nag that hath a cut tail,
For hee 'll either stand or turn again.

38 'One spear, master, and no more,
No more with me that I will take,
And if that spear it will not serve my turn,
I'le suffer death for my true-love's sake.'

39 Early in the morning, when day did spring,
On Gilforth Green betime was he ;
There did he espie Lord Fenix comming,
And with him a royall company.

40 Gold chains about their necks threescore,
Full well might seem fine lords to ride ;
The young lady followed far behind,
Sore against her will that she was a bride.

41 There Tomey passed this lady by,
But never a word to her did say ;
Then straight to Lord Fenix he is gone,
And gives him the right time of the day.

42 'O Christ you save, Lord Fenix,' he said,
'And Christ you save as I you see ;'
'Thou art welcome, Tomey o'th Potts,' he said,
'A serving-man into our company.'

43 'O how doth thy master, Tomy o'th Potts ?
Tell me the truth and do not lye ;'
'My master is well,' then Tomey replide,
'I thank my lord, and I thank not thee.'

44 'O Christ you save Lord Fenix,' he said,
'And Christ you save as I you see ;
You may have choyce of ladies enough,
And not take my true-love from me.'

45 With that Lord Fenix was sore offended,
And fast away he rode at that tide ;
'God forbid,' Lord Fenix he said,
'A serving-man should hold me from my
bride !'

46 But afterward Tomey did him meet,
As one that came not thither to flye,
And said, Lord Fenix, take thou my love,
For I will not lose her cowardly.

47 'O meet me here tomorrow,' he said ;
'As thou art a man, come but thy sell ;
And if that I come [with] any more,
The divell fetch my soul to hell.'

48 And so this wedding-day was staid,
The lady and lords they turned home ;
The lady made merry her maidens among,
And said, Tomey I wish thou may win thy
own.

49 Early in the morning, when day did spring,
On Gilforth Green betime was he ;
He waited long for Lord Fenix comming,
But Lord William Fenix he could not see.

50 He waited long and very long,
Until the sun waxed very high ;
There was he ware of Lord Fenix coming,
And with him other men three.

51 'Thou art a false thief, Lord Fenix,' he said,
'Because thou breakst thy promise with me ;
Thou promisedst me to come by thy self,
And thou hast brought other men three.'

52 'But in regard I call thee thief,
Because thou hast broken promise with me,
I vow, and you were as many more,
Forsaken sure you should not be.'

53 'These are my men,' Lord Fenix said,
'That every day do wait on me ;
If any of them do strike a stroke,
In faith then hanged he shall be.'

54 They fetcht a race and rode about,
And then they met full eagerly ;
Lord Fenix away by Tomey's body glowed,
And he ran him quite thorow the thigh.

55 Out of his saddle bore him he did,
And laid his body on the ground ;
His spear he ran thorow Tomey's thigh,
In which he made a grievous wound.

56 But Tomey quickly start up again ;
For as he was a physitian good,
He laid his hand upon the wound,
And quickly he did stanch the blood.

57 Full lightly he leaped to his saddle again,
Forth of it long he did not stay ;

For he weighed more of the ladi's love
Then of any life he had that day.

58 They fethed a race and rode about,
The blood in Tomey's body began to warm ;
He away by Lord Fenix body glowde,
And he ran him quite through the arm.

59 Out of his saddle bore him he hath,
Of from his steed that mounted so high ;
'Now rise and fight, Lord Fenix,' he said,
'Or else yeeld the lady unto me.'

60 'I'll yeeld the lady unto thee ;
My arm no more my spear will guide ;
It was never better likely to prove,
To hold a poor serving-man from his bride.'

61 'But if thou wilt thus deal then with me,
Lest of this matter should rise any voicee,
That I have gotten the victory,
Then thou shalt have another choice.

62 'Yonder is a lane of two miles long ;
At either end then stand will we ;

—

Wee 'l set the lady in the midst,
And whether she eome to, take her, for me.'

63 'If thou wilt thus deal,' said Fenix then,
'Thou 'l save my credit and honor high ;
And whether I win her, or go without her,
I 'le be willing to give ten pounds to thee.'

64 There was a lane of two miles long ;
The lady was set in the middle that tide ;
She laugh and made merry her maids among,
And said, Tomey o'th Pots, now I 'le be thy
bride.

65 Now all you ladies of high degree,
And maides that married yet would be,
Marry no man for goods or lands,
Unlesse you love him faithfully.

66 For I had a love of my own, she said,
At Strawberrie Castle there lived he ;
I 'le change his name from Tomey o'th Pots,
And the yong Earl of Arundell now he shall
be.

A. 6¹. of nine. 6⁸. at the end of the stanza.
7³. spend 40ⁱⁱ.
7⁴. pounds 3.
11³. There is a mark like an undotted i, in the
" MS., before the y of appoyned. Furnivall.
15⁴. 40.
20³. camot.
21², 24⁸. 5.
21⁸. must pursue.
27⁸. 40⁸.
27⁴. 10ⁱⁱ.
29¹. wim.
33², 33⁸. Stanza 35 is written between these
lines, "but marked by a bracket, and by
Percy, to go in its proper place." Furni-
vall.
35¹. 40ⁱⁱ.
36¹. 40^{tye}.
36², 8. 40.
36⁴. Only half the n of compayne in the MS.
Furnivall.
37³. 1000 ⁱⁱ.
46⁸. or 2.
51, 52 are bracketed as beginning the 2^d parte.

51⁴. cane.
52⁴. for 4.
54². 2.
56¹, 2, 8. 40.
57⁸. bomy.
59¹. 30.
60². 16.
61³. the euer.
61⁴. 40ⁱⁱ.
64³. 100^d.
67². 3.
67⁴. 4.
68⁴. 2 or 3.
72². rum.
75¹. Then.
81¹. stamching.
81². him pracie, *perhaps*.
82¹. 2.
83⁴. 40^h.
86². 3.
90². 2 or 3.
93⁵. you maintaine.
96¹. owme.
And for & throughout.

B. The Lovers Quarrel, or, Cupids Triumph, being the Pleasant History of Fair Rosamond of Scotland: being daughter to the Lord Arundel, whose love was obtained by the valour of Tommy Pots, who conquered the Lord Phenix, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his wife.

a. London, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clarke. 1677.

16³. high thee.
30⁴. then pounds.
48². since *is torn*.
68². me tell.
75⁴. or 3.
And *for & throughout*.
After 32: The Second Part.
After 56: The Third Part.

b. 7¹. it is. 13⁴. quite *wanting*.
15¹. my will. 15³. to *wanting*.
16¹. see you. 16³. hye thee.
17². give me. 18². merry be.
18⁴. I will. 19¹. run.
24². So that. 25³. three miles.
26². thoult. 27³. this letter.
27⁴. see or spy. 29². to stay.
33¹. leaving.
38⁴, 60⁴, 78⁴. ne'r.
42². Christ Jesus.
44¹. him you make.
46². A serving-man of low degree.
48⁴. to speak.
53¹. will you.
55⁴. Tom.
58². prithee.
58³. lady gay.
59³. am *wanting*.
60¹. stand thou on.
61¹. the *wanting*.
63². mayst forthwith.
64³. there is. 66². takest.
66³. than. 66⁴. pound.
69¹. of courage. 69². he can.
70¹. that horse.
73¹. that *wanting*.

73³. kept. 74⁴. in their.
75⁴. then. 77². now that this.
81⁴. would I.
82⁴. kind of *wanting*.
85⁴. I cannot. 87¹. thou say'st.
89⁴. And her. 90¹. thoult.
90². loose : 't is.
91⁴. needs must.
92². get behind him so.
93³. I 'le. 93⁴. the one.
94⁴. never try : *right* ?
96⁴. *Ritson prints* slain is he.
98³. estate. 101⁴. thou 'st have.
103¹. for *wanting*.
104¹. ladies in.
104². ladies of.
A copy in "Northern Penny Histories," Bodleian Library, Douce, p. p. 172, London, William Dicey, which may date about 1725, is somewhat modernized and has not a few petty variations. Only the following readings seem worth the noting.
9². fast he did.
15¹. my will.
19³. Salisbury Castle.
44¹. you make.
60¹. stand on. 85¹. How for.
94⁴. never try. 96⁴. have I.
This copy has an additional stanza:

106. The lady she did loyal prove,
As many do in Scotland know,
And how they spent their days in love
The Second Book shall plainly show.

C. The two constant Lovers in Scotland, or, A pattern of true Love, expressed in this ensuing Dialogue between an Earls daughter in Scotland and a poor Serving-man ; she refusing to marry the Lord Fenix, which her father would force her to take, but clave to her first Love, Tomey o'th Pots.
And *for &*. 29³. senninght. 47². self.
After 38 : The Second Part.

110

THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

A. 'The Beautifull Shepherdesse of Arcadia.' **a.** Roxburghe Ballads, III, 160, 161. **b.** Roxburghe Ballads, II, 30, 31. 27 stanzas.

B. 'Shepherd's Dochter,' Kinloch MSS., V, 255. 33 stanzas.

C. 'Earl Richard,' Kinloch MSS., VII, 69. 30 stanzas.

D. Kinloch MSS., VII, 68, fragments. 16 stanzas.

E. 'Earl Richard, the Queen's Brother.' **a.** Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 81. **b.** Motherwell's MS., p. 459; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 377. 60 stanzas.

F. 'Earl Lithgow.' **a.** Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 81. **b.** Roxburghe Ballads, III, 160, 161. 27 stanzas.

G. 'Jo Janet,' Gibb MS., No 1. 34 stanzas.

H. 'The Shepherd's Daughter,' Kinloch MSS., V, 20; also, Kinloch MSS., VII, 61, and Kinloch's Scottish Ballads, p. 25. 19 stanzas.

I. Communicated by Dr Thomas Davidson, from his own recollection. 11 stanzas.

J. 'Earl Richard,' Dr J. Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 7. 17 (?) stanzas.

K. 'The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter,' Motherwell's MS., p. 226. 18 stanzas.

L. Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 1. 3 stanzas.

THE only English version of this ballad is a broadside, found in the Roxburghe Collection.* It was given from a black-letter copy, with changes and the omission of stanza 4, in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 1765, III, 75. Hearne, in his preface to *Guilielmi Neubrigensis Historia*, I, lxx (cited by Percy), remarks that some impressions were adorned with the picture of a queen, meant, as he maintains, to be Elizabeth, and quotes the first stanza.† From this Percy infers that the ballad was popular in Elizabeth's time, a supposition probable enough in itself, and con-

firmed by the fifteenth stanza occurring (as Percy notes) in Fletcher's comedy of 'The Pilgrim,' 1621.‡

Motherwell, *Minstrelsy*, Introduction, p. lxvi, says that the ballad was current in Scotland in many shapes (1827).

The copy in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 13, is C, with the stanzas given here as D incorporated into it from another version.

Kinloch is fully justified in claiming for the Scottish ballad a decided superiority. The humorous artifices which the lady practises to maintain the character of a beggar's brat are,

William would fain have been the first,
But now the last is he.

Act IV, Sc. 2, Dyce, VIII, 66.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' we have the following stanza, which resembles A 23, but may equally well belong to 'The Douglas Tragedy': see No 7, B 10, C 9, D 9:

He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a grey;
He never turned his face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Act II, Sc. 8, Dyce, II, 172.

* And Douce, says Mr Chappell. A Tewkesbury copy, not dated, is mentioned by Halliwell, *Notes on Fugitive Tracts, etc.*, Percy Society, vol. xxix, p. 16, No 9.

† There was a shepherd's daughter
Came triping on the way,
And there she met a courteous knight,
Which caused her to stay.
Sing trang dil do lee

‡ He called down his merry men all,
By one, by two, by three;

as he says, kept up with great spirit and fancy, and, as far as we know, are entirely of Scottish invention. It might perhaps be objected that in the course of tradition they have been exaggerated in later copies to a point threatening weariness.

The passage in which the knight rides off and is followed so closely by the maid, through river and all, **A** 6-8, **B** 5-10, etc., is found also in 'Child Waters,' **A** 11-16, **B** 4-11, etc., and suits both ballads perhaps equally well.

Parts of this ballad inevitably suggest a parallel with the tales belonging to the class of the 'Marriage of Sir Gawain.'* In the Wife of Bath's Tale, a lusty bachelor who has been out hawking meets a maid walking, and forces her to yield to his will. The offence is brought before King Arthur,† and the knight, as he is also called, is condemned to death. The alternative of marrying is so distasteful to him that he tries every means to avoid it. 'Take all my good,' he says to the woman, 'but let my body go.' But all for naught. Dame Ragnell makes a point of being wedded in high style; so does our shepherd's daughter in **E** 37, 38, **F** 38, 39. In Gower, the knight takes the woman on his horse and rides away sighing; and they also have a cauld and eerie ride in **E** 39. The bride becomes, if possible, more and more repulsive in the Gawain tales, and endeavors to make herself so in the ballad. As in the tales, so in the ballad, the bridegroom will not turn about and make much of her, **C** 29, **E** 56, **G** 30. The ugly woman turns out to be a king's daughter in Gower's tale, a most desirable wife in all the others; and the shepherdess is a king's daughter in **B**, **E**, **F**, **K**, and at least an excellent match in other copies. The knight is nephew to a king or emperor in three of the tales, and the queen's brother or the king's in nearly all the ballads.‡ Even the Billy Blin in **F** 60-63,

G 31, 32, cf. **D** 15, 16, looks like a remnant of the fairy machinery of the Gawain tales.

The tragic ballad of 'Ebbe Galt,' Danske Viser, II, 47, No 63, has several features in common with 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter.' Ebbe Galt has been drinking heavily with the king's men. Riding home through a wood, he meets in an evil hour a farmer's pretty wife, and offers her presents to show him the way to the town. She undertakes to do so, though much afraid. They come to the farmer's house. Ebbe Galt begins to ban and beat, and in the end ravishes the woman, using extreme cruelty. She says, Now you have had your will of me, with little good to either of us, for God's sake tell me your name. § He declares himself to be Ebbe Galt. The farmer comes home and is told all. He comforts his wife and goes to make his plaint to the king. If any man in the court has done this, says the king, it shall cost him his life. When he learns that the man is his nephew, he would rather than half Denmark not have pronounced so harsh a doom. Ebbe Galt is summoned to answer for himself. He is not much better sober than drunk, though the ballad lays the fault on ale. He tells the farmer to produce his wife; she will make no complaint. The woman gives her evidence. She had treated Ebbe Galt with all hospitality as her husband's guest. He had broken in the doors of the room where she was with her children, beaten five maids and killed three swains. Ebbe's father offers his horse and a thousand mark as ransom. The king says that he himself, if it lay in him, would have redeemed the youth with three thousand; Ebbe Galt shall die. While they are taking him off, Ebbe is flippant: he would not mind losing his life had the woman been prettier.

There is a very favorite Scandinavian ballad, see 'Tærningspillet,' Grundtvig, IV, 402, No

* Already remarked by Motherwell, Minstrels, p. 378.

† A queen is arbiter in Gower and Chaucer; so here in versions **E**, **F**, **G**, **J**.

‡ In **K**, a vulgar copy, the man is absurdly made a blacksmith's son, though a courtier. Similarly in an old stall copy of which the last stanza is cited by Buchan, II, 318:

O when she came to her father's yetts,
Where she did reckon kin,
She was the queen of fair Scotland,
And he but a goldsmith's son.

§ This is a commonplace, as observed already, I, 446. It occurs also in 'Malfred og Sadelmand,' st. 8, Kristensen, I, 259, No. 99. Ebbe Galt is translated by Prior, II, 87.

238, in which a fair lady challenges a young horse-boy, or boatswain, to play tables with her, and after having won from him all he has, stakes herself against his shoes or the like. The youth now wins ; she makes him handsome offers, rising constantly in value, to let her off, but he will not. God pity me ! she says ; but he reveals to her that her case is not a bad one, for he is the best king's son in the world.‡

An imitation of the English ballad by Laplace, 'Lise et Mainfroi,' 1740, terminates more sentimentally. The shepherdess persists that she will have the hand which the king

has awarded her, until she stands before the altar. She then declares that her sense of honor has been satisfied, and resigns a very advantageous match (for she is not a princess in disguise), with "Puisses-tu du moins quelquefois te souvenir de ta bergère !" Mainfroi exclaims in a transport, Stay, deign to be my wife ! the king and all the court unite in the entreaty, and Lise yields. She certainly is entitled to a statuette in porcelain. See Charles Malo, *Les Chansons d'Autrefois*, pp. 124-128.

The copy in Percy's *Reliques* is translated by Bodmer, I, 88.

A

a. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 160, 161. b. The same, II, 30, 31.

1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter
Came triping on the way,
And there she met a courteous knight,
Which caused her to stay.
Sing trang dil do lee

2 'Good morow to you, beautious maid,'
These words pronounced he ;
'O I shall dye this day,' he said,
'If I have not my will of thee.'

3 'The Lord forbid,' the maid reply'd,
'That such a thing should be,
That ever such a courteous yong knight
Should dye for love of me.'

4 He took her by the middle so small,
And laid her down on the plain,
And after he had had his will,
He took her up again.

5 'Now you have had your wil, good sir,
And put my body thus to shame,
Even as you are a courteous knight,
Tel me what is your name.'

6 'Some men do call me Jack, sweet heart,
And some do call me John,
But when I come to the king's [fair] court,
They call me Sweet William.'

7 He set his foot in the stirrop,
And away then did he ride ;
She tuckt her kirtle about her middle,
And run close by his side.

8 But when she came to the broad water,
She set her brest and swom,
And when she was got out again,
She took her heels and run.

9 He never was the courteous knight
To say, Fair maid, will you ride ?
Nor she never was so loving a maid
To say, Sir Knight, abide.

10 But when she came to the king's fair court,
She knocked at the ring ;
So ready was the king himself
To let this fair maid in.

11 'O Christ you save, my gracious leige,
Your body Christ save and see !
You have got a knight within your court
This day hath robbed me.'

12 'What hath he robbed thee of, fair maid ?
Of purple or of pall ?

‡ Danske Viser, No 186, Grundtvig's A, is translated by Dr Prior, who notes the resemblance and the contrast to our ballad, III, 144.

Or hath he took thy gay gold ring,
From off thy finger small ?'

13 'He hath not robbed me, my liege,
Of purple nor of pall ;
But he hath got my maidenhead,
Which grieves me worst of all.'

14 'Now if he be a batchelor,
His body I'le give to thee ;
But if he be a married man,
High hanged shall he be.'

15 He called down his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three ;
Sweet William was us'd to be the first,
But now the last comes hee.

16 He brought her down full forty pound,
Ty'd up with[in] a glove :
'Fair maid, I give the same to the,
And seek another love.'

17 'O I'le have none of your gold,' she said,
'Nor I'le have none of your fee ;
But I must have your fair body
The king hath given me.'

18 Sweet William ran and fetcht her then
Five hundred pound in gold,
Saying, Fair maid, take this unto thee ;
Thy fault will never be told.

19 'T is not your gold that shall me tempt,'
These words then answered she,
'But I must have your own body ;
So the king hath granted me.'

20 'Would I had drank the fair water
When I did drink the wine,

That ever any shepherd's daughter
Should be a fair lady of mine !'

21 'Would I had drunk the puddle-water
When I did drink the ale,
That ever any shepherd's daughter
Should have told me such a tale !'

22 'A shepheard's daughter as I was,
You might have let me be ;
I'd never come to the king's fair court
To have craved any love of thee.'

23 He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himselfe upon a gray ;
He hung a bugle about his neck,
And so they rode away.

24 But when they came unto the place
Where marriage rites were done,
She provd her self a duke's daughter,
And he but a squire's son.

25 'Now you have married me, sir knight,
Your pleasures may be free ;
If you make me lady of one good
town,
I'le make you lord of three.'

26 'Accursed be the gold,' he said,
'If thou hadst not bin true,
That should have parted thee from
me,
To have chang'd thee for a new.'

27 Their hearts being then so linked fast,
And joyning hand in hand,
He had both purse and person too,
And all at his command.

B

Kinloch MSS, V, 255, in the handwriting of Mr Kinloch.

1 THERE was a shepherd's dochter
Kept sheep upon yon hill,
And by cam a gay braw gentleman,
And wad hae had his will.

2 He took her by the milk-white hand,
And laid her on the ground,

And whan he got his will o her
He lift her up again.

3 'O syne ye 've got your will o me,
Your will o me ye 've taen,
'T is all I ask o you, kind sir,
Is to tell to me your name.'

4 'Sometimes they call me Jack,' he said,
'Sometimes they call me John,

But whan I am in the king's court,
My name is Wilfu Will.'

5 Then he lonp on his milk-white steed,
And straught away he rade,
And she did kilt her petticoats,
And after him she gaed.

6 He never was sae kind as say,
O lassie, will ye ride ?
Nor ever had she the courage to say,
O laddie, will ye bide !

7 Until they cam to a wan water,
Which was called Clyde,
And then he turned about his horse,
Said, Lassie, will ye ride ?

8 'I learned it in my father's hall,
I learned it for my weel,
That whan I come to deep water,
I can swim as it were an eel.

9 'I learned it in my mother's bower,
I learned it for my better,
That whan I come to broad water,
I can swim like ony otter.'

10 He plunged his steed into the ford,
And straught way thro he rade,
And she set in her lilly feet,
And thro the water wade.

11 And whan she cam to the king's court,
She tirled on the pin,
And wha sac ready 's the king himsel
To let the fair maid in ?

12 'What is your will wi me, fair maid ?
What is your will wi me ?'
'There is a man into your court
This day has robbed me.'

13 'O has he taen your gold,' he said,
'Or has he taen your fee ?
Or has he stown your maidenhead,
The flower of your bodye ?'

14 'He has na taen my gold, kind sir,
Nor as little has he taen my fee,
But he has taen my maidenhead,
The flower of my bodye.'

15 'O gif he be a married man,
High hangit shall he be,
But gif he be a bachelot,
His body I 'll grant thee.'

16 'Sometimes they call him Jack,' she said,
'Sometimes they call him John,
But whan he 's in the king's court,
His name is Sweet William.'

17 'There 's not a William in a' my court,
Never a one but three,
And one of them is the Queen's brother ;
I wad laugh gif it war he.'

18 The king called on his merry men,
By thirty and by three ;
Sweet Willie, wha used to be foremost man,
Was the hindmost a' but three.

19 O he cam cripple, and he cam blind,
Cam twa-fald oer a tree :
'O be he cripple, or be he blind,
This very same man is he.'

20 'O whether will ye marry the bonny may,
Or hang on the gallows-tree ?'
'O I will rather marry the bonny may,
Afore that I do die.'

21 But he took out a purse of gold,
Weel locked in a glove :
'O tak ye that, my bonny may,
And seek another love.'

22 'O I will hae none o your gold,' she says,
'Nor as little ony of your fee,
But I will hae your ain body,
The king has granted me.'

23 O he took out a purse of gold,
A purse of gold and store ;
'O tak ye that, fair may,' he said,
'Frae me ye 'll neer get mair.'

24 'O haud your tongue, young man,' she says,
'And I pray you let me be ;
For I will hae your ain body,
The king has granted me.'

25 He mounted her on a bonny bay horse,
Himsel on the silver grey ;

He drew his bonnet out oer his een,
He whipt and rade away.

26 O whan they cam to yon nettle bush,
The nettles they war spread :
'O an my mither war but here,' she says,
'These nettles she wad sued.'

27 'O an I had drank the wan water
Whan I did drink the wine,
That eer a shepherd's dochter
Should hae been a love o mine !'

28 'O may be I 'm a shepherd's dochter,
And may be I am nane ;
But you might hae ridden on your ways,
And hae let me alone.'

29 O whan they cam unto yon mill,
She heard the mill clap :

• • • • •

30 'Clap on, clap on, thou bonny mill,
Weel may thou, I say,
For mony a time thou 's filled my pock
Wi baith oat-meal and grey.'

31 'O an I had drank the wan water
Whan I did drink the wine,
That eer a shepherd's dochter
Should hae been a love o mine !'

32 'O may be I 'm a shepherd's dochter,
And may be I am nane ;
But you might hae ridden on your ways,
And hae let me alone.

33 'But yet I think a fitter match
Could scarcely gang thegither
Than the King of France's auld dochter
And the Queen of Scotland's brither.'

C

Kinloch's MSS, VII, 69 ; apparently from the recitation
of Mrs Charles of Torry, Aberdeen, born in Mearnsire.

1 THERE was a shepherd's dochter
Kept sheep on yonder hill ;
Bye cam a knicht frae the High College,
And he wad hae his will.

2 Whan he had got his wills o her,
His will as he has taen :
'Wad ye be sae gude and kind
As tell to me your name ?'

3 'Some ca's me Jock, some ca's me John,
Some disna ken my name,
But whan I 'm into the king's court,
Mitcheock is my name.'

4 'Mitcheock ! hey !' the lady did say,
And spelt it oure again ;
'If that 's your name in the Latin tongue,
Earl Richard is your name !'

5 O jumpet he upon his horse,
And said he wad go ride ;
Kilted she her green claithing,
And said she wad na bide.

6 The knicht rade on, the lady ran,
A live-lang simmer's day,
Till they cam to a wan water
Was calld the river Tay.

7 'Jump on behind, ye weill-faurd may,
Or do ye chuse to ride ?'
'No, thank ye, sir,' the lady said,
'I rather chuse to wade ;'
And afore that he was mid-water,
She was at the ither side.

8 'Turn back, turn back, ye weill-faurd may,
My heart will brak in three :'
'And sae did mine in yon bonny hill-side,
Whan ye wad [na] lat me be.'

9 'Whare gat ye that gay claithing
This day I see on thee ?'
'My mither was a gude milk-nurse,
And a gude nourice was she ;
She nursd the Earl of Stockford's daughter,
And gat aw this to me.'

10 Whan she cam to the king's court,
She rappit wi a ring ;
Sae ready as the king himself
Was to let the lady in !

11 'There is a knicht into your court
This day has robbed me :'
'O has he taen your gowd,' he says,
'Or has he taen your fee ?'

12 'He has na taen my gowd,' she says,
'Nor yet has he my fee ;
But he has taen my maiden-head,
The flowr o my fair bodie.'

13 Then out bespak the queen hersel,
Wha sat by the king's knee :
There's na a knicht in aw our court
Wad hae dune that to thee,
Unless it war my brither, Earl Richard,
And forbid it it war he !

14 Wad ye ken your love,
Amang a hunder men ?
'I wad,' said the bonnie ladie,
'Amang five hunder and ten.'

15 The king made aw his merry men pass,
By ane, by twa, and three ;
Earl Richard us'd to be the first man,
But he was hinmost man that day.

16 He cam hauping on ane foot,
And winking with ae ee ;
But 'Ha ! ha !' said the bonnie ladie,
'That same young man are ye.'

17 He's taen her up to a hie towr-head
And offerd her hunder punds in a glove :
'Gin ye be a courteous maid,
Ye'll choice anither love.'

18 'What care I for your hunder pund ?
Na mair than ye wad for mine ;
What's a hunder pund to me,
To a marriage wi a king !'

19 Whan the marriage it was oure,
And ilk ane took them horse,
'It never set a beggar's brat
At nae knicht's back to be.'

20 The ladie met wi a beggar-wife,
And gied her half o crown :
'Tell aw your neebours, whan ye gang hame,
That Earl Richard's your guude-son.'

21 'O hold your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will brak in three ;'

22 Whan she eam to yon nettle-dyke,
· · · · ·
'An my auld mither she was here,
Sae weill as she wad ye pu.

23 'She wad boil ye weill, and butter ye weill,
And sup till she war fu,
And lay her head upon her dish-doup,
And sleep like onie sow.'

24 Whan she eam to Earl Richard's house,
The sheets war holland fine :
'O haud awa thae linen sheets,
And bring to me the linsey clouts
I hae been best used in.'

25 ['Awa, awa wi your siller spoons,
Haud them awa frae me ;
It would set me better to feed my flocks
Wi the brose-cap on my knee :
Sae bring to me the guude ram's horn,
The spoons I've been used wi.]

26 'Hold your tongue, ye beggar's brat,
My heart will brak in three ;'
'And sae did mine on yon bonnie hill-side,
Whan ye wadna lat me be.'

27 'I wish I had drank the well-water
Whan first I drank the wine !
Never a shepherd's dochter
Wad hae been a love o mine.'

28 'O I wish I'd drank the well-water
Whan first I drank the beer,
That ever a shepherd's dochter
Shoud hae been my only dear !'

* * * * *

29 'Ye'll turn about, Earl Richard,
And mak some mair o me ;
An ye mak me lady o ae puir plow,
I can mak ye laird o three.'

30 'If ye be the Earl of Stockford's dochter,
As I've taen some thoughts ye be,
Aft hae I waited at your father's yett,
But your face I coud never see.'

D

Kinloch's MSS, VII, 68; apparently from the recitation of Jenny Watson of Lanark, aged seventy-three. Only such portions of this version were preserved as differed considerably from C.

* * * *

- 1 AND he was never sae discreet
As bid her loup on and ride,
And she was neer sae meanly bred
As for to bid him bide.
- 2 And whan she cam to yon water,
It was running like a flude :
'I 've learned it in my mither's bouer,
I 've learned it for my gude,
That I can soum this wan water
Like a fish in a flude.
- 3 'I 've learned it in my father's bouer,
I 've learned it for my better,
And I will soum this wan water
As tho I was ane otter.'

* * * *

- 4 'Gude day, gude day, my liege the king,
Gude day, gude day, to thee ;'
'Gude day,' quo he, 'my lady fair,
What want ye wi me ?'

* * * *

- 5 'Gin he be a single man,
His bodie I 'll gie thee ;
But gin he be a married man,
I 'll hang him on a tree.'

* * * *

- 6 He 's powd out a hundred punds,
Weel lockit in a glove ;

.

- 7 'I 'll hae nane o your gowd,' she said,
'Nor either o your fee ;
But I will hae your ain bodie
The king has granted me.'

5

8 'O was ye gentle gotten, maid ?
Or was ye gentle born ?
Or hae ye onie gerss growing ?
Or hae ye onie corn ?

9 'Or hae ye onie lands or rents,
Lying at libertie ?
Or hae ye onie education,
To dance alang wi me ?'

10 'I was na gentle gotten, madam,
Nor was I gentle born ;
Neither hae I gerss growing,
Nor hae I onie corn.

11 'I have na onie lands or rents,
Lying at libertie ;
Nor hae I onie education,
To dance alang wi thee.'

12 He lap on ae milk-white steed,
And she lap on anither,
And then the twa rade out the way
Like sister and like brither.

13 And whan she cam to Tyne's water,
She wililie did say,
Fareweil, ye mills o Tyne 's water,
With thee I bid gude-day.

14 Fareweil, ye mills o Tyne's water,
To you I bid gud-een,
Whare monie a day I hae filld my pock,
Baith at midnight and at een.

* * * * *

15 Whan they cam to her fathir's yett,
She tirled on the pin ;
And an auld belly-blind man was sitting
there,
As they war entering in.

16 'The meetest marriage,' the belly-blind did
cry,
'Atween the ane and the ither,
Atween the Earl of Stockford's dochter
And the Queen o England's brither.'

E

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 81, from Mr Nicol of Strichen, as learned in his youth from old people. b. Motherwell's MS., p. 459, derived, no doubt, from Buchan.

1 EARL RICHARD, once upon a day,
And all his valiant men so wight,
He did him down to Barnisdale,
Where all the land is fair and light.

2 He was aware of a damosel —
I wot fast on she did her bound —
With towers of gold upon her head,
As fair a woman as could be found.

3 He said, Busk on you, fair ladye,
The white flowers and the red ;
For I would give my bonnie ship
To get your maidenhead.

4 'I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all this would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me.'
'The miss is not so great, ladye ;
Soon mended it might be.

5 'I have four an twenty mills in Scotland,
Stands on the water of Tay ;
You 'll have them, and as much flour
As they 'll grind in a day.'

6 'I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me.'
'The miss is not so great, ladye ;
Soon mended it will be.

7 'I have four an twenty milk-white cows,
All calved in a day ;
You 'll have them, and as much hained grass
As they all on can gae.'

8 'I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
And drown you in the sea ;
For all that would not mend the miss
That ye would do to me.'
'The miss is not so great, ladye ;
Soon mended it might be.

9 'I have four an twenty milk-white steeds,
All foaled in one year ;

You 'll have them, and as much red gold
As all their backs can bear.'

10 She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the mold ;
'I would not be your love,' said she,
'For that church full of gold.'

11 He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the mess ;
Says, Ladye, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have less.

12 She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the moon ;
'I would not be your love,' says she,
'For all the gold in Rome.'

13 He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the moon ;
Says, Ladye, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have none.

14 He caught her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve,
And there has taken his will of her,
Wholly without her leave.

15 The ladye frownd, and sadly blusht,
And oh, but she thought shame !
Says, If you are a knight at all,
You surely will tell me your name.

16 'In some places they call me Jack,
In other some they call me John ;
But when into the queen's court,
O then Lithcock it is my name !'

17 'Lithcock ! Lithcock !' the ladye said,
And oft she spelt it ower again ;
'Lithcock ! it 's Latin,' the ladye said,
'Richard 's the English of that name.'

18 The knight he rode, the ladye ran,
A live-long summer's day,
Till they came to the wan water
That all men do call Tay.

19 He set his horse head to the water,
Just thro it for to ride,
And the ladye was as ready as him
The waters for to wade.

20 For he had never been as kind-hearted
 As to bid the ladye ride,
 And she had never been so low-hearted
 As for to bid him bide.

21 But deep into the wan water
 There stands a great big stone ;
 He turned his wight horse head about,
 Said, Ladye fair, will ye loup on ?

22 She 's taken the wand was in her hand
 And struck it on the faem,
 And before he got the middle-stream
 The ladye was on dry land :
 ' By help of God and our Lady,
 My help lyes not in your hand !

23 ' I learned it from my mother dear,
 Few are there that have learned better,
 When I come to deep water,
 I can swim thro like ony otter.

24 ' I learned it from my mother dear,
 I find I leard it for my weel,
 When I come to a deep water,
 I can swim thro like ony eel.'

25 ' Turn back, turn back, you ladye fair,
 You know not what I see ;
 There is a ladye in that castle
 That will burn you and me.'
 ' Betide me weel, betide me wae,
 That ladye I will see.'

26 She took a ring from her finger,
 And gave it the porter for his fee ;
 Says, Take you that, my good porter,
 And bid the queen speak to me.

27 And when she came before the queen,
 There she fell low down on her knee ;
 Says, There is a knight into your court
 This day has robbed me.

28 ' O has he robbed you of your gold,
 Or has he robbed you of your fee ?'
 ' He has not robbed me of my gold,
 He has not robbed me of my fee ;
 He has robbed me of my maidenhead,
 The fairest flower of my bodie.'

29 ' There is no knight in all my court,
 That thus has robbed thee,

But you 'll have the truth of his right hand,
 Or else for your sake he 'll die :

30 ' Tho it were Earl Richard, my own brother,
 And, Oh, forbid that it be !'
 Then sighing said the ladye fair,
 I wot the same man is he.

31 The queen called on her merry men,
 Even fifty men and three ;
 Earl Richard used to be the first man,
 But now the hindmost man was he.

32 He 's taken out one hundred pounds,
 And told it in his glove ;
 Says, Take you that, my ladye fair,
 And seek another love.

33 ' Oh, no ! oh, no ! ' the ladye cried,
 ' That 's what shall never be ;
 I 'll have the truth of your right hand,
 The queen it gave to me.'

34 [' I wish I 'd drunken your water, sister,
 When I did drink thus of your ale,
 That for a carl 's fair daughter
 It does me gar dree all this bale !]

35 ' I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,
 When I did drink your wine,
 That for a carle 's fair daughter
 It does gar me dree all this pine ! '

36 ' May be I am a carle 's daughter,
 And may be never nane ;
 When ye met me in the greenwood,
 Why did you not let me alone ? '

37 ' Will you wear the short clothes,
 Or will you wear the side ?
 Or will you walk to your wedding,
 Or will you till it ride ? '

38 ' I will not wear the short clothes,
 But I will wear the side ;
 I will not walk to my wedding,
 But I to it will ride.'

39 When he was set upon the horse,
 The lady him behin,
 Then cauld and eerie were the words
 The twa had them between.

40 She said, Good e'en, ye nettles tall,
 Just there where ye grow at the dyke ;
 If the auld carline my mother were here,
 Sae weel 's she would your pates pyke !

41 How she would stap you in her poke —
 I wot at that she wadna fail —
 And boil ye in her auld brass pan,
 And of ye make right good kail !

42 And she would meal you with millering,
 That she gathers at the mill,
 And make you thick as ony daigh :
 And when the pan was brimful,

43 Would mess you up in scuttle-dishes,
 Syne bid us sup till we were fou,
 Lay down her head upon a poke,
 Then sleep and snore like ony sow.

44 'Away, away, you bad woman !
 For all your vile words grieveth me ;
 When you hide so little for yourself,
 I 'm sure ye 'll hide far less for me.

45 'I wish I had drunk your water, sister,
 When that I did drink of your wine,
 Sinee for a carle's fair daughter,
 It aye gars me dree all this pine.'

46 'May be I am a carle's daughter,
 And may be never nane ;
 When ye met me in the good greenwood,
 Why did you not let me alone ?

47 'Gude een, gude een, ye heather-berries,
 As ye 're growing on yon hill ;
 If the auld carline and her bags were here,
 I wot she would get meat her fill.

48 'Late, late at night, I knit our pokes,
 With even four an twenty knots ;
 And in the morn at breakfast time
 I 'll carry the keys of an earl's locks.

49 'Late, late at night, I knit our pokes,
 With even four an twenty strings ;
 And if you look to my white fingers,
 They have as many gay gold rings.'

50 'Away, away, ye ill woman !
 So sore your vile words grieveth me ;
 When you hide so little for yourself,
 I 'm sure ye 'll hide far less for me.

51 'But if you are a carle's daughter,
 As I take you to be,
 How did you get the gay cloathing
 In greenwood ye had on thee ?'

52 'My mother, she 's a poor woman,
 She nursed earl's children three,
 And I got them from a foster-sister,
 For to beguile such sparks as thee.'

53 'But if you be a carle's daughter,
 As I believe you be,
 How did you learn the good Latin
 In greenwood ye spoke to me ?'

54 'My mother, she 's a mean woman,
 She nursd earl's children three ;
 I learnt it from their chaplain,
 To beguile such sparks as ye.'

55 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
 And all men bound for bed,
 Then Earl Richard and this ladye
 In ae bed they were laid.

56 He turned his face unto the stock,
 And she her's to the stane,
 And cauld and dreary was the love
 That was these twa between.

57 Great mirth was in the kithen,
 Likewise intill the ha,
 But in his bed lay Earl Richard,
 Wiping the tears awa.

58 He wept till he fell fast asleep,
 Then slept till light was come ;
 Then he did hear the gentlemen
 That talked in the room :

59 Said, Saw ye ever a fitter match,
 Betwixt the ane and ither,
 The king of Scotland's fair dochter
 And the queen of England's brither ?

60 'And is she the king o Scotland's fair dochter ?
 This day, O weel is me !
 For seven times has my steed been saddled,
 To come to court with thee ;
 And with this witty lady fair,
 How happy must I be !'

F

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 91; from the recitation of an old person. b. Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 184.

1 EARL LITHGOW he's a hunting gane,
Upon a summer's day,
And he's fa'en in with a weel-far'd maid,
Was gathering at the slaes.

2 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He led her to the foot of a tree,
At her he spierd nae leave.

3 The lassie being well learned,
She turned her right around;
Says, Will ye be as good, kind sir,
As tell to me your name?

4 'Whiles they call me Jack,' he says,
'And whiles they call me John;
But when I'm in the queen's high court,
Earl Litchcock is my name.'

5 The lassie being well learned,
She spelld it ower again;
Says, Litchcock is a Latin word,
But Lithgow is your name.

6 The lassie being well learned,
She spelld it ower again;
Says, Lithgow is a gentle word,
But Richard is your name.

7 She has kilted her green claiting
A little abeen her knee;
The gentleman rode, and the lassie ran,
Till at the water o Dee.

8 When they were at the water o Dee,
And at the narrow side,
He turned about his high horse head,
Says, Lassie, will ye ride?

9 'I learned it in my mother's bower,
I wish I had learned it better,
When I came to this wan water,
To swim like ony otter.

10 'I learned it in my mother's bower,
I wish I had learned it weel,
That when I came to a wan water,
To swim like ony eel.'

11 She has kilted her green claiting
A little abeen her knee;
The gentleman rode, the lassie swam,
Thro the water o Dee:
Before he was at the middle o the water,
At the other side was she.

12 She sat there and drest hersell,
And sat upon a stone;
There she sat to rest hersell,
And see how he'd come on.

13 'How mony miles hae ye to ride?
How mony hae I to gang?'
'I've thirty miles to ride,' he says,
'And ye've as mony to gang.'

14 'If ye've thirty miles to ride,' she says,
'And I've as mony to gae,
Ye'll get leave to gang yoursell;
It will never be gane by me.'

15 She's gane to the queen's high court,
And knocked at the pin;
Who was sae ready as the proud porter,
To let this lady in!

16 She's put her hand in her pocket,
And gien him guineas three:
'Ye will gang to the queen hersell,
And tell her this frae me.

17 'There is a lady at your yetts
Can neither card nor spin;
But she can sit in a lady's bower,
And lay gold on a seam.'

18 He's gane ben thro ae lang room,
And he's gane ben thro twa,
Till he came to a lang, lang trance,
And then came to the ha.

19 When he came before the queen,
Sat low down on his knee:
'Win up, win up, my proud porter,
What makes this courtesie?'

20 'There is a lady at your yetts
Can neither card nor spin;
But she can sit in a lady's bower,
And lay gold on a seam.'

21 'If there is a lady at my yetts
That cannot card nor spin,

Ye 'll open my yetts baith wide and braid,
And let this lady in.'

22 Now she has gane ben thro ae room,
And she's gane ben thro twa,
And she gaed ben a lang, lang trance,
Till she came to the ha.

23 When she came before the queen,
Sat low down on her knee :
' Win up, win up, my fair woman,
What makes such courtesie ? '

24 ' My errand it 's to thee, O queen,
My errand it 's to thee ;
There is a man within your courts
This day has robbed me.'

25 ' O has he taen your purse, your purse,
Or taen your penny-fee ?
Or has he taen your maidenhead,
The flower of your bodie ? '

26 ' He hasna taen my purse, my purse,
Nor yet my penny-fee,
But he has taen my maidenhead,
The flower of my bodi '

27 ' It is if he be a batchelor,
Your husband he shall be ;
But if he be a married man,
High hanged he shall be.

28 ' Except it be my brother, Litcheock,
I hinna will it be he ;'
Sighd and said that gay lady,
That very man is he.

29 She 's calld on her merry men a' ;
By ane, by twa, by three ;
Earl Litecock used to be the first,
But the hindmost man was he.

30 He came cripple on the back,
Stane blind upon an ee ;
And sighd and said Earl Richard,
I doubt this calls for me.

31 He 's laid down a brand, a brand,
And next laid down a ring ;
It 's thrice she minted to the brand,
But she's taen up the ring :
There 's not a knight in a' the court,
But calld her a wise woman.

32 He 's taen out a purse of gold,
And tauld it on a stane ;
Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,
And ye 'll frae me be gane.

33 ' I will hae nane o your purse[s] o gold,
That ye tell on a stane ;
But I will hae yoursell,' she says,
' Another I 'll hae nane.'

34 He has taen out another purse,
And tauld it in a glove ;
Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,
And choice another love.

35 ' I 'll hae nane o your purses o gold,
That ye tell in a glove ;
But I will hae yoursell,' she says,
' I 'll hae nae ither love.'

36 But he 's taen out another purse,
And tauld it on his knee ;
Said, Take ye that, ye fair woman,
Ye 'll get nae mair frae me.

37 ' I 'll hae nane o your purses o gold,
That ye tell on your knee ;
But I will hae yoursell,' she says,
' The queen has granted it me.'

38 ' O will ye hae the short claiting,
Or will ye hae the side ?
Or will ye gang to your wedding,
Or will ye to it ride ? '

39 ' I winna hae the short claiting,
But I will hae the side ;
I winna gang to my wedding,
But to it I will ride.'

40 The first town that they came till
They made the mass be sung,
And the next town that they came till
They made the bells be rung.

41 And the next town that they came till
He bought her gay claiting,
And the next town that they came till
They held a fair wedding.

42 When they came to Mary-kirk,
The nettles grew on the dyke :
' If my auld mither, the carlin, were here,
Sae well 's she would you pyke.

43 'Sae well 's she would you pyke,' she says,
 'She woud you pyke and pou,
 And wi the dust lyes in the mill
 Sae woud she mingle you.'

44 'She 'd take a speen intill her hand,
 And sup ere she be fou,
 Syne lay her head upon a sod,
 And snore like ony sow.'

45 When she came to yon mill-dams,
 Says, Weel may ye clap ;
 I wyte my minnie neer gaed by you
 Wanting mony a lick.

46 He 's drawn his hat out ower his face,
 Muckle shame thought he ;
 She 's driven her cap out ower her locks,
 And a light laugh gae she.

47 When they were wedded, and well bedded,
 And hame at dinner set,
 Then out it spake our bride hersell,
 And she spake never blate.

48 Put far awa your china plates,
 Put them far awa frae me,
 And bring to me my humble gockies,
 That I was best used wi.

49 Put far awa your siller speens,
 Had them far awa frae me,
 And bring to me my horn cutties,
 That I was best used wi.

50 When they were dined and well served,
 And to their dancing set,
 Out it spake our bride again,
 For she spake never blate.

51 If the auld carlin, my mither, were here,
 As I trust she will be,
 She 'll fear the dancing frae us a',
 And gar her meal-bags flee.

52 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' men bound for rest,
 Earl Richard and the beggar's daughter
 In ae chamber were placed.

53 'Had far awa your fine claiting,
 Had them far awa frae me,
 And bring to me my fleachy clouts,
 That I was best used wi.'

54 'Had far awa your holland sheets,
 Had them far awa frae me,
 And bring to me my canvas clouts,
 That I was best used wi.'

55 'Lay a pock o meal beneath my head,
 Another aneath my feet,
 A pock o seeds beneath my knees,
 And soundly will I sleep.'

56 'Had far awa, ye carlin's get,
 Had far awa frae me ;
 It disna set a carlin's get
 My bed-fellow to be.'

57 'It 's may be I 'm a carlin's get,
 And may be I am nane ;
 But when ye got me in good greenwood,
 How letna you me alone ?'

58 'It is if you be a carlin's get,
 As I trust well ye be,
 Where got ye all the gay claiting
 You brought to greenwood with thee ?'

59 'My mother was an auld nourice,
 She nursed bairns three ;
 And whiles she got, and whiles she
 staw,
 And she kept them a' for me ;
 And I put them on in good greenwood,
 To beguile fause squires like thee.'

60 It 's out then spake the Billy-Blin,
 Says, I speak nane out of time ;
 If ye make her lady o nine cities,
 She 'll make you lord o ten.

61 Out it spake the Billy-Blin,
 Says, The one may serve the other ;
 The King of Gosford's ae daughter,
 And the Queen of Scotland's brother.

62 'Wae but worth you, Billy-Blin,
 An ill death may ye die !
 My bed-fellow he 'd been for seven years
 Or he 'd kend sae muckle frae me.'

63 'Fair fa ye, ye Billy-Blin,
 And well may ye aye be !
 In my stable is the ninth horse I 've killd,
 Seeking this fair ladie :
 Now we 're married, and now we 're bedded,
 And in each other's arms shall lie.'

G

Gibb MS., No 1. From recitation; traced to Mrs E. Lindsay, about 1800.

1 JO JANET has to the greenwood gane,
Wi' a' her maidens free,

* * * * *

2 'Some ca me Jack, some ca me John,
Some ca me Jing-ga-lee,
But when I am in the queen's court
Earl Hitcheock they ca me.'

3 'Hitcheock, Hitcheock,' Jo Janet she said,
An spelled it ower agane,
'Hitcheock it's a Latin word;
Earl Richard is your name.'

4 But when he saw she was book-learned,
Fast to his horse lied he;
But she kilted up her gay claiting,
An fast, fast followed she.

5 Aye he rade, an aye she ran,
The live-lang simmer's day,
Till they came to the wan water,
An a' men call it Tay.

6 She has tane the narrow fuir,
An he has tane the wide,
An ere he was in the middle-water,
Jo Janet was at the ither side.

7
As swift as eel or otter.

8 An when she cam to the queen's court
She tirled at the pin,
An wha sae ready as the queen hersel
To let Jo Janet in!

9
'There is a knicht into your court
This day has robbed me.'

10 'Has he robbed you o your gold, fair may,
Or robbed you o your fee?

Or robbed you o your maidenhead,
The flower o your bodie?'

11 'He has nae robbed me o my gold,' she said,
'Nor o my weel won fee,
But he has robbed me o my maidenhead,
The flower o my bodie.'

12 'It's if he be a married knight,
It's hanged he shall be;
But if he be a single knight,
It's married ye shall be.

13 'There's but three knichts into my court
This day hae been frae me,
An ane is Earl Richard, my brither,
An I hope it is na he:
Then sichin said Jo Janet,
The very same man is he.

14 The queen has called on her merry men
By thirty and by three;
He wont to be the foremost man,
But hinmost in eam he.

15 'Is this your tricks abroad, Richard,
Is this your tricks abroad,
Wheneer ye meet a bonny may
To lay her on the road?'

* * * *

16 But he took out a purse o gold,
Says, Tak you that, my bonny may,
An seek nae mair o me.

17 'I winna hae your gold,' she said,
'I winna hae your fee;
I'll hae the troth o your right hand
The queen has promised me.'

* * * *

18 As they rade bye yon bonny mill-town
Sae fair's the nettles grew;
Quoth she, If my auld mither were here,
Sae finely's she wad you pu.

19 She wad you nip, she wad you clip,
Sae finely's she wad you pu,
An pit you on in a wee, wee pat,
An sup till she were fu,

H

Kinloch's MSS, V, 20, in the handwriting of Mr James Beattie, 1820, and from the recitation of one of the Miss Beatties, his aunts, native in The Mearns: also Kinloch MS., VII, 61, and Kinloch's Scottish Ballads, p. 25.

1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter,
Kept sheep on yonder hill;

There came a knight o courage bright,
And he wad have his will. Diddle, &c.

2 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
Gien her a gown o green;
'O take you that, fair may,' he says,
'There's nae mair o me to be seen.'

3 'Since ye have taen your wills o me,
Your wills o me you 've taen,
Since ye have taen your wills o me,
Pray tell to me your name.'

4 'O some they call me Jack, lady,
And others call me John ;
But when I 'm in the king's court,
Sweet William is my name.'

5 She 's kilted up her green clothing
A little below her knee,
And she is to the king's court,
As fast as she could gae.

6 And when she came unto the king,
She knelt low on her knee :
' There is a man into your court
This day has robbed me.'

7 ' Has he robbd you of your gold,' he says,
' Or of your white monie ?
Or robbd you of the flowery branch,
The flower of your bodie ? '

8 ' He has not robbd me of my gold,' she
says,
' Nor of my white monie,
But he 's robbd me of the flowery branch,
The flower of my bodie.'

9 ' O if he be a bond-man,
High hanged shall he be ;
But if he be a free man,
He 's well provide for thee.'

10 The king 's called on his nobles all,
By thirty and by three ;
Sweet William should have been the foremost
man,
But the hindmost man was he.

11 ' Do you not mind yon shepherd's daughter,
You met on yonder hill ?

When a' her flocks were feeding round,
Of her you took your will.'

12 And he 's taen out a purse o gold,
And tied up in a glove ;
' Take you that, fair may,' he says,
' And choice for you a love.'

13 O he 's taen out three hundred pounds,
Tied up in a purse ;
' See, take you that, fair may,' he says,
' And that will pay the nurse.'

14 ' I 'll neither have your gold,' she says,
' Nor yet your white monie,
But I will have the king's grant,
That he has granted me.'

15 Then he 's taen her on a milk-white steed,
Himsell upon another,
And to his castle they have rode,
Like sister and like brother.

16 O ilka nettle that they came to,
' O well mote you grow !
For mony a day 's my minny and me
Pilkit at your pow.'

17 O ilka mill that they came to,
' O well mote you clack !
For monie a day 's my minnie and me
Buckled up our lap.'

* * * * *

18 ' You 're the king of England's ae brother,
I trust well that you be ;
I 'm the Earl of Stampford's ae daughter,
And he has nae mair but me.'

19 O saw you eer such a near marriage,
Between the one and the other,
The Earl of Stampford's ae daughter,
And the King of England's brother !

I

Communicated by Dr Thomas Davidson, from his own recollection; Aberdeenshire.

1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter,
Kept flocks on yonder hill,
And by there cam a courteous knight,
Wud fain and hae his will.

* * * *

2 'Some do ca me Jock,' he said,
'And some do ca me John,
But when I do ride i the king's high court,
Gulelmus is my name.'

* * * *

3 And when she came to the kinges court
She tirled at the pin,
And wha was there but the king himsel,
To lat this fair maid in !

4 'Now Christ you save, my lord,' she said,
'Now Christ you save and see ;
There is a knicht into your court
This day has robbed me.

5 'He 's na robbed me o my silken purse,
Nor o my white money,
But he 's robbed me o my maidenheid,
The flower o my bodie.'

6 'O gin he be a single man,
Weel married sall ye be,
But an he be a married man,
He 's hang upon a tree.'

7 Then he called up his merry men a',
By one, by two, and by three,
And William should a been the first,
But the hindmost man was he.

8 And he cam hirplin on a stick,
And blin upon an ee,
But sighthand said that gay ladie,
That same man robbed me.

* * * *

9 'Gin I had drunk the wan water,
When I did drink the wine,
A cairdman's daughter
Should never be a true-love o mine.'

10 'Maybe I 'm a cairdman's daughter,
And maybe I am nane ;
But when ye did come to good green wood,
Ye sud hae latten me alone.'

11 She set upon a milk-white steed,
An himsel on a dapple grey,
An she had as much lan in fair Scotlan
'S ye cud ride in a lang simmer's day.

J

Dr Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 7.
Taken down from a man in the parish of Leochel, Aberdeenshire, February 12, 1829.

* * * * *

1 'SOME ca'ss me James, some ca'as me John,
I carena what they ca me,
But when I [am] at hame in my ain coun-
try,
It 's Lispcock that they ca me.'

2 The lassie being well beuk-learned,
She spelled it ower again ;
Says, Lispeock in a Latin beuk
Spells Erl Richard in plain.

3

The lassie kilted up her green claiting,
And fast, fast followed on.

4 Till they cam till a wide water,

He 's turned his hie horse head about,
Says, Lassie will ye ride ?

5 'I learned it in my mother's bower,
I wish I 'd learned it better,
Whanever I cam to any wide water,
To soum like ony otter.'

6 The laird he chused the ford to ride,
The ladie the pot to swim,

And or the laird was half water,
The ladie was on dry lan.

7 O he rade on to yon hie castell,
He rade it riht and roun about ;
The laird gaed in at ae back-door,
But the ladie beet to knoek.

8 O out it cam the proud porter,
Wi his hat into his han,
.

9 She 's pitten her hand in her pocket,
Pulld out guineas three.
And that she 's given to the proud porter,
To cause her to get entrance there.

10 The proud porter ran up the stair,
O fifteen steps he made but three :
The prettiest lady stands at yer yetts
That ever my een did see.'

11
'Goe doun, goe doun, you proud porter,
Cause her to cum up to me.'

12 When she gaed in before the queen,
She fell low down on her knee :

—

K

Motherwell's MS., p. 226. From the recitation of Widow McCormick, Westbrae, Paisley, 1825 ; learned of an old woman in Dumbarton, thirty or forty years before.

1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter,
Kept sheep on yonder hill ;
O by comes a courtier,
And fain wud hae his will.
We 'll go no more a roving,
A roving in the night,
We 'll go no more a roving,
Let the moon shine neer so bright.
O we 'll go [no] more a roving.

2 He took her by the middle so small,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He bended her body unto the ground,
And of her parents he askd no leave.

3 'There is a man into your courts
This day has robbed me.'

13 'Has he robbed you o your fine clothing,
Or o your white monie ?
Or taen frae you your maidenhead,
The flower o your bodie ?'

14 'He hasna robbed me o my fine clothing,
Nor o my white monie,
But he 's taen frae me my maidenhead,
The flower o my bodie.'

15 'O gin he be a married man,
High hanged sall he be ;
And gin he be a batchelere,
Well wedded shall ye be.'

16 O she has called in her merry young men,
By thirties and by threes ;
Earl Richard should hae been the foremost
man,
But the hindmost man was he.

17 He eam limpin on a staff,
And blinkin on an ee,
And sichand says that gay ladie,
That samin man is he.

* * * *

3 'Now since you 've got your will o me,
And brought my fair bodie to shame,
All the request I ask of you is,
Pray tell me what 's your name.'

4 'O some do call me Jack,' he says,
'And some do call me John,
But when I am in the king's court,
My name is Sweet William.'

5 She took her petticoats by the band,
Her mantle oer her arm,
And she 's awa to the king's court,
As fast as she could run.

6 When she came to the king's court,
She tinkled at the ring ;
Who was so ready as the king himsel
To let this fair maid in !

7 And when she came before the king,
 She kneeled low by his knee ;
 'What's this? what's this, fair maid,' he
 says,
 'What's this you ask of me?'

8

 'There is a knight into your court
 This day has robbed me.'

9 'If he robbed you of your gold,' he said,
 'It's hanged he must be ;
 If he's robbed you of your maidenhead,
 His body I grant to thee.'

10 'He's not robbed me of my gold,' she said,
 'Nor of my white money,
 But he's robbed me of my maidenhead,
 The flower of my bodie.'

11 He's called down his merry men all,
 By one, by two, by three ;
 John used to be the foremost man,
 But the hindmost man was he.

12 He took a long purse of gold
 And wrapped it in a glove :
 'Here's to thee, my dearest dear,
 Go seek some other love.'

L

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 1, recited by Miss Brown, of Glasgow, after a blind aunt.

* * * * *

1 'I LEARNED it in my father's bower,
 And I learned it for the better,
 That every water I coudna wade,
 I swam it like an otter.
 With my low silver ee.'

13 'I'll have none of your gold,' she says,
 'Nor any of your white money,
 But I'll just have your own bodie
 The king has granted to me.'

14 'I wish I was drinking the well-water
 When I drank of the ale,
 Before a shepherd's daughter
 Would tell me such a tale.'

15 He got her on a milk-white steed,
 Himself upon a grey,
 Then on a day
 This couple rode away.

16 It's when they were coming by the nettle-bush.
 She said, So well may you grow !
 For many a day my mammy and me
 Hae pickled at your pow.

17 When they cam by the mill-door, she said,
 So well may you clatter !
 For many a day my mammy and me
 Pickled at your happen.

18 When they came to the king's court,
 They reckoned up their kin ;
 She was a king's one dochter,
 And he but a blacksmith's son.

2 'I learned it in my father's bower,
 And I learned it for my weel,
 That every water I coudna wade,
 I swam it like an eel.'

* * * * *

3 And he cam hirpling on a stick,
 And leaning on a tree :
 'Be he cripple, or be he blind,
 The same man is he.'

A. a. The beautifull Shepherdesse of Arcadia.
 A new pastorell Song of a courteous young
 Knight and a supposed Shepheard's Daughter.
 To a gallant tune, called the Shep-
 heards Delight. . . . London, Printed for

William Gilbertson. *Gilbertson published 1640-63: Chappell. Dated 1655 in the Museum Catalogue.*

4, 6. *Burden* Trang dang. 7⁸. abeut.
 10¹. cour. 12⁴. fingets.

18⁴. faults. 24². rights. 27¹. *Perhaps to linked.*
Some trivial errors of the press have been corrected.

b. The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia: A new Pastoral Song of a courteous young Knight and a supposed Shepherd's Daughter of Arcadia, in Peloponnesus. To the Tune of The Shepherd's Daughter, &c. London: Printed for A. M., W. O., and T. Thackeray, at the sign of the Angel in Duck [Lane]. *Dated 1680? in the Catalogue.*

3⁸. yong *wanting*. 4¹. about the middle.
 4². down *wanting*. 4³. had got.
 5¹. kind sir. 5². thus *wanting*.
 6¹. men *wanting*. 6³. fair court.
 7¹. into the. 7². he did. 7³. her girdle.
 9³. was never. 10¹. But *wanting*.
 11¹. save you. 11³. got *wanting*.
 12¹. of, sweet-heart.
 12⁴. finger. 13². or of.
 13⁴. most of. 15³. was *wanting*. 16². within.
 18³. to thee. 18⁴. fault. 19. not thy.
 22. *wanting, in my transcript.*
 24². rites was. 25². will be. 25⁴. make thee.
 26³. should a. 27¹. being linked so.
 27². joyned.

B. 23³. tak he.

C. C and D were derived from the recitation of Jenny Watson of Lanark and Mrs Charles of Torry, but which from which we are not distinctly told. An incidental expression of Kinloch's, MSS, VII. 59, may warrant the assigning of C to Mrs Charles. C is written on the right hand of the MS. and D on the left, except that the last two stanzas of D are written on the right, and a few readings of D are written above those of C. (The ink of D is blacker.)

6. omitted by Kinloch in printing.
 7⁴. wade altered to wyde, according to the pronunciation.
 8⁴, 21⁴. na is *wanting*.
 14¹. Kinloch prints your fause love: in MS. [fanse].
 25. inserted at p. 23 of Kinloch's interleaved copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads.

D 1³. frae the king's court.
 3⁴. Earl Richard is my name. 11¹. anie.
 14⁴. Altered to At midday and.
 16³. cried the.
 17¹. He powd out a hundred punds.
 17². Weel lockit in a glove.
 27¹. Hoch! had I drank the wan water.

27³. That . . . a mill-capon.
 E. a. 6⁴. for me: see 4⁴, 8⁴. 16⁴. Oh.
 34. wanting, supplied from the MS.
 44³, 4, 50³, 4. unless hide is for heed, read heed, as in b.
 b. 1¹. on a. 13³. ye shall be. 18⁴. does.
 22¹. wand she had in. 22⁴. on the.
 22⁶. help does not lye. 23¹. omits it.
 23². is there that has. 23³. to a.
 24³. came. 25⁶. will I. 26². omits it.
 30⁴. samen. 31¹. men all. 31⁴. omits man.
 34. omitted in a. 43². we be.
 44³, 4. When you heed so little of yourself,
 I'm sure ye 'll heed far less nor me.
 47³, 4. If the auld carle and his bags were here,
 I wot he would get meat his fill.
 48¹, 49¹. last night.

50. Away, away, you evil woman,
 How sore your vile words grieve me!
 When you heed so little on yourself,
 I know you will heed less on me.

52⁴. as ye. 53¹. you are.
 55¹. was rung. 55³. the ladye.
 55⁴. In one. 56¹. face to. 56⁴. thir twa.
 57¹. Great was the mirth. 57². into.
 57⁴. And wiping. 60⁴. at thee.
The variations in b are probably Motherwell's improvements. He does not adopt all of them in printing, but makes still other slight changes.

F. b. "An epitome (eleven eight-line stanzas) of Buchan's version, with some slight alterations from the way the editor has heard the ballad sung."

15¹. The lady to the queen's court gaed.
 15³. And ready was.
 16². And gae him gowd sae free.
 19². He lout doun. 23². She lout doun.
 30². And blind.
 33¹, 37¹. I will not hae your purse o gowd.
 33⁴. And other. 39². Nor will I hae.
 41³. And when they came to St. Mary's kirk.
 62³. My husband.

I. 1². Var. Kept hogs. 8³. sigh and.

J. 3³. in, perhaps, for on.
 3, 4; 8, 9; 11, 12. Written without division in the MS.

17³. sich &.

K. 4¹. Oh.
 17⁴. Hae added later; pickled altered from circled.

111

CROW AND PIE

MS. Rawlinson, C. 813, fol. 27 b, beginning of the sixteenth century. Halliwell's *Nugæ Poeticæ*, p. 42.

THIS is not a purely popular ballad, but rather of that kind which, for convenience, may be called the minstrel-ballad. It has, however, popular features, and markedly in stanzas 13, 14; for which see pp. 444, 446 of

the first volume, and the ballad preceding this, A 5, 6, B 3, 4, etc.; also Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 144, 'The Baron o Leys.'

1 THROUGHE a forest as I ean ryde,
To take my sporte yn an mornyng,
I cast my eye on euery syde,
I was ware of a bryde syngynge.

2 I sawe a faire mayde come rydyng ;
I speke to hur of loue, I trowe ;
She answered me all yn scornyng,
And sayd, The crowe shall byte yow.

3 'I pray yow, damesell, scorne me nott ;
To wyn your loue ytt ys my wyll ;
For your loue I haue dere bought,
And I wyll take good hede thertyll.'

4 'Nay, for God, ser, that I nyll ;
I tell the, Jenken, as I trowe,
Thow shalt nott fynde me suche a gyll ;
Therfore the crowe shall byte yow.'

5 He toke then owt a good golde ryng,
A purse of velweytt, that was soo fyne :
'Haue ye thys, my dere swetyng,
With that ye wylbe lemanian myn.'

6 'Be Cryst, I dare nott, for my dame,
To dele with hym þat I doo nott knowe ;
For soo I myght dyspyse my name ;
Therfore the crowe shall byte yow.'

7 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,
That was soo faire of hyde and hewe ;

He kyssed hur cheke as whyte as whall,
And prayed hur þat she wolde vpon hym
rewē.

8 She scornyd hym, and eallyd hym Hew ;
His loue was as a paynted blowe :
'To-day me, to-morowe a newe ;
Therfore the crowe shall byte yow.'

9 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,
And layd hur downe vpon the grene ;
Twys or thrys he served hur soo withall,
He wolde nott stynt yet, as I wene.

10 'But sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,
Ye wyll wedde me now, as I trowe :'
'I wyll be aduysed, Gyll,' sayd he,
'For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.'

11 'But sythe ye haue i-leyn me by,
And brought my body vnto shame,
Some of your good ye wyll part with me,
Or elles, be Cryst, ye be to blame.'

12 'I wylbe aduysed,' he sayde ;
'þe wynde ys wast þat thow doyst
blowe ;
I hane a-noder þat most be payde ;
Therfore the pye hathe pecked yow.'

13 'Now sythe ye haue i-leyn me bye,
A lyttle thyng ye wyll tell ;

In case that I with chylde be,
 What ys your name? Wher doo ye
 dwell?¹

14 'At Yorke, at London, at Clerkenwell,
 At Leycester, Cambryge, at myrye Brys-
 towe;
 Some call me Rychard, Robart, Jacke, and
 Wyll;
 For now the pye hath peckyd yow.'

15 'But, all medons, be ware be rewe,
 And lett no man downe yow throwe;

For and yow doo, ye wyll ytt rewe,
 For then þe pye wyll pecke yow.'

16 'Farewell, corteor, ouer the medoo,
 Pluke vp your helys, I yow beshrew!
 Your trace, wher so euer ye ryde or goo,
 Crystes curse goo wythe yow!'

17 'Thoughe a knave hath by me layne,
 Yet am I noder dede nor slowe;
 I trust to recouer my harte agayne,
 And Crystes curse goo wythe yow!'

1⁴. bryde: *qy*, bryd? 8². blewe.
 16². be shrew yow. 17². nor sleyne.

And for &. *Final double l, though crossed, has been printed without adding e.*

112

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT

A. a. Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia, or, The Second Part of Musicks Melodie, or Melodious Musicke*, London, 1609. 'The Over Courteous Knight,' Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 159. b. *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, III, 37, 1719.

B. *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, V, 112, 1719.

C. a. 'The Baffled Knight, or, The Lady's Policy.' A Collection of Old Ballads, III, 178, 1725. b. 'The Lady's Policy, or, The Baffled Knight,' Three Parts (the first fifty stanzas), Pepys' *Ballads*, V, Nos 162-

164. c. *Douce Ballads*, III, fol. 52 b. d. 'The Baffled Knight, or, The Lady's Policy,' *Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 674.

D. a. 'The Shepherd's Son,' *Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, p. 328, 1769. b. 'Blow the Winds, Heigh ho!' *Dixon, Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 123, *Percy Society*, vol. xvii; Bell, p. 80.

E. 'The Knight and Lady,' *Motherwell's MS.*, p. 410.

A b is in the first volume of the editions of 1698, 1707: Chappell, *Popular Music*, p. 62. B is in the third volume of the edition of 1707, and is also printed in *A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs*, 8vo, 1735, which I have not seen: Chappell, p. 520.

The original story, represented by **A**, **B**, and **C** 1-17, appears to have been revived at the end of the seventeenth century, and to have been so much relished as to encourage the addition of a Second, Third, and Fourth Part, all of which were afterwards combined, as in **C** a, c, d.*

* Pepys, V, 169, No 162. *An Exeellent New Song, calld The Lady's Policy, or, The Baffled Knight.* London, printed and sold by T. Moore, 1693. T. Moore printed 1689-93: Chappell.

or, *The beautiful Lady's Second piece of policy*, by which she preserved her Virginity and left the brisk Knight in Pickle. Printed for C. Bate, next the Crown Tavern in West Smithfield. C. Bates printed 1690-1702: Chappell.

Pepys, V, 170, No 163. *An Answer to The Baffled Knight*, VOL. II. 60

Pepys, V, 171, No 164. *The Third Part of the Baffled*

Percy inserted a version of C, abridged to forty-five stanzas, in his *Reliques*, 1765, III, 238, 1767, II, 339, which was "given, with some corrections,"* from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection." Although "MS. copy" in Percy's case may mean nothing, while "some corrections" may signify much, it has been thought best to reprint Percy's ballad in an Appendix.

D is repeated in Johnson's *Museum*, p. 490, No 477, with a slight change in the first line. It probably belongs to the first half of the eighteenth century.

E is, in all probability, a broadside copy modified by tradition. In E, as in two stanzas appended to B (see notes), and in a rifacimento immediately to be mentioned, the all but too politic maid would certainly seem to be encouraging the knight at first.†

'The Politick Maid,' Roxburghe Ballads, I, 306 f, Ballad Society reprint, II, 281, is an edition, after Percy's fashion, of some old form of the ballad, by Richard Climesell (Chappell). It was printed for Thomas Lambert, whose date, according to Mr. Chappell, is 1636-41, and is, therefore, considerably earlier than any known copy of the First Part of C. For the sake of such portions of the original as it preserves, it is given in an Appendix.

There is a Scottish ballad in which the tables are turned upon the maid in the conclusion. This, as being of comparatively recent, and not of popular, but of low literary origin, cannot be admitted here. It can be found in Kinloch's Ballad Book, 'Jock Sheep,' p. 16, and the Kinloch MSS, I, 229, communicated by James Beattie as taken down from the recitation of Miss E. Beattie, Mearnsshire. Other versions are, in the Campbell MSS, 'Dernie Hughie,' II, 233; 'Joek Sheep, or, The Maiden Outwitted,' Buchan MSS, I, 155. Another ballad, brief and silly, in which a

Knight, or, The Witty Lady's new Intreague, by which she left him fetterd in his Boots. Where he lay all Night in her Father's Park, Cursing his woful Misfortune. Printed for I. Deacon, at the Angel in Gilt Spur Street, without Newgate. Jonah Deacon printed 1684-95: Chappell.

I do not know that the Fourth Part was ever separately printed.

maid ties a gentleman's hands with her apron strings, 'The Abashed Knight,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 131, is rejected on similar grounds.

The important points in A, B, and the first part of C are that a knight, coming upon a damsel at a distance from her home, desires to have his will of her. She asks him to take her to her father's hall, where he shall be gratified. Reaching the house, she slips in and leaves the knight without. She jeers at him for not using his opportunity.

A similar story occurs in many European ballads.

Spanish. A. 'De Francia partió la niña,' "Cancionero de Romances, s. a., fol. 259, Can. de Rom. 1550, fol. 274, Silva de 1550, I, fol. 184;" 'La Infantina,' Duran, I, 152, No 284, Wolf y Hofmann, Primavera, II, 82, No 154. A damsel on the way to Paris has lost the road, and is waiting under a tree for an escort. A knight rides by, and she asks him to take her along. He puts her on the crupper, and, when midway, asks for *amores*. The damsel tells him that she is a leper (hija de un malato y de una malatía), which frightens the knight to silence. As they are entering Paris the damsel laughs, and the knight asks why; she laughs at the knight's want of spirit. He proposes to go back for something which he has forgotten. She will not turn back; she is daughter to the king of France, and any man who should touch her would pay dearly for it. B. Another copy, from a broadside of the sixteenth century, Duran, I, 152, No 285, Primavera, II, 83, No 154 a, blends the story with that of a princess who has been made to pass seven years in a wood by a fairy's spell, 'A cazar va el caballero,' 'La Infanta encantada,' Duran, I, 159, No 295, Primavera, II, 74, No 151. C. 'El Caballero burlado,' from Asturian tradition, Amador de los Ríos, Historia de la Litteratura española, VII, 442.

The Pepys copy is not at my disposal except for collation.

* "Bishop Percy found the subject worthy of his best improvements," says Ritson, for once with French neatness: *Ancient Songs*, p. 159.

† See, further on, the second Danish and the German ballad.

Portuguese. **A.** 'A Infeitiçada,' Almeida-Garrett, II, 31. **B, C, D.** Romances da filha do rei de França, 'O caçador e a donzella,' 'Donzella encantada,' Braga, Cantos p. do Archipelago açoriano. Nos 1, 2, 3, pp. 183-191. **E, F.** Romances da Infanta de França, 'A Encantada,' Braga, Romanceiro Geral, Nos 10, 11, pp. 26-29. **G.** 'Infantina' (defective), Coelho, Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie, III, 62.* In all the Portuguese versions the proper story is mixed with that of the Hunter and the Enchanted Princess ('O Caçador,' Almeida-Garrett, II, 17), and in all but **F** the lady is discovered to be the sister of the knight, a frequent catastrophe in ballads,† certainly a false one in the present instance. In **A** the damsels represents herself as having been bewitched before baptism, and any man who should come near her would become *malato*.‡ In **B, C, D** she says she is daughter of a *malato*, and any man approaching her would become *malato*.§ This feature is wanting in **E, F, G.**

French. **A.** Gasté, Chansons normandes du XV^e siècle, p. 72, No 43, 'Et qui vous passera le bois?' Vaux-de-vire d'Olivier Basselin, etc., Du Bois, p. 190, No 30, Le Bibliophile Jacob, p. 225; Wolff, Altfranzösische Volkslieder, p. 81. **B. a.** 'La Filho doou Ladre,' Arbaud, II, 90. **b.** 'La Fille du Lepreux,' Poésies pop. de la France, MS., III, fol. 261. **C.** 'En allant au bois,' Bujeaud, I, 244. **D.** 'En revenant de Saint-François,' Guillon, p. 103. **E.** 'Margueriette,' Bladé, Poésies pop. de l'Armagnac, etc., p. 76. A damsels who is afraid to pass a wood is taken through by a knight, **B.** Midway he makes love to her; she advises him to keep off; she is the daughter of a leper. When out of the wood she laughs, and, the man asking why, says, because she has come out a maid. He proposes to return, which she will

not hear of; he should have plucked his bird while he had it in hand. She declares herself daughter of the king, **D**; of the seigneur, **E**; of the chief burgher of the city, **A**. The knight of **B** is an officer in **E**, who takes the maid up on his horse, and in **E** she feigns to be the hangman's daughter, not a leper's. Inferior copies of the same type are given by Legrand, Romania, X, 392, No 43, Lovell, Chansons Canadiennes, p. 30, Gagnon, p. 92 (much corrupted).

In a variation of this story an orange-girl delivers herself from her predicament by feigning an ague-fit: 'La Marchande d'Oranges,' Rolland, p. 258, No 127, *d*; Poésies pop. de la France, IV, fol. 166, fol. 213 (a fragment at fol. 286 is the latter half of the same copy); Bujeaud, I, 249, and 251 (marchande de pommes). Other copies give the story a different turn.

In another version the man yields to the girl's tears, and is laughed at in the conclusion: 'Le galaut maladroit,' Poésies pop. de la France, MS., III, fol. 139, fol. 141; 'La fille bien avisée,' fol. 524; IV, fol. 350, 'Il était un chasseur'; VI, 119 = Rolland, I, 23, No 4, *c*; Gerard de Nerval, La Bohème Galante, p. 96, ed. 1866 = Les Faux Saulniers, Œuvres complètes, 1868, IV, 398; Buchon, p. 76, No 2; Beaurepaire, p. 33 *f*; Guillon, p. 101; Tarbé, 'L'honnête Garçon,' II, 137; Rolland, 'L'Occasion manquée,' I, 23, No 4 *b*; Puymaigre, 'La Rencontre,' p. 113, 2d ed. I, 154. The "moral" is wanting in very few of these.

Still other varieties, with omissions, additions, or changes which need not be particularized, are: 'L'Amant discret,' Puymaigre, p. 112, I, 153; Guillon, pp. 29, 273; 'L'autre jour,' Bladé, P. p. de l'Armagnac, p. 114; 'Praube Moussu,' Bladé, Poésies pop. de la Gascogne, II, 66, Moncaut, p. 356; Rolland, I, 23, No 4, *a*; 'Lou Pastre,' Bladé, II, 114;

* **A, E, F** in Hardung's Romanceiro, I, 49-55, **B, C, D**, the same, pp. 59-67.
† As in 'Don Bneso,' Duran, I, lxv, A. de los Rios, in Jahrbuch für romanische u. englische Literatur, III, 282, two copies.
‡ "Curse women, and still more him that trusts them," says the knight at the end of Portuguese **A**, and so in English **A**.
§ It has been contended that *malato* signifies a peasant of low condition: see Braga, C. p. do Arch. açor., p. 399; but, on the other hand, Amador de los Rios, as above, VII, 433. Sense requires, if not the specific meaning *leprous*, at least something contagious, and sufficiently serious to make the knight tremble in his saddle, as he does in Portuguese **A**. Hardung aptly cites from Spanish **B**: "Fija soy de un malato que tiene la malitia." Compare the French ballads.

Bujeaud, I, 254; 'Lou Pastour et la Pastouro,' Daymard, Collection de vieilles chansons recueillies à Serignac, p. 16, which last I have not seen.

Italian. 'La figlia del re,' Ferraro, Canti p. monferrini, p. 76, No 55. A damsel lost in a wood asks a cavalier to show her the way. He takes her on his horse. She, for a reason not given, but to be gathered from the other southern ballads, tells him that she is daughter of a poor man who has had seven years of sickness. Get down from the horse, he says, and I will show you the way. At the end of the wood she tells him she is daughter of a rich merchant, proprietor of many farms. He solicits her to mount again. No; he has had the quail and let it fly; yonder is the castle of her father the king.

Danish. 'I Rosenslund,' Grundtvig, IV, 357, No 230, four copies: A, previously in Levninger, II, 51, No 9, C, "Tragica, No 14," 1657, Danske Viser, III, 94, No 122. D has a false conclusion. In A, the best copy, from MSS of the seventeenth century, a knight who is hawking and hunting finds a damsel in a wood. She has been there all night, she says, listening to the birds. He says, Not so, it is a tryst with a knight; and she owns that this is the case. He proposes that she shall throw over this lover and accept him. She will not give her faith to two, and asks him for his honor's sake to convey her to her bower. She rides, he walks; and when they come to the bower she locks him out, wishing him ill night and laughing as he rides away.

'Den dyre Kaabe,' Grundtvig, IV, 362, No 231, two copies, from MSS of the seventeenth century. A maid and a young man meet in a wood or mead. She invites him to spread both of their cloaks on the ground for a bed. His new scarlet cloak cost him fifteen mark in Stockholm, and he will not spoil it by laying it in the dew. If he will wait, she will go home to her mother's, not far, and bring a bolster. She goes off laughing and leaves him expecting her all that day and the next, but she does not come back. Eight weeks after he meets her at the church door and asks an explanation. He may thank his cloak of scar-

let new for his disappointment; had she been a young man and met a maid, she would not have spared her cloak though it were cloth of gold. The reference to Stockholm points to a Swedish origin for this ballad, but it is not, says Grundtvig, extant in Swedish.

German. 'Das Mäntlein,' "Frankfurter Liederbuch 1584, No 150," Uhland, p. 245, No 106. Mittler, No 32. A young man and maid go out into the green three hours before day. After rebuffing him, she strangely asks him, as if she knew that he would not consent, to spread his cloak on the grass. His cloak cost him fifty pound, and would be spoiled. In the evening, as she stands in her tower, the young man passes and greets her. She answers, The angels above will requite your cloak for my coming off a maid.

The artifice by which the lady dismembers herself in the Third Part of the broadside ballad, by pulling off the knight's boots half-way, is a very familiar story, found also in a modern German ballad, Walter, p. 94, No 64. See Les cent nouvelles Nouvelles, 1432 and earlier, No 24, ed. Wright, Paris, 1858, I, 128; Hondorff, Promptuarium Exemplorum, "1572, fol. 310," 1586, 362 b; Kirchhof, Wendunmuth, 1562, ed. Oesterley, III, 228, and other places, besides these, cited by Oesterley, IV, 101.

A modern French ballad, attributed to Favart, which may very probably have had a basis in popular tradition, celebrates the *fille d'honneur* who escapes from the importunity of her seigneur by distracting his attention (as the lady does in the second adventure in English C), and leaping on to the horse from which he had dismounted to make love to her, in some versions taking his valise with her: 'La villageoise avisée,' from Recueil de romances historiques, tendres et burlesques, tant anciennes et modernes, par M. D. L**, 1767, I, 299, in Hoffmann und Richter, Schlesische Volkslieder, p. 354; 'La Bergère rusée,' Puy-maire, pp. 119, 121, or I, 160, 162; Poésies pop. de la France, MS., III, fol. 37, 284, 294, 522, VI, 472; Wolff, Altfranzösische Volkslieder, p. 142; Tarbé, 'La Fille d'Honneur,' II, 147; 'Le Cavalier,' Guillon, p. 175. On

this French ballad is founded 'Junkernlust und Mädehenlist,' Hoffmann u. Richter, p. 156, No 132, 'Der Junker und das Mädelchen,' Erk u. Irmer, IV, 66, No 60, 'Die Verschmitzte,' Zuecilmaglio, p. 195, No 93. Some-what similar are 'List der Bedrukte,' Wil-lem's, Oude vlaemsche Lieder, p. 215, No 88; 'The Scotchman Outwitted,' Old Bal-lads, 1723, I, 211, and Ritson's Select Collec-tion of English Songs, 1783, II, 286; 'The Courtier and Country Maid,' Pills to Purge Melancholy, I, 128, ed. 1719.

In a Romaie ballad a maid makes a young-ster who solicits her carry her over a river, then holds him off by promises while they cross field and meadow, and when they reach a hamlet sets the dogs at him: 'H 'Απάτη,

" Xanthopoulos, Trapezountia, in Φιλολογικὸς Συνέκδημος, 1849, p. 436 ; " Kind, Anthologie, 1861, p. 86, Passow, No 481. (Without the dogs, in Ioannidis, p. 276, No 4.)

There is a French ballad in which a maid who is rowing a man over a piece of water receives amorous proposals from him, exacts a large sum of money, lands the gallant, and pushes off: 'La Batelière,' 'La jolie Bate-lière,' 'La Batelière rusée,' Puymaigre, p. 145, or I, 186, p. 147; Fleury, Littérature orale de la Basse-Normandie, p. 308; Poésies pop. de la France, MS., III, 137; Bujeaud, II, 307; Decombe, p. 323.

Percy's copy is translated by Bodmer, I, 94; by Bothe, 425.

A

a. Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia, or, The Second Part of Musick's Melodie, or Melodious Musicke, etc., E 4, London, 1609. Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 159. b. Pills to Purge Melancholy, III, 37, 1719.

1 YONDER comes a courteous knight,
Lustely raking ouer the lay ;
He was well ware of a bonny lasse,
As she came wandring ouer the way.
Then she sang downe a downe, hey downe
derry (bis)

2 'Ioue you sped, fayre lady,' he said,
'Among the leaues that be so greene ;
If I were a king, and wore a crowne,
Full soone, fair lady, shouldst thou be a
queen.

3 'Also Ione sauе you, faire lady.
Among the roses that be so red ;
If I haue not my will of you,
Full soone, faire lady, shall I be dead.'

4 Then he lookt east, then hee lookt west,
Hee lookt north, so did he south ;
He could not finde a priuy place,
For all lay in the diuel's mouth.

5 'If you will carry me, gentle sir,
A mayde vnto my father's hall.

Then you shall haue your will of me,
Vnder purple and vnder paule.'

6 He set her vp vpon a steed,
And him selfe vpon another,
And all the day he rode her by,
As though they had been sister and brother.

7 When she came to her father's hall,
It was well walled round about ;
She yode in at the wicket-gate,
And shut the foure-eard foole without.

8 'You had me,' quoth she, 'abroad in the field,
Among the corne, amidst the hay,
Where you might had your will of mee,
For, in good faith, sir, I neuer said nay.'

9 'Ye had me also amid the field,
Among the rushes that were so browne,
Where you might had your will of me,
But you had not the face to lay me downe.'

10 He pulled out his nut-browne sword,
And wipt the rust off with his sleeve,
And said, Ioue's curse come to his heart
That any woman would beleue !

11 When you haue your owne true-loue
A mile or twaine out of the towne,
Spare not for her gay clothing,
But lay her body flat on the ground.

B

Pills to Purge Melancholy, V, 112, 1719.

- 1 THERE was a knight, and he was young,
A riding along the way, sir,
And there he met a lady fair,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.
- 2 Quoth he, Shall you and I, lady,
Among the grass lye down a ?
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gown a.
- 3 'If you will go along with me
Unto my father's hall, sir,
You shall enjoy my maidenhead,
And my estate and all, sir.'
- 4 So he mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another,
And then they rid upon the road,
Like sister and like brother.

5 And when she came to her father's
house,
Which was moated round about, sir,
She stepped straight within the gate,
And shut this young knight out, sir.

6 'Here is a purse of gold,' she said,
'Take it for your pains, sir ;
And I will send my father's man
To go home with you again, sir.'

7 'And if you meet a lady fair,
As you go thro the next town, sir,
You must not fear the dew of the
grass,
Nor the rumpling of her gown, sir.'

8 'And if you meet a lady gay,
As you go by the hill, sir,
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, sir.'

C

a. A Collection of Old Ballads, III, 178, 1725. b. Pepys Ballads, V, 169 ff, Nos 162-164, end of the 17th century, the first fifty stanzas. c. Douce Ballads, III, fol. 52 b, Durham : Printed and sold by I. Lane. d. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 674, 1750 (?).

- 1 THERE was a knight was drunk with wine
A riding along the way, sir,
And there he did meet with a lady fine,
And among the cocks of hay, sir.
- 2 One favour he did crave of her,
And askd her to lay her down, sir,
But he had neither cloth nor sheet,
To keep her from the ground, sir.
- 3 'There is a great dew upon the grass,
And if you shoud lay me down, sir,
You would spoil my gay clothing,
That has cost me many a pound, sir.'
- 4 'I have a cloak of scarlet red,
I 'll lay it under you, love,
So you will grant me my request
That I shall ask of you, love.'
- 5 'And if you 'll go to my father's hall,
That is moated all round about, sir,

There you shall have your will of me,
Within, sir, and without, sir.

6 'Oh yonder stands my milk-white steed,
And among the cocks of hay, sir ;
If the king's pinner should chance to
come,
He 'll take my steed away, sir.'

7 'I have a ring upon my finger,
It 's made of the finest gold, love,
And it shall serve to fetch your steed
Out of the pinner's fold, love.'

8 'And if you 'll go to my father's house,
Round which there 's many a tree, sir,
There you shall have your chamber free,
And your chamberlain I 'll be, sir.'

9 He sate her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another,
And then they rid along the way,
Like sister and like brother.

10 But when she came to her father's house,
Which was moated all round about, sir,
She slipd herself within the gate,
And she lockd the knight without, sir.

11 'I thank you, kind knight, for seeing me here,
And bringing me home a maiden, sir,
But you shall have two of my father's men
For to set you as far back again,' sir.'

12 He drew his sword out of his scabbard,
And whet it upon his sleeve, sir,
Saying, Cursed be to evry man
That will a maid believe, sir !

13 She drew her handkerchief out of her pocket,
And threw it upon the ground, sir,
Saying, Thrice cursed be to evry maid
That will believe a man, sir !

14 We have a tree in our garden,
Some call it of rosemary, sir ;
There 's crowing-cocks in our town,
That will make a eapon of you, sir.

15 We have a flower in our garden,
Some call it a marygold, sir,
And he that would not when he might,
He shall not when he would, sir.

16 But if you chance for to meet a maid,
A little below the town, sir,
You must not fear her gay eloathing,
Nor the wrinkling of her gown, sir.

17 And if you chance for to meet a maid,
A little below the hill, sir,
You need not fear her screeking out,
For she quickly will lye still, sir.

18 The baffld knight was by the lass
Ingeniously outwitted,
And since that time it came to pass
He was again well fitted.

19 As he was riding cross a plain,
In boots, spurs, hat and feather,
He met that lady fair again ;
They talkd a while together.

20 He said, Tho you did serve me so,
And cunningly decoy me,
Yet now, before you further go,
I must and will enjoy thee.

21 'T was near a spacions river's side,
Where rushes green were growing,

And Neptune's silver streams did glide,
Four fathom waters flowing.

22 The lady blushd like scarlet red,
And trembled at this stranger :
'How shall I guard my maidenhead
From this approaching danger ! '

23 With a lamenting sigh, said she,
To dye I now am ready ;
Must this dishonour fall on me ?
A most unhappy lady !

24 He from his saddle did alight,
In gandy rich attire,
And cried, I am a noble knight,
Who do your charms admire.

25 He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented,
And woud no more disputing stand :
She had a plot invented

26 How she might baffle him again,
With much delight and pleasure,
And eke unspotted still remain,
With her pure virgin treasure.

27 'Look yonder, good sir knight, I pray :
Methinks I do discover,
Well mounted on a dapple-grey,
My true, entire lover.'

28 The knight, he standing on the brink
Of the deep floating river,
Thought she, Thou now shalt swim or sink ;
Choose which you fancy rather.

29 Against his back the lady run ;
The waters strait he sounded ;
He cry'd out, Love, what have you done !
Help ! help ! or I am drowned.

30 Said she, Sir knight, farewell, adieu ;
You see what comes of fooling ;
That is the fittest place for you,
Whose courage wanted cooling.

31 'Love, help me out, and I 'll forgive
This fault which you 've committed ;'
'No, no,' says she, 'sir, as I live,
I think you 're finely fitted.'

32 She rid home to her father's house,
For speedy expedition,
While the gay knight was soakd like souce,
In a sad wet condition.

33 When he came mounted to the plain
He was in rich attire,
Yet when he back returnd again
He was all muck and mire.

34 A solemn vow he there did make,
Just as he came from swiming,
He'd love no lady, for her sake,
Nor any other women.

35 The baffld knight was foold once more,
You 'll find by this pleasant ditty,
For she whose charms he did adore
Was wonderful sharp and witty.

36 Returning from her father's park,
Just close by a summer bower,
She chanc'd to meet her angry spark,
Who gave her a frowning lower.

37 The thoughts of what she twice had done
Did cause him to draw his rapier,
And at the lady then he run,
And thus he began to vapour :

38 ' You chousd me at your father's gate,
Then tumbl'd me into the river ;
I seek for satisfaction straight ;
Shall I be a fool forever ? '

39 He came with resolution bent
That evening to enjoy her,
And if she did not give consent,
That minute he would destroy her.

40 ' I pray, sir knight, and why so hot
Against a young silly woman ?
Such crimes as these might be forgot ;
For merry intrigues are common.'

41 ' What ! do you count it mirth,' he cry'd,
' To tumble me in and leave me ?
What if I drowned there had dy'd ?
A dangerous jest, believe me.

42 ' Well, if I pardon you this day
Those injuries out of measure,
It is because without delay
I mean to enjoy the pleasure.'

43 ' Your suit,' she said, ' is not deny'd,
But think of your boots of leather,
And let me pull them off,' she cry'd,
' Before we lye down together.'

44 He set him down upon the grass,
And violets so sweet and tender ;
Now by this means it came to pass
That she did his purpose hinder.

45 For having pulld his boots half-way,
She cry'd, I am now your betters ;
You shall not make of me your prey ;
Sit there, like a thief in fetters.

46 Now finding she had servd him so,
He rose and began to grumble ;
Yet he could neither stand nor go,
But did like a cripple tumble.

47 The boots stuck fast, and would not stir ;
His folly she soon did mention,
And laughing said, I pray, kind sir,
How like you my new invention ?

48 My laughing fit you must excuse ;
You are but a stingless nettle ;
You 'd neer a stood for boots or shooes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

49 Farewel, sir knight, 't is almost ten ;
I fear neither wind nor weather ;
I 'll send my father's serving-men
To pull off your boots of leather.

50 She laughd outright, as well she might,
With merry conceits of scorning,
And left him there to sit all night,
Untill the approaching morning.

51 The fourth part of the baffld knight
The lady hath fairly acted ;
She did his love and kindness slight,
Which made him almost distracted.

52 She left him in her father's park,
Where nothing but deer could hear him ;
While he lay rouling in the dark,
There 's never a soul came near him.

53 Until the morning break of day,
And being warm summer weather,
A shepherd chanc'd to come that way,
Who pulld on his boots of leather.

54 Then mounting on his milk-white steed,
He, shaking his ears, was ready,
And whip and spur he rid with speed
To find out this crafty lady.

55 'If once this lady I come nigh
She shall be releas'd by no man :
Why shoud so brave a knight as I
Be foold by a silly woman !

56 'Three times she has affronted me,
In crimes which I cannot pardon ;
But if I an't reveng'd,' said he,
'Let me not be worth a farthing.

57 'I value not her beauty fair,
Tho once I did dote upon her ;
This trusty sword shall now repair
My baffled, blasted honour.'

58 Unto her father's house he came,
Which every side was moated ;
The fair sweet youthful charming dame,
His angry brows she noted.

D

a. Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots, p. 328, 1769. b. Dixon, Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, p. 123, Percy Society, vol. xvii ; Bell, p. 80.

1 THERE was a shepherd's son
Kept sheep upon a hill ;
He laid his pipe and crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.
Sing, Fal deral, etc.

2 He looked east, he looked west,
Then gave an under-look,
And there he spied a lady fair,
Swimming in a brook.

3 He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
And then approachd the maid ;
'Put on your clraiths, my dear,' he says,
'And be ye not afraid.

4 'T is fitter for a lady fair
To sew her silken seam
Than to get up in a May morning
And strive against the stream.'

59 Thought she, I 'll have the other bout,
And tumble him in the river ;
And let the Devil help him out,
Or there he shall soak for ever.

60 He will not let me live at rest,
Although I have often foild him ;
Therefore once more, I do protest,
With flattering I 'll beguile him.

61 The bridge was drawn, the gates lockd fast,
So that he could no ways enter ;
She smil'd to him, and ery'd at last,
Sir knight, if you please to venture,

62 A plank lies over the moat hard by,
Full seventeen foot in measure ;
There 's no body now at home but I ;
Therefore we 'll take our pleasure.

63 This word she had no sooner spoke,
But straight he was tripping over ;
The plank was sawd, and snapping broke ;
He prov'd an unhappy lover.

5 'If you 'll not touch my mantle,
And let my clraiths alone,
Then I 'll give you as much money
As you can carry hame.'

6 'O I 'll not touch your mantle,
And I 'll let your clraiths alone ;
But I 'll tak you out of the clear water,
My dear, to be my ain.'

7 And when she out of the water came,
He took her in his arms :
'Put on your clraiths, my dear,' he says,
'And hide those lovely charms.'

8 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon anither,
And all along the way they rode,
Like sister and like brither.

9 When she came to her father's yate
She tirled at the pin,
And ready stood the porter there,
To let this fair maid in.

10 And when the gate was opened,
So nimbly's she whipt in;
'Pough! you're a fool without,' she says,
'And I'm a maid within.'

11 'Then fare ye well, my modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
But had you done what you should do,
I neer had left you there.'

12 'Oh I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,
And let my feet gae bare,

And gin I meet a bonny lass,
Hang me if her I spare.'

13 'In that do as you please,' she says,
'But you shall never more
Have the same opportunity;'
With that she shut the door.

14 There is a gude auld proverb,
I've often heard it told,
He that would not when he might,
He should not when he would.

E

Motherwell's MS., p. 410: from the singing of Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan, September, 1825.

1 THERE was a knight, was drunk with wine,
Came riding along the way, sir;
He would have had a lady gay
Amang the quiles of hay, sir.

2 'What if I should lay thee down,
Amang the quiles of hay, maid?
Sheets nor blankets have I none,
To keep thy cloathing clean, maid.'

3 'The wind blaws east, the wind blaws west,
The wind blaws owre yon thorn, sir;
Weel may I wash my cloathing clear,
And dry them on the morn, sir.'

4 'What if I should lay thee down,
Amang the rigs of corn, maid?
Then the king's life-guard will come,
And steal our steeds away, maid.'

5 'I have ten gold rings on my hand,
They're all gold but the stone, sir;
I'll give them to the king's life-guard,
If he'll let our steeds alone, sir.'

6 'But see you not yon sunny bank,
Over yon lily lea, sir,
Where you and I may crack a while,
And never one may see, sir?'

7 He was on a milk-white steed,
And she was on another,
And all the live-long winter night
They rode like sister and brother.

8 When they came to that sunny bank,
He began to lay her down, sir;

'O no, O no, kind sir,' she says,
'Ye'll ruffle all my gown, sir.'

9 'My gown it cost my father dear,
'T was many a mark and pound, sir;
And if that ye do lay me down,
Ye'll ruffle all my gown, sir.'

10 'But see ye na yon fair castel,
Over yon lily lea, sir,
Where you and I may crack a while,
And never one may see, sir?'

11 He was on a milk-white steed,
And she was on another,
And all the live-long winter night
They rode like sister and brother.

12 When they came to that fair castel,
She was at her father's yet, sir;
She jumped in at her father's door,
And left this knight without, sir.

13 She says, I am a maid within,
You're but a knave without, sir;
There were neer a butcher's son
Put me in so much doubt, sir.'

14 'Oh if I had thee out,' he said,
'But two miles from the town, maid,
I would lay thee down,' he said,
'And never mind thy gown, maid.'

15 'There is a flower in my father's garden,
The name o't marigold, sir,
And he that would not when he might,
He shall not when he wold, sir.'

16 'But when eer ye meet a pretty maid,
And two miles from a town, sir,
Ye may lay her down,' she says,
'And never mind her gown, sir.'

17 'Ye're like unto my father's steed;
He's standing in the lone, sir;
He hings his head above the sheaf,
But daur not venture on, sir.'

18 'When eer ye meet a pretty maid,
And two miles from the town, sir,
Ye may lay her down,' she says,
'And never mind her gown, sir.'

19 'There is a cock in my father's flock,
He wears a double comb, sir,
He claps his wings, but eraweth not;
I fear you be like him, sir.'

20 'But when eer you meet a pretty maid,
And two miles from a town, sir,
You may lay her down,' she said,
'And never mind her gown, sir.'

A. b. 1². the hay. 2⁴. should.
6¹. up *wanting*. 7⁸. rode in.

B. *In eight-line stanzas.*

After 8 follow these two stanzas, which belong to a different version of the ballad, and near the beginning, not at the end.

'There is a dew upon the grass
Will spoil your damask gown a,
Which has cost your father dear
Many shilling and crown a.'

'There is a wind blows from the west
Soon will dry the ground a,
And I will have a special care
Of the rumpling of my gown a.'

C. a. 4². under thee : cf. b. 22². trembling : cf. b.
28⁴. thou fancy : cf. b.
b. 1⁸. did he. 1⁴. amongst.
2¹. One question. 4². under you.
6⁴. sir *wanting*. 7⁸. it will.
8². That's moated all round about, sir.
10². all *wanting*.
11². me a maiden-head, sir. 11⁴. For *wanting*.
13³. to *wanting*. 17¹. for *wanting*.
17⁸. screeping.
18. An Answer, etc., begins here.
19¹. cross the. 19⁸. met with.
22². trembled. 24⁴. Who doth.
28⁸. shall. 28⁴. you fancy.
31³. said. 31⁴. you are well.
32⁸. the old. 34⁴. woman.
35. The Third Part begins here.
35⁴. Is. 38⁴. Or I'll be. 40². Again.
40⁸. must be. 44¹. sat.
44². so *wanting*. 44⁴. That *wanting*.
46¹. that she. 46². rise.
46⁸. For he. 48¹. laughing, sir.
49¹. it's. 50. *End of Part III.*

c. 1¹. got drunk. 1⁸. he met.
1⁴. And *wanting* : amongst.
2¹. One question. 2⁸. nor shoes.
3⁴. has *wanting*. 4⁸. 4. *wanting*.
6⁴. sir *wanting*.
8². That is moated all round about, sir.
9¹. set. 9⁸. And so.
10¹. he came. 10⁴. she *wanting*.
11². my maiden-head home, sir.
11⁴. For *wanting*. 12². wet. 12⁸. a curse be.
13. *wanting*. 14². it a.
14⁴. We'll make. 16¹. for *wanting*.
16³. not mind. 17¹. for *wanting*.
17⁸. squeaking. 18. Part II.
19¹. a cross the. 19⁸. met with.
20². did decoy. 20⁴. enjoy you.
21⁴. water. 22². trembling. 22⁸. I guide.
23². I vow I. 24⁴. Who does.
25⁴. While she a. 27¹. sir, good knight.
28¹. than standing. 28². a deep flowing.
28⁸. shall.
28⁴. thou fancest. 29⁸. out *wanting*.
30¹. farewell, sir knight.
31². the fault that. 31⁸. said.
31⁴. you are well. 32⁸. Whilst the knight.
34⁴. woman. 35. Part III.
35¹. baffld *wanting*. 36². close *wanting*.
37⁸. than be. 38⁴. Or I'll be.
39⁴. he'd. 40⁸. must be.
42². These. 43². on your.
43⁴. down *wanting*. 44¹. sat.
44². so *wanting*. 44⁴. That *wanting*.
46¹. that she. 46⁸. For he.
48¹. laughing, sir. 48⁸. never have : boots nor.
49¹. it's almost dark. 49⁸. servant man.
51. Part IV.
51². has. 51³. and service.
51⁴. him quite. 53². summer's.
56⁴. worth one. 58¹. he went.
58². on every. 59². into.

59⁴. Or he shall lye.
 60¹. not leave me at. 60⁴. flattery.
 61². no way. 61³. on him and said.
 62⁴. So that you may use your.
 63⁴. sown.
 d. 1⁴. cooks. 3³. gay *wanting*.
 4⁴. of thee. 8⁴. I will. 9¹. sat.
 10⁴. she *wanting*.
 11⁴. as far *wanting*. 12³. curses.
 13³. to *wanting*. 14². of *wanting*.
 14⁴. of thee. 15². calls: a *wanting*.
 16¹. for *wanting*. 16⁴. wrinking.
 17¹. for *wanting*. 17³. shrieking.
 21³. slide. 22². trembled.
 25³. discoursing. 28¹. knight was.
 28². Or. 28⁴. which you.
 29². water. 30⁴. wanting.
 31³. sir *wanting*. 32¹. father.
 37³. did run. 37⁴. he *wanting*. 38². in the.
 39⁴. he 'd. 40². young foolish.
 42². These. 45². now I 'm.
 48³. have stood: nor. 49⁴. To help off thy.
 50³. stay all. 52². none but.
 53⁴. off his. 54³. rode.
 56¹. has she. 56³. ar'n't. 58². on every.
 58³. charming youthful. 62². feet.

D. b. *Burden*:

And blow the winds, heigh ho !
 Sing blow the winds, heigh ho !
 Clear away the morning dew,
 And blow the winds, heigho !

1². He kept sheep on yonder hill.
 1³. and his. 2¹. and he.
 2². He took an other look.
 2³. lady gay. 2⁴. Was dipping.
 3, 4 are *wanting*.
 5¹. She said, sir, don't touch my mantle.
 5². Come, let. 5³. I will give you.
 6¹. I will not. 6². And *wanting*.
 6³. I 'll . . . water clear.

7. He did not touch her mantle,
 He let her clothes alone,

But he took her from the clear water,
 And all to be his own.

8¹. He set her.
 8². And there they rode along the road.
After 8 :

And as he rode along the road
 They spied some cocks of hay;
 'Yonder,' he says, 'is a lovely place
 For men and maids to play.'

9¹. And when they came.
 9². She pulled at a ring.
 9³. ready was the proud porter.
 9⁴. For to let the lady.
 10¹. gates were open.
 10². This lady jumped in.
 10³. She says, You are a fool without.
 11¹. Good morrow to you, modest.
 11³. If you had been what you should have
 been.
 11⁴. I would not have.
For 12-14 :

'There is a horse in my father's stable,
 He stands beyond the thorn;
 He shakes his head above the trough,
 But dares not prey the corn.'

'There is a bird in my father's flock,
 A double comb he wears;
 He flaps his wings, and crows full loud,
 But a capon's crest he bears.'

'There is a flower in my father's garden,
 They call it marygold;
 The fool that will not when he may,
 He shall not when he wold.'

Said the shepherd's son, as he doft his shoon,
 My feet they shall run bare,
 And if ever I meet another maid,
 I rede that maid beware.

APPENDIX.

Roxburghe Ballads, I, 306 f; Ballad Society's reprint, II, 281.

THE POLITICK MAID,

or,

A dainty new ditty,
Both pleasant and witty,
Wherin you may see
The maide's policie.

1 THERE was a knight was wine-drunke,

As he rode on the way,
And there he spide a bonny lasse,
Among the cocks of hay.
Sing loud, whistle in the wind,
Blow merry, merry,
Up and down in yonder dale,
With hey tro, nonney, nonney.

2 This gallant knight unto the lasse

Did present take his way,
But it seemd he had a shame-face,
He did not court and play.

3 When he came to this bonny lasse,

He found she was not coy ;
His courtesie she did imbrace,
And did not say him nay.

4 If we should sit us downe here,

Upon the grasse so greene,
Here's neither sheet nor covering,
To keep our cloathing cleane.

5 And if we should sit downe,' quoth he,

' Among the cockes of hay,
Then would come forth the king's pinder,
And take our steedes away.'

6 I have rings on my fingers,

Made of the purest gold,
That will release our steedes againe
Out of the king's pinfold.

7 Sir knight, if you will goe with me

Into my father's bowers,
There you may sit and talke with me
This three or foure houres.'

8 When she came to her father's bowers,

They were moted round about ;
Then she slipt in at a wicket,
And left sir knight without.

9 Now I am here, a maide, within,
And you, sir knight, without ;
You may lay straw under your feete,
To keepe you from the gout.

10 Henceforth when you doe meet a maide,
A mile out of the towne,
Sir knight, you must not be affraid
Of soyling of her gowne.

11 And if you chance to meet a maid
Amongst the cockes of hay,
Sir knight, you must not be affraid
With her to court, and say
Sing loud, etc.

12 It is a proverb, many say,
And truth it is in tryall,
He that will not when as he may
Shall after have denyall.

13 And thus, sir knight, now fare you well,
To you I bid adieu ;
And you hereafterwards may tell
How I have servèd you.'

R. C.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of
the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

Percy's Reliques, III, 238, 1765.

1 THERE was a knight was drunk with wine
A riding along the way, sir,
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

2 Shall you and I, O lady faire,
Among the grass lye downe-a ?
And I will have a special eare
Of rumpling of your gowne-a.'

3 Upon the grass there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damaske gowne, sir ;
My gown and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir.'

4 I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it ;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head ;
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.'

5 O yonder stands my steed so free,
Among the cocks of hay, sir,
And if the pinner should chance to see,
He'll take my steed away, sir.'

6 'Upon my finger I have a ring,
It's made of finest gold-a,
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a.'

7 'O go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, sir;
And you shall have the best of all,
And I'll your chamberlain bee, sir.'

8 He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple-grey, sir,
And then they rode to her father's hall,
Fast prieking along the way, sir.

9 To her father's hall they arrived strait;
'T was moated round about-a;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And loekt the knight without-a.

10 'Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir;
And two of my father's men I'll send,
To wait on you baek again, sir.'

11 He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And whet it upon his sleeve-a,
And 'Cursed,' he said, 'be every man
That will a maid believe-a!'

12 She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And whipd it upon her gown-a:
'And eurst be every maiden faire
That will with men lye down-a!'

13 'A tree there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, sir;
The smallest dunghill cock that erows
Would make a capon of you, sir.'

14 'A flower there is, that shineth bright,
Some call it marygold-a;
He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.'

15 The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather;
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river.

16 'Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
You shall no more escape me;
Remember how not long agoe
You falsely did intrap me.'

17 The lady blushed scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger:
'How shall I guard my maidenhead
From this approaching danger!'

18 He from his saddle down did light,
In all his riehe attyer,
And cryed, As I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.

19 He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented,
And would no more disputing stand;
She had a plot invented.

20 'Looke yonder, good sir knight, I praye,
Methinks I now discouer,
A riding upon his dapple-grey,
My former constant lover.'

21 On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the river brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might:
'Sir knight, now swim or sink-a!'

22 Oer head and ears he plunged in;
The bottom faire he sounded;
Then rising up he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned!

23 'Now fare you well, sir knight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling;
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling.'

24 Ere many days, in her father's park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke,
Which made this lady grieve-a.

25 'False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee;
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour
That eer thou dar'dst to jeer me.'

26 'I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a;
I vow and swear I thought no harm;
'T was a gentle jest I playd-a.'

27 'A gentle jest in soothe,' he cry'd,
'To tumble me in and leave me!
What if I had in the river dy'd?
That feteh will not deceive me.'

28 'Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho injurd out of measure;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.'

29 'Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir;
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, sir.'

30 He set him down upon the grass,
And begd her kind assistance;
'Now,' smiling thought this lovely lass,
'I'll make you keep your distanee.'

31 Then pulling off his boots half-way,
'Sir knight, now I'm your betters;
You shall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.'

32 The knight when she had served soe,
He fretted, fum'd and grumbled;
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

33 'Farewell, sir knight, the cloek strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir;
I'll send you my father's serving-men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

34 'This merry jest you must excuse;
You are but a stingless nettle;
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes
Had you been a man of mettle.'

35 All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a.

36 Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a;
'I'll ride at once to her father's hall;
She shall escape no more-a.

37 'I'll take her father by the beard,
I'll challenge all her kindred;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.'

38 He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated;
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

39 Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage
Once more I will endeavor;
This water shall your fury swage,
Or else it shall burn forever.

40 Then, faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley:
'Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.'

41 'My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir;
Therefore across the water come,
And I am all your own, sir.'

42 'False maid, thou canst no more deceive;
I scorn the treaherous bait-a;
If thou wouldest have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.'

43 'The bridge is drawn, the gate is barrd,
My father has the keys, sir;
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier.'

44 'Over the moate I've laid a plank,
Full seventeen feet in measure;
Then step across to the other bank,
And there we'll take our pleasure.'

45 These words she had no sooner spoke,
But strait he came tripping over;
The plank was sawd, it snapping broke,
And souasd the unhappy lover.

113

THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY

Proceedings of The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, I, 86, 1852. Communicated by the late Captain F. W. L. Thomas, R. N.; written down by him

from the dictation of a venerable lady of Snarra Voe, Shetland.

THIS Shetland ballad* was reprinted in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, April, 1864, with spelling Scotticized, and two or three other uncalled-for changes.

"Finns," as they are for the most part called, denizens of a region below the depths of the ocean, are able to ascend to the land above by donning a seal-skin, which then they are wont to lay off, and, having divested themselves of it, they "act just like men and women." If this integument be taken away from them, they cannot pass through the sea again and return to their proper abode, and they become subject to the power of man, like the swan-maidens and mer-wives of Scandinavian and German tradition: Grimm's Mythologie, I, 354 f. Female Finns, under these circumstances, have been fain to accept of human partners. The Great Selchie, or Big Seal, of Shul Skerry, had had commerce with a woman during an excursion to the upper world. See Hibbert's Description of the Shetland Islands, pp. 566-571, and Karl Blind in the Contemporary Review, XL, 404, 1881. A correspondent of Blind gives stanza 3 with a slight variation, thus:

I am a man, upo da land,
I am a selkie i da sea;
An whin I'm far fa every strand
My dwelling is in Shöol Skerry.

* The ballad was pointed out to me by Mr Macmath, and could have followed No 40 had I known of it earlier.

- 1 An earthly nourris sits and sings,
And aye she sings, Ba, lily wean!
Little ken I my bairnis father,
Far less the land that he staps in.
- 2 Then ane arose at her bed-fit,
An a grumly guest I'm sure was he:
'Here am I, thy bairnis father,
Although that I be not comelie.'
- 3 'I am a man, upo the lan,
An I am a silkie in the sea;
And when I'm far and far frae lan,
My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie.'
- 4 'It was na weel,' quo the maiden fair,
'It was na weel, indeed,' quo she,
'That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie
Suld hae come and aught a bairn to me.'
- 5 Now he has taen a purse of goud,
And he has pat it upo her knee,
Sayin, Gie to me my little young son,
An tak thee up thy nourris-fee.
- 6 An it sall come to pass on a simmer's day,
When the sin shines het on evera stane,
That I will tak my little young son,
An teach him for to swim the faem.
- 7 An thu sall marry a proud gunner,
An a proud gunner I'm sure he'll be,
An the very first schot that ere he schools,
He'll shoot baith my young son and me.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

VOL. I.

1. Riddles Wisely Expounded.

I, 2 b. Russian riddle-songs: Trudy, III, 314, No 44; V, 1073, No 208, 1190, No 6.

The Russian riddle-ballad of the merchant's son. Add: Shein, Russkiya Narodnuiya Pyesni, Plyasovuiya, Dance Songs, Nos 88, 87, 89, p. 233 f.

2. The Elfin Knight.

P. 8 a, second-paragraph. Russian ballad of Impossibilities propounded reciprocally by youth and maid (including a shirt): Shein, Russkiya N. P., Plyasovuiya, Nos 85, 86, p. 231 f.

13. Another Clever Wench, in Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales, New York, 1847, p. 154, Nos 61, 62; or Sagen der Hebräer aus dem Englischen, u. s. w., Leipzig, 1828, p. 129, Nos 56, 57.

14 a, line 16. The Rusalka ballad, also in Trudy, III, 190, No 7.

14 a, the first paragraph. In the third or "Forest" book of the Mahā-bhārata, chapters 311-313, is a story that bears marks of being an ancient part of the compilation. Yudhishthira and his four younger brothers are distressed with thirst. The eldest sends these one after another in quest of water. Each reaches a lake and hears a voice of a sprite in the air, "I have the first claim on this lake. Do not drink till you have answered my questions," drinks notwithstanding, and falls as if dead. At last Yudhishthira goes himself, answers the questions, and is offered boons by the sprite. He is very modest, and asks the life of one of his two half-brothers only, not that of either of his full brothers. Whereupon the sprite rewards his virtue by bringing all four to life.

The riddles and questions are spun out at great length, and many are palpable interpolations. A few examples may be given. What is weightier (more reverend) than the earth? One's mother. What is loftier than the heavens? One's father. What is fleeter than the wind? The mind. What are more numerous than the blades of grass? Thoughts. What does not close its eyes while asleep? A fish. What is that which does not move after birth? An egg. What is that which is without heart? A stone. And so on. A paraphrase of parts of these chapters is given by Ed. Arnold, Indian Idylls, Boston, 1883, pp. 212-235.

Similarly, in the Kathā-sarit-sāgara, chapter v, a man escapes death by resolving an ogre's riddle. See Tawney's translation, I, 26, and especially the note, where Benfey is cited as comparing Mahā-bhārata, XIII, 5883 ff.

14 b. Legend of St Andrew: Horstmann, Altenenglische Legenden, Nene Folge, 1881, p. 8.

18. A variety of F, G, Bruce and Stokoe, Northumbrian Minstrelsy, p. 79. 'Whittingham Fair,' popular in the north and west of the county of Northumberland; usually sung as a nursery-ballad.

1 'Are you going to Whittingham fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there;
For once she was a true-love of mine.

2 'Tell her to make me a cambrie shirt,
Without any seam or needlework.

3 'Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Where never spring-water nor rain ever fell.

4 'Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was
born.'

5 'Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme
I hope he will answer as many for me;
For once he was a true-love of mine.

6 'Tell him to find me an acre of land
Betwixt the salt water and the sea-sand.

7 'Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
And sow it all over with one pepper-corn.

8 'Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather,
And bind it up with a peacock's feather.

9 'When he has done, and finished his work,
O tell him to come, and he'll have his shirt.'

Another variety of F, G, communicated by Mr Frank Kidson, Leeds, 1884; from tradition.

1 'Oh where are you going?' 'To Scarbro fair.'
 Savoury, sage, rosemary and thyme
 'Remember me to a lass who lives there;
 For once she was a true lover of mine.

2 'And tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
 Without a needle or thread or ought else;
 And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

3 'And tell her to wash it in yonder well,
 Where water neer sprung nor a drop of rain
 fell;
 And then, etc.

4 'And tell her to hang it on yonder stone,
 Where moss never grew since Adam was born.

5 'And when she has finished and done, her I'll
 repay,
 She can come unto me and married we'll be.'

6 'Oh where are you going?' 'To Scarbro fair.'
 'Remember me to a lad who lives there;
 For once he was a true lover of mine.

7 'And tell him to buy me an acre of land
 Between the wide ocean and the sea-sand;
 And then he, etc.

8 'And tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
 And sow it all over with one pepper-corn.

9 'And tell him to reap 't with a sickle of
 leather,
 And bind it up with a peacock's feather.

10 'And when he has finished, and done his work,
 He can come unto me for his cambric shirt.'

Variations in a fragment of the same, remembered by another person : F. Kidson.

1¹ Oh are you going to . . .

7 Tell her
 Sow it all over with sand.

9 Reap it with
 And tie it
 And then she shall be

3 (after 9) :

And tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,
 Where no water sprung nor a drop of rain fell,
 And tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,
 Or never be a true lover of mine.

3. The Fause Knight upon the Road.

P. 21, note, and p. 485. "Die Windsbraut soll man brav schelten, sich selber aber bekreuzigen, dann weicht sie. Sie ist des Teufels Brant. Wo eine Windsbraut auffährt, ist eine Hexe aufgesprungen." Birlinger u. Buck, Volksthümliches aus Schwaben, I, 192, No 304. G. L. K.

21. Finnur is a trold in a corresponding Icelandic story, Árnason, Íslenzkar Þjóðsögur, I, 58. G. L. K.

See, for Finn and Finns, Karl Blind in The Contemporary Review, XL, 402 ff., 1881; also, 'The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry,' No 113, II, 494.

4. Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight.

P. 24. May Colvin in Ireland. According to a Connemara story given briefly in Once a Week, II, 53 f, July 2, 1864, one Captain Webb was wont to ill-use young women, and then strip them and throw them into the Murthering Hole, not far from Maarn. At last a girl induced him to turn his back, and then thrust him into the Hole. P. Z. Round.

24 b. The Flemish ballad is given by Fétis, Histoire Générale de la Musique, V, 59, "d'après un texte ancien qui a deux strophes de plus que celui de Willems." G. L. K.

28 b. 'Ásu kvæði' in Íslenzk fornkvæði, II, 226, No 60, **A-M** : this copy **D (E-M)**. Published in 1885.

41, and p. 487 f. Russian form, corrupted.

On the oaken bridge stood Galya, there Galya stood and drew water, she drew water and spoke with Marko. "O Marko mine, what dost thou say to me? Come wander with me, youth; let us wander on foot through the dark night." One field traversed, a second they crossed, and in the third lay down on the grass to sleep. The rain began to sprinkle, the fierce rain to fall, and Marko began to slumber. "O Marko mine, sleep not while with me; bare your sword and fight with me." Young Galya vanquished Marko; she conquered Marko, and rode, she mounted and rode over the level field. Galya arrives at the new gate; there stands Marko's mother, more beautiful than gold. "Young Galya, what can I say? Have you seen Marko near my house?" "Oh, hush, mother; weep not, mourn not. Thy Marko has married in the field; he has taken to himself a fine young lady, a grave in the meadow." Trudy, V, 425, No 816.

A man beguiles a girl with tales of a land where the rivers are of honey, where pears grow on willows, and maidens are clothed in gold. Trudy, V, 335, No 660.

In one version of this ballad a cuckoo flies up and

bids the maid not listen to the Cossack's tales: "I have flown all over the world, and I have never seen golden mountains, nor eaten pears from willow-trees, nor beheld maidens clad in gold."

41 a, and 487 a. A maid going to the ford for water meets Marko, and suggests that he should propose for her; if her mother will not consent, they will *roam*. They cross one field and two, and lie down on the grass in a third. He is falling asleep, when she wakes him with a cry that they are pursued. Marko is overtaken and his head cut off. Trudy, V, 226, No 454. No 548, p. 278, is nearly the same. No 690, p. 352, resembles in part No 454, and partly Golovatsky, I, 116.

42 a and 488 a, A. A lover takes his love by her white hands, leads her to the Danube, seizes her by the white sides, and flings her in. She asks whether she is ugly, or whether it is her ill fate. Trudy, V, 166, No 339.

In Poésies pop. de la France, MS., VI, 278, Poésies pop. de la Corrèze, a ballad called 'Chanson du brave Altizar' is mentioned as a variant of 'Dion et la Fille du Roi,' and, fol. 321 of the same volume, a version from Mortain, Basse Normandie, is said to have been communicated, which, however, I have not found. These may both belong with the French ballads at II, 356.

43 a. E. Another copy in Guillon, Chansons pop. de l'Ain, p. 85.

Add I: 'Monsieur de Savigna,' Deecombe, Chansons pop. d'Ille-et-Vilaine, p. 264, No 92. The ballad begins like A, B, but the conclusion is inverted. The fair one is thrown into a pond; M. Savigna cuts away with his sword the plant she seizes when she comes up from the bottom the fourth time; she asks, If you ever go back, where will you say you left me? and he answers, In the big wood full of robbers.

59. F. In the catalogue of the British Museum, "London? 1710?"

60.

G

British Museum, MS. Addit. 20094. 'The Knight and the Chief's Daughter,' communicated to Mr T. Crofton Croker in 1829, as remembered by Mr W. Pigott Rogers, and believed by Mr Rogers to have been learned by him from an Irish nursery-maid.

1 'Now steal me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And steal the best steed in your father's stable,
Where there lie thirty three.'

2 She stole him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee,
And she stole the best steed from her father's
stable,
Where there lay thirty three.

3 And she rode on the milk-white steed,
And he on the barb so grey,

Until they came to the green, green wood,
Three hours before it was day.

4 'Alight, alight, my pretty colleen,
Alight immediately,
For six knight's daughters I drowned here,
And thou the seventh shall be.'

5 'Oh hold your tongue, you false knight villain,
Oh hold your tongue,' said she ;
'T was you that promised to marry me,
For some of my father's fee.'

6 'Strip off, strip off your jewels so rare,
And give them all to me ;
I think them too rich and too costly by far
To rot in the sand with thee.'

7 'Oh turn away, thou false knight villain,
Oh turn away from me ;
Oh turn away, with your back to the cliff,
And your face to the willow-tree.'

8 He turned about, with his back to the cliff,
And his face to the willow-tree ;
So sudden she took him up in her arms,
And threw him into the sea.

9 'Lie there, lie there, thou false knight villain,
Lie there instead of me ;
'T was you that promised to marry me,
For some of my father's fee.'

10 'Oh take me by the arm, my dear,
And hold me by the hand,
And you shall be my gay lady,
And the queen of all Scotland.'

11 'I'll not take you by the arm, my dear,
Nor hold you by the hand ;
And I won't be your gay lady,
And the queen of all Scotland.'

12 And she rode on the milk-white steed,
And led the barb so grey,
Until she came back to her father's castle,
One hour before it was day.

13 And out then spoke her parrot so green,
From the cage wherein she lay :
Where have you now been, my pretty colleen,
This long, long summer's day ?

14 'Oh hold your tongue, my favourite bird,
And tell no tales on me;
Your cage I will make of the beaten gold,
And hang in the willow-tree.'

15 Out then spoke her father dear,
From the chamber where he lay :
Oh what hath befallen my favourite bird,
That she calls so loud for day ?

16 'T is nothing at all, good lord,' she said,
'T is nothing at all indeed;
It was only the eat came to my cage-door,
And I called my pretty colleen.'

5. Gil Brenton.

P. 67 a, line 14. Add the Icelandie versions of 'Torkild Trundesøn' recently printed : *Íslensk fornkvæði*, II, 281, No 62, **A** 42 f, **B** 42, **C** 29.

6. Willie's Lady.

P. 85 b, the third paragraph. "Bei der Entbindung . . . muss man alle Schlosser im Hause an Thüren und Kisten aufmachen: so gebiert die Frau leichter." Wuttke, *Der deutsche Volksberglaube*, p. 355, No 574, ed. 1869. G. L. K.

7. Earl Brand.

P. 96 b, line 1. In England the north side of the burial-ground is appropriated to unbaptized children, suicides, etc. *Brand's Antiquities*, ed. Hazlitt, II, 214-218.

97 b. Add : **Portuguese**. Roméro, *Cantos pop. do Brazil*, No 4, 'D. Duarte e Donzilha,' I, 9 : sieupira and collar.

Romaic. Chasiotis, p. 169, No 5, lemon and cypress; Aravandinos, p. 284 f, Nos 471, 472, cypress and reed.

97 b, and 489 b. **Russian**. Bezsonof, Kalyeki Pere-khozhie, I, 697-700, Nos 167, 168 (Ruibnikof): Vasily is laid on the right, Sophia on the left; golden willow and cypress. The hostile mother pulls up, breaks down, the willow; cuts down, pulls up, the cypress.

Trudy, V, 711, No 309, **A**, man buried under church, wife under belfry; green maple and white birch. **B-J**, other copies with variations. V, 1208, No 50, a Cossack blossoms into a thorn, a maid into an elder; his mother goes to pull up the thorn, hers to pluck up the elder. "Lo, this is no thorn! it is my son!" "Lo, this is no elder! it is my daughter!"

489 b, eighth line from below, read, for laburnum, silver willow, and golden willow in the next line but one; and also for No 285.

98 a. **Magyar**. In *Ungarische Revue*, 1883, pp. 756-59, these three and one more.

Chinese. Hanpang has a young and pretty wife named Ho, whom he tenderly loves. The king, becoming enamored of her, puts her husband in prison, where he kills himself. Ho throws herself from a high place, leaving a letter to the king, in which she begs that she may be buried in the same tomb as her husband; but the king orders them to be put in separate graves. In the night cedars spring up from their tombs, which thrive so extraordinarily that in ten days their branches and their roots are interlocked. A. de Gubernatis, *La Mythologie des Plantes*, II, 53, from Schlegel, *Uranographie chinoise*, p. 679. (Already cited by Braga.)

9. The Fair Flower of Northumberland.

P. 116 a, **C** 5¹. Bed-head should certainly be bed-stock : cf. **B** 3¹.

10. The Twa Sisters.

P. 119 b. Färöe versions. Seven are now known, and one is printed, from the manuscript collection of Färöe ballads made by Svend Grundtvig and Jørgen Bloch, in *Hammershaimb, Færøsk Anthologi*, No 7, p. 23, 'Harpu rima.'

124 b. Waldau, *Böhmishe Granaten*, II, 97. R. Köhler. (I have never been able to get the second volume.)

125 a.

'Sifflé, berger, de mon haleine!
Mon frère m'a tué sous les bois d'Altumène,
Pour la rose de ma mère, que j'avais trouvée,' etc.

Poésies pop. de la France, MS., VI, 193 bis; popular in Champagne: Mélusine, I, col. 424.

125 b, second paragraph. (7), also in *Rochholz, Schweizersagen aus dem Aargau*, II, 126, No 353. Add to stories of this group, 'La Flute,' Bladé, *Contes pop. de la Gascogne*, II, 100-102. G. L. K.

The last paragraph. De Gubernatis, *Zoölogieal Mythology*, I, 195, cites other similar stories : Afanasief, Skazki, v, 71, No 17, and two varieties, vi, 133, No 25; the twentieth story of *Santo Stefano di Calcinaia*, II, 325. G. L. K.

11. The Cruel Brother.

P. 143 b, line 27. Add **D** 3, and the Swedish ballad at p. 203, stanzas 14-17.

12. Lord Randal.

P. 151 a. Lt.-Col. W. F. Prideaux, of Calcutta, has kindly informed me that **E** was printed in *The Universal Magazine*, 1804. It is there said to have been sung, to a very simple and very ancient Scotch tune,

by a peasant-girl at the village of Randeallas, Perthshire. See, also, Notes and Queries, Sixth Series, XII, 134.

152 b. Italian **A** is translated in the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco's Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs, p. 219.

156 b, at the end of the second paragraph. The Čelakovský and the Sakharof ballad are the same. Add: Trudy, V, 432, No 822; p. 915, No 481.

13. Edward.

P. 168 b. **B** is translated also in Seckendorf's Musenalmanach für das Jahr 1808, p. 7, and by Du Méril, Histoire de la Poésie scandinave, p. 467.

14. Babylon, or, The Bonnie Banks o' For- die.

P. 172 b. **Färöe.** Four versions are known; Lyngbye's is repeated in Hammershaimb's Færøsk Anthologi, No 13, p. 45, 'Torkils dötur.'

173. 'La Fille d'un Cabaretier,' Guillon, Chansons pop. de l'Ain, p. 165, has some of the circumstances of No 14. A girl is stopped by three "libertins" in a wood. She gives them her ring and her chain, to ransom her person. They say they will have that too, and kill her when she resists. They then go for breakfast to her father's tavern, and while they are paying their scot the ring falls and is recognized by her mother. The youngest confesses, and they are taken to the forest and burned.

In a Russian ballad the only sister of nine [seven] brothers is given in marriage to a rich merchant, who lives at a distance from her home. After three years the married pair undertake a journey to her native place. On their way they are attacked by nine robbers, who kill her husband, throw her child into the sea, and act their pleasure with her. One of the nine, entering into talk with the woman, discovers that she is his sister. Sakharof, translated in Ralston's Songs of the Russian People, p. 49 f; Rubnikof, Part III, p. 340, No 62, Part IV, p. 99, No 19; Hilferding, col. 149, No 28, col. 844, No 167, col. 1154, No 248, col. 1265, No 294; Trudy, V, 910, No 479, **A-H.**

15. Leesome Brand.

P. 181 b, line 12. Montanus is Vineenz von Zuealmaglio; the ballad-editor is Wilhelm.

French. Add **C**, Decombe, No 96, p. 275, 'Le fils du roi d'Espagne.'

182 a, second paragraph, line 6 ff. Say: No 102, 'Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter;' No 103, 'Rose the Red and White Lily;' No 64, 'Fair Janet,' **C** 7, **D** 1; No 63, 'Child Waters,' **J** 39; No 24, 'Bonnie Annie,' **A** 10, **B** 6, 7.

A man's help refused in travail. Add: Sir Beues of Haintoun, p. 132, v. 3449 ff (Maitland Club).

Beues is seruise gan hire bede,
To helpe hire at that nede.
'For Godes loue,' she seide, 'nai!
Leue sire, thow go the wai;
For forbede, for is pite,
That no wimmanis priuite
To no man thourgh me be kouthe.'

16. Sheath and Knife.

P. 185. As an arrow-shot is to fix the place for a grave here and in 'Robin Hood's Death,' so, in many popular tales, arrows are shot to determine where a wife is to be sought: see a Hindoo tale, Asiatic Journal, 1833, XI, 207, Benfey, Pantshatantra, I, 261; Hahn, Griechische Märchen, No 67, II, 31, 285; Afanasief, I, 346, No 23, cited by Ralston, The Nineteenth Century, IV, 1004, 1878; Jagić, in Archiv für slavische Philologie, II, 619, and R. Köhler's notes at p. 620.

17. Hind Horn.

P. 194. The warning by a dream, the preternaturally rapid transportation, and the arrival in time to prevent a second marriage taking effect are found in the story of Aboulfaouaris, Cabinet des Fées, XV, 336 ff, Les Mille et un Jours, Paris, 1840, 228 ff. Rohde, Der griechische Roman, p. 182: F. Liebrecht.

196. Recognition by a ring dropped into a drinking-vessel. See Nigra, Romania, XIV, 255 f, note 2: but Willems and Coussemaker are cited in this book, I, 195 a (3).

197 b, second paragraph. Wernhart von Strälingen: see the note to I, 350, of Birlinger and Buck, Volksthümliches aus Schwaben.

198 a. The story of the return, by marvellous means, of the seven years abroad husband, in Leskien u. Brugman, Litauische Volkslieder u. Märchen, No 22, p. 437 f: Wollner's notes, p. 571. G. L. K.

198 b, third paragraph. Add: Victor Smith, 'Le Retour du Mari,' Chants pop. du Velay et du Forez, in Romania, IX, 289; Tarbé, Romancero de Champagne, II, 122; 'E. Muller, Chansons de mon village, journal Le Mémorial de la Loire du 19 septembre, 1867; Daynard, Collection de vieilles chansons, p. 220 du Bulletin de la Société des études du Lot, 1879' (V. Smith). Imperfect copies of this ballad in Guillon, Chansons pop. de l'Ain, p. 95, 'Les deux Maris,' p. 39, 'Ma pauvre Elise.'

As a tale in Bladé, Contes pop. de la Gascogne, I, 43. The seigneur is conveyed from the Holy Land by the devil, appears as a beggar, and produces one half of his marriage contract, which fits the half left with his wife. G. L. K.

200 a, second paragraph. Say, in the fourth line, three, six, or twelve. Dobrynya and Nastasya in Hil-

ferding, Nos 23, 26, 33, 38, 43, columns 131, 144, 160, 176, 211, and twenty other places; Rubnikof, I, 169, No 27, III, 90, No 18; Miss Hapgood's Epic Songs of Russia, Dobrynya and Alyosha, p. 253.

18. Sir Lionel.

P. 209 a. A king's daughter is to be given to the man that rids the country of a boar: Diarmaid and the Magic Boar, Campbell, Tales of the West Highlands, III, 81.

19. King Orfeo.

P. 216 a, first paragraph. The Bodleian copy, B, also refers to the lay of Orpheus at the end. G. L. K. So the Lai de l'Espine, Roquefort, Poésies de Marie de France, I, 556, v. 185, and Floire et Blanceflor, ed. Du Méril, p. 231, v. 71: Zielke, Sir Orfeo, p. 131.

For correspondences between Sir Orfeo and the Irish epic tale of the Wooing of Etain, see Kittredge, in The American Journal of Philology, VII, 191 ff.

20. The Cruel Mother.

P. 219 b. Add to the German versions: M, O. Knoop, Volkssagen, Erzählungen, u. s. w., aus dem östlichen Hinterpommern, Posen, 1885, pp. x, xi: 'Es trieb ein Schäfer mit Lämmlein raus.' Fr. Schönwerth, Aus der Oberpfalz, I, 234, gives a prose tale which is evidently founded on the ballad of 'The Cruel Mother' (three children, one in the water, one in dung, one in the wood). R. Köhler.

225.

N

Percy Papers, with no account of the derivation.

- 1 There was a duke's daughter lived at York,
All alone and alone a
And she fell in love with her father's clarke.
Down by the greenwood side a, side a,
Down, etc.
- 2 She loved him seven long years and a day,
Till at last she came big-bellied away.
- 3 She set her back against a thorn,
And there she had two pretty babes born.
- 4 She took out a penknife long and short,
And she pierc'd these pretty babes to the tender heart.
- 5 So as she was walking in her father's hall,
She saw three pretty babes playing at ball.

6 The one was clothed in purple, the other in pall,
And the other was cloathed in no cloths at all.

7 'O pretty babes, pretty babes, will you be mine?
You shall be clothed in scarlet so fine,
And ye shall drink ale, beer and wine.'

8 'We are three angels, as other angels be,
And the hotest place in hell is reserved for thee.'

O

Pepys Ballads, V, 4, No 2, from a transcript in the Percy Papers.

- 1 There was a duke's daughter lived in York,
Come bend and bear away the bows of yew
So secretly she loved her father's clarke.
Gentle hearts, be to me true.
- 2 She loved him long and many a day,
Till big with child she went away.
- 3 She went into the wide wilderness;
Poor she was to be pitied for heaviness.
- 4 She leant her back against a tree,
And there she endurd much misery.
- 5 She leant her back against an oak,
With bitter sighs these words she spoke.
- 6 She set her foot against a thorne,
And there she had two pretty babes born.
- 7 She took her fillit off her head,
And there she ty'd them hand and leg.
- 8 She had a penknife long [and] sharp,
And there she stuck them to the heart.
- 9 She dug a grave, it was long and deep,
And there she laid them in to sleep.
- 10 The coldest earth it was their bed,
The green grass was their coverlid.
- 11 As she was a going by her father's hall,
She see three children a playing at ball.
- 12 One was drest in scarlet fine,
And the other[s was naked] as ere they was born.

13 'O mother, O mother, if these children was
mine,
I wold dress them [in] scarlet fine.'

14 'O mother, O mother, when we was thine,
You did not dress [us] in scarlet fine.'

15 'You set your back against a tree,
And there you endured great misery.'

16 'You set your foot against a thorne,
And there you had us pritty babes born.'

17 'You took your filliting off your head,
And there you bound us, hand to leg.'

18 'You had a penknife long and sharp,
And there you stuck us to the heart.'

19 'You dug a grave, it was long and deep,
And there you laid us in to sleep.'

20 'The coldest earth it was our bed,
The green grass was our coverlid.'

21 'O mother, mother, for your sin
Heaven-gate you shall not enter in.'

22 'O mother, mother, for your sin
Hell-gates stands open to let you in.'

23 The lady's eheeks lookd pale and wan,
'Alass I,' said she, 'what have I done!'

24 She tore her silken locks of hair,
And dy'd away in sad despair.

25 Young ladies all, of beauty bright,
Take warning by her last good-night.

The Duke's Daughter's Cruelty, or, The Wonderful Apparition of two Infants who she murtherd and buried in a Forrest for to hide her Shame. Printed for J. Deacon at the Sign of the Angel in Guil[t]-spur Street.

Either the printer or the transcriber was careless.

5². sights. 11¹. gowing.

12². was naked inserted by Percy.

16¹. you foot; throne, and perhaps also in 6¹.

20¹. coldeth. 23¹. wand. 25². waring.

After 10 is introduced, absurdly, this stanza, derived from 'The Famous Flower of Serving-Men':

She cut her hair, changed her name
From Fair Elinor to Sweet William.

21. The Maid and the Palmer.

P. 228 a. The Färöe version, 'Mariu vísa,' is No 9 of Hammershaimb's Færøsk Anthologi, p. 35.

22. St Stephen and Herod.

P. 234. The Färöe 'Rudisar vísa' is No 11 of Hammershaimb's Færøsk Anthologi, p. 39. Three copies are now known.

238 b. A description of San Domingo de la Calzada, with a narration of the miracle of St James, is cited by Birlinger from a manuscript of travels by a young German, 1587-93, in Alemannia, XIII, 42-44. The traveller had heard "the fable" in Italy, too, and had seen a painting of it at Savona. R. Köhler.

De Gubernatis, Zoölogical Mythology, II, 283 f, note 2, after citing the legend of San Domingo de la Calzada, adds: A similar wonder is said, by Sigonio, to have taken place in the eleventh century in the Bolognese; but instead of St James, Christ and St Peter appear to perform miracles. G. L. K.

239. In The Ely Volume, or, The Contributions of our Foreign Missions to Science, etc., 2d ed., Boston, 1885, the editor, Dr Laurie, discoursing of the Yezidees, says they speak of Satan as Melek Taoos, King Peacock, and the cawals (a sort of cirenit-riders), "carry round with them brazen images of a bird on a sort of Oriental candlestick, as vouchers for their mission, and a means of blessing to their followers. One of them gave Dr Lobdell the following account of the origin of this name [Melek Taoos]. In the absence of his disciples, Satan, in the form of a dervish, took Christ down from the cross and carried him to heaven. Soon after the Marys came and asked the dervish where Christ was. They would not believe his reply, but promised to do so if he would restore the chicken he was eating to life. He did so, and when he told them who he was they adored him. When he left them he promised always to appear to them as a beautifnl bird, and so the peacock became his symbol." P. 315. G. L. K.

241 a and 505.

Em dezembro, vintecineo,
Meio da noite chegado,
Um anjo ia no ar
A dizer: Elle é já nado.
Pergunta lo boi: Aonde?
La mula pergunta: Quem?
Canta lo gallo: Jesus.
Diz la ovelha: Bethlem.

Azevedo, Romanceiro do Archipelago da Madeira, p. 3. R. Köhler.

The Taking of Stamboul, in Bezsonof, Kalyeki Prekhozhie, I, 617, No 138.

25. Willie's Lyke-Wake.

P. 249 f. The story of **A**, **B**, **C** in a tale, 'La Furarella,' A. de Nino, *Usi e Costumi abruzzesi*, III, 198, No 37. R. Köhler.

C. Russian, in *Trudy*, V, 113, No 249.

29. The Boy and the Mantle.

P. 269 b. Stones. Add the Magnet, *Orpheus de Lapidibus*, Leipsic, 1764, Hamberger, p. 318, translated by Erox, *De Gemmis*, cap. 25; and the Agate, "Albertus Magnus, *De Mineralibus*, l. II, sect. ii, c. 7:" cited by Du Méril, *Floire et Blanceflor*, p. clxvi. G. L. K.

269 b, third paragraph. See the English *Flor* and *Blancheflor*, ed. Hausknecht, 1885, p. 189, vv. 715-20.

270 b, the first paragraph. Add: Grimim, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 931, ed. 1876. "Ebenso trägt die indische Mariatale, so lang ihre Gedanken rein sind, ohne Gefäss das zu Kugeln geballte Wasser:" *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, III, 264, 9, ed. 1856. See Benfey, *Orient und Occident*, I, 719 ff, II, 97. F. Liebrecht. For the Mariatale story (from P. Sonnerat, *Voyage aux Indes Orientales*, etc.), see 'Paria,' in Goethes lyrische Gedichte, erläutert von H. Dünzter, II, 449 ff, ed. 1875.

The dragon kept by the priests of Lanuvian Juno ate honey-cakes from the hands of pure maids who went down into its cave, but twined round the unchaste and bit them: Aelian, *Hist. An.*, xi, 6, Propertius, iv (v), 8. See *Die Jungfernprobe in der Drachenhöhle zu Lanuvium*, C. A. Böttiger's *Kleine Schriften*, I, 178 ff. G. L. K.

Note †. In the English 'Virgilius' it is a brass serpent with the same property: Thoms, *A Collection of Early Prose Romances*, II, p. 34 of *Virgilius*, ed. 1827: cited by Sir Walter Scott, 'Sir Tristrem,' p. 432, ed. 1833, apropos of the trick of the shameless Ysonde. G. L. K.

271 a. *Aqua potationis domini*: see, also, Konrad von Fussesbrunnen, *Die Kindheit Jesu*, ed. Kochendörffer, *Quellen u. Forschungen*, XLIII, p. 81 f, vv. 573-88, 617-21, 673 ff. G. L. K.

A stunned white elephant will be resuscitated if touched by the hand of a chaste woman. A king's eighty thousand wives, and subsequently all the women in his capital, touch the elephant without effect. A serving-woman, devoted to her husband, touches the elephant, and it rises in sound health and begins to eat. *Kathā-sarit-sāgara*, Book VII, ch. 36, Tawney's translation, p. 329 f: H. H. Wilson's *Essays*, II, 129 f. ("In the 115th Tale of the *Gesta Romanorum*, we read that two chaste virgins were able to lull to sleep and kill an elephant that no one else could approach." Tawney's note.) C. R. Lanman.

30. King Arthur and King Cornwall.

P. 277 a, second paragraph. Brags: see Miss Hap-

good's *Epic Songs of Russia*, p. 300; also pp. 48, 50, 61, 65, 161, etc.

280 b, the last paragraph. Färöe **A** is printed by Hammershaimb in *Færøsk Anthologi*, p. 139, No 20.

31. The Marriage of Sir Gawain.

P. 289. Miss Martha Carey Thomas, in her Dissertation on Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, etc., Zürich, 1883, pp. 62-64, has shown that the ugly woman in the English romances is probably derived from 'La damoisele hydeuse,' in the *Perceval of Chrestien de Troyes*, vv. 5996-6015.

32. King Henry.

P. 298, note. So of a frog, *Colshorns*, p. 139, No 42.

298 b, second paragraph. "In an unpublished story of the Monferrato, communicated to me by Dr Ferraro, a beautiful girl, when plucking up a cabbage, sees under its roots a large room, goes down into it, and finds a serpent there, who promises to make her fortune if she will kiss him and sleep with him. The girl consents. After three months the serpent begins to assume the legs of a man, then a man's body, and finally the face of a handsome youth, the son of a king, and marries his young deliverer." *De Gubernatis, Zoölogical Mythology*, II, 418. G. L. K.

34. Kemp Owyne.

P. 307 f. Caspar Decurtius, *Märchen aus dem Bündner Oberlande*, nach dem Räto-Romanischen erzählt, Jecklin, *Volksthümliches aus Graubünden*, Zürich, 1874, p. 126, has a tale of a Schlangenjungfrau who is a maid by day and a serpent by night, and is disenchanted by three kisses. G. L. K.

311. The Rev. Robert Lambe sent Percy, under date of January 29, 1768, "the best copy of 'The Laidley Worm' that he could procure from many incorrect, imperfect, and nonsensical ones." There are differences between this and the copy printed in *Hutchinson*,* but one is about as good as the other. In this earlier copy 2 follows 3 and 37 is wanting. 6 and 7 read :

O up then spake the queen herself :
Who's this that welcoms me ?
A lord replied, The king's daughter,
The flower of the North Country.

'Wo be to thee, thou gray-hair'd man,
Thou mightst have excepted me ;
Before the morn at this same time
I'll bring her to low degree.'

* Not for the first time. A stall-copy among the Percy papers is of the date 1772, and an edition of 1771, from Lambe's manuscript, is transcribed for Percy by Bulman.

And 17, 22 :

He straightway built a bonny ship,
And set her on the sea ;
Her sails were made of silk so fine,
Her masts of rowan-tree.

The hags came back, finding their charms
Most powerfully withstood ;
For warlocks, witches, cannot work
Where there is rowan-tree wood.

Duncan Frasier does not appear in the last stanza :

Now this fact, as it happened, is
For their good sung in rhyme,
Lest they should some important part
Forget of it in time.

Along with this earlier copy of Lambe's is found another, undescribed, which shows both agreements and variations : 2 follows 3, and 6, 7 and the final stanza are the same. 17 and 22 are wanting, and there are, therefore, no witches and no rowan-tree. Instead of 21-23, we have this very bad stanza :

'Run, run, my men, my sailors send
Aboard yon ship so tall,
And bid them drown the Child of Wind ;
But he soon slew them all.'

In the same parcel there is a copy of 'The Laidley Worm' which is somewhat more in the popular tone than the one already printed. It was sent in an undated letter [1775 ?] to J. Bulman, Esq., of Sheepwash, Morpeth, by E. G., that is, Captain E. Grow. "The above," says E. G., "is the Haggworm as I collected it from an old woman. I wrote to the Revd Mr Lamb for his ballad, and directed him to send to you. . . . I think the inclosed more original than his, for Mr Lamb, tho a good antiquarian, is but a bad poet, and above the one half is his own composing." Mr J. Bulman appears to have transmitted this version to Percy, to whom, upon another occasion, May 25, 1775, he sends "a bold imitation of the song, now lost, of the Laidler Worm (written by Duncan Frazier, the monk on Cheviot, in 1270), by a lady, Miss Graham of Gloriourum, in Northumberland ;" of which nothing need be said.

'The Hagg Worm,' obtained from an old woman by Captain E. Grow.

1 Bambrough Castle's a bonny place,
Built on a marble stone,
But long, long did the lady look
Eer her father came home.

2 She knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them taen ;
She cast them oer her left shoulder,
And to the gates she is gaen.

3 It fell out on a day the king
Brought his new lady home,
And all the lordling[s] in his realm
To welcome them did come.

4 ' You 'r weleome, father,' the lady cries,
' To your halls and your towers,
And so are you, good queen,' said she,
' For all that 's here is yours.'

5 ' O who is this,' said the queen,
' That welcomes me so high ?'
Up then spake a greyhaid man,
An ill dead may he dee !
' T is the kinges aie daughter,
The flower of the North Country.

6 ' O woe betyde the[e], greyhaired man,
An ill dead may thou dee !
Had she been fairer then she is,
You might have excepted me.

7 ' I 'll liken her to a laidley worm,
That warps about the stone,
And not till Child of Wynd comes back
Shall she again be wonne.'

8 The lady stood at her bower-door,
A loud laughter took she :
' I hope your prayers will have no pith;
You took not God with ye.'

9 She calld on her waiting-maid —
They calld her Dorothy —
' The coffer that my gold lies in,
I leave to thee the key.'

10 ' Her hellish spells seize on my heart,
And quick will alter me ;
For eer the seting sun is down
A laidler worm I 'll be.'

11 Word 's gone east, and word 's gone west,
And word 's gone oer the sea,
There 's a laidler worm in Spindlestone Heughs
Will destroy the North Countree.

12 For seven miles east and seven miles west,
And seven miles north and south,
Nea blade of grass or corn will grow,
For the venom of her mouth.

13 To this day may be seen the cave
This monsterous worm embowered,
And the stone trough where seven cows' milk
She every day devoured.

14 Word 's gone east and word 's gone west,
Word oer the sea did go ;

The Child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which fill'd his heart with woe.

15 'I have no sister but barely one,
I fear fair Margery !
I wish I was at Spindlestone Heughs,
This laidler worm to see.'

16 Up then spoke his eldest brother,
An angry man was he :
O thou art young, far over young,
To sail the stormy sea.

17 'Peace, brother,' said the Child of Wynd,
'Dear brother, let me be ;
For when we come to danger dire,
I must fight when you will flee.

18 'O let us build a bonny ship,
And set her in the sea ;
The sails shall be of silken twine,
The masts of rowon-tree.'

19 They built a ship, the wind and tyde
Drave them along the deep ;
At last they saw a stately tower,
On the rock high and steep.

20 The sea was smooth, the sky was clear ;
As they approached nigher,
King Ida's castle well they knew,
And the banks of Balmburghshire.

21 The queen lookd thro her bower-window,
To see what she coud see,
And she espied a gallant ship
Come sailing along the sea.

22 She calld on her witch-women
To sink them in the main ;
They hoisted up their silken sails,
And to Warren bridge they gane.

23 The worm lept up, the worm lept down,
She plaited round the stane,
And as the ship came to the land
She banged them off again.

24 The Child leapd in the shallow water
That flows oer Budle sand,
And when he drew his berry-brown sword
She suffered them to land.

25 When they came to Bamburg castle
They tirled at the ring ;
'Who's that,' said the proud porter,
'That woud so fain be in ?'

26 'T is the king's son and Child of Wynd,
Who have long been oer the sea ;

We come to see our sister dear,
The peirless Margery.'

27 'Heigh a ween, and Oh a ween !
A ween, a woe-ses me !
She 's a laidler worm at Spindlestone Heughs,
These seven years and three.'

28 They highted them stright to Spindleston
Heughs —
Grief added to their speed —
Where out she came a laidler worm,
And strack their hearts with dread.

29 The Child drew out his berry-brown sword,
And waved it oer her head,
And cried, If thou

30 'O quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
For if I am not wonne eer the sun goes down,
Wonne will I never be.'

31 He quit his sword, he bent his bow,
He gave her kisses three ;
She threw out her fireballs,
And fiercely made them flee.

32 In she went, and out she came,
A laidley ask was she :
'Oh, tho I am a laidley ask,
No harm I 'll do to thee.'

33 'Oh quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
For if I am not wonne eer the sun goes
down,
Wonne will I never be.'

34 He quit his sword, he bent his bow,
And gave her kisses three ;
But she threw out her fireballs,
And fiercely made them flee.

35 In she went, and out she came,
A laidley adder was she ;
['Oh, tho I am a laidley adder,
No harm I 'll do to thee.]

36 'Oh quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
[For if I am not wonne eer the sun goes
down,
Wonne will I never be.]

37 He quit his sword, he bent his bow,
He gave her kisses three ;
She crept into the cave a snake,
But stopt out a lady.

38 ' O quit thy sword, unbend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
For tho I am a lady fair,
I am . . . to modesty.'

39 He took his mantle from his back,
And wrappd his sister in,
And thei'r away to Bamburg Castle,
As fast as they coud winne.

40 His absence and her reptile form
The king had long deplored,
But now rejoiced to see them both
Again to him restored.

41 The queen he sought, who when he found
All quailed and sore affraid,
Because she knew her power must yield
To Child of Wynd, who said:

42 ' O woe be to the[e], wicked woman,
An ill deed may thou dee!
As thou my sister likened,
So likened thou shalt be.

43 ' I change thy body to a toad,
That on the earth doth wend,
And wonne, wonne shalt thou never be
Untill the world doth end! '

44 Now on the ground, near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathsome toad,
And venom spits on every maid
She meets upon the road.

8⁸. with have.

27². *The correction to woe is is obvious, but, not knowing that there may not have been some such popular interjection as woe-ses, I leave it.*

32⁴. to three.

35. In she went, and out she came.
A laidley adder was she:
' Oh quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses threc.'

She t[h]rew out her fire-balls, etc., is written between the second and third lines. There seems to be no occasion for a third discharge of fireballs; but indeed the fireballs should come before the kisses, anyway.

42². deed did thou.

37. Thomas Rymer.

P. 322, second paragraph and note. Examples are too numerous to require mention, but it may be noticed that in The Turke and Gowin, Percy MS., ed. Hales and Furnivall, I, 98 f, vv 83-101, the Turk will not let

Gawain touch any of the viands set forth in the underground castle, but brings in safe victual for him. G. L. K.

39. Tam Lin.

P. 335. F was learned by Widow McCormick from an old woman in Dumbarton: Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 4.

I. "The variations in the tale of Tamlane" were derived "from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian:" Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 102, 1802.

336 b, third paragraph. Add: Aminson, IV, 6, No 27.

338. King Bean, in the form of a flying thing, turns into a handsome youth after bathing in three vessels successively, one of milk and water, one of milk, one of rose-water: Bernoni, Fiabe pop. veneziane, p. 87, No 17, translated by Crane, Italian Popular Tales, p. 12. A green bird bathes in a pan of milk, and becomes a handsome youth, and, bathing in gold basins full of water, this youth turns into a bird again: Pitré, Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti, I, 163, No 18, translated by Crane, p. 2, and note, p. 321. A prince and his two servants, transformed into pigeons, resume their proper shape on plunging into basins of gold, silver, and bronze respectively: a Tusean story in De Gubernatis, Zoölogical Mythology, II, 299 f, note. G. L. K.

339 b, line 9 ff, Fairy Salve. This feature, in one form or another, occurs in nearly all the stories of mortal women who have helped elf-women in travail that are reported by Árnason, Íslenskar Þjóðsögur, I, 15 ff. G. L. K.

For fairy salve and indiscreet users of it, see, also, J. O'Hanlon, Irish Folk-Lore, Gentleman's Magazine, 1865, Pt II, in the Gentleman's Magazine Library, ed. Gomme, English Traditional Lore, p. 12. G. L. K.

340 a, third line of the second paragraph. Add to Zielke, v. 68: vv. 399-405.

340 a, second paragraph, Ympe-tree. In the lay de Tydorel, published by Gaston Paris in Romania, VIII, 67, a queen goes to sleep, v. 30, soz une ente, with strange results. G. L. K.

40. The Queen of Elfin's Nourice.

P. 358 f. Add: Hunt, Popular Romances of the West of England, ed. 1881, p. 83; P. I. Begbie, Supernatural Illusions, London, 1851, I, 44-47; Bartsch, Sagen, u. s. w., aus Meklenburg, I, 85, No 95; Kuhn, Märkische Sagen, p. 82, No 81, and Sagen, u. s. w., aus Westfalen, I, 285 f, No 331, and note; Grässle, Sagen des Königreichs Sachsen, 2d ed., I, 73, No 69, I, 395, No 455; Peter, Volkstümliches aus Österreichisch-Schlesien, II, 16; Lütolf, Sagen, u. s. w., aus Lucern, u. s. w., p. 476, No 478; Rochholz, Naturmythen, p. 113 f, No 9, and note, and especially the

same author's *Schweizersagen aus dem Aargau*, I, 339; Wolf, *Niederländische Sagen*, p. 501, No 417; Árnason, *Íslenskar Þjóðsögnr*, I, 13-22 (eight). G. L. K.

41. Hind Etin.

P. 365. Add to the German ballad: I, Birlinger u. Crecelius, *Deutsche Lieder, Festgruss an L. Erk*, No 1, 3 stanzas. R. Köhler.

42. Clerk Colvill.

P. 374 b. **Swedish.** 'Prins Olof,' Wigström, *Folkdiktning*, II, 16, is rationalized; the elf is simply a frilla, mistress.

379 a. Add: Breton **G**, 'Le Sône de la Fiancée,' *Revue des Provinces*, III, 3^e livraison; Bladé, not seen by me.

380 a. French **C**. Say 'Le Fils Arnaud,' Noëlas, *Essai d'un Romancero forézien*, 68 verses.

380 b. Add: **HH**, II, 'Jean Renand,' Decombe, *Chansons pop. d'Ille-et-Vilaine*, Nos 89, 90, pp. 253, 256; **JJ**, *Le Limousin*. **KK**, *Le Loiret*, **LL**, *La Vendée*, in *Mélusine*, II, cols 302-305: the last from "Revue de la Province de l'Ouest, 1856-57, IV, 50."

The first stanza, and four of the concluding, in *Poésies pop. de la France*, MS., VI, 491 and 491 bis.

382 a. Italian **B** also in *Rivista di letteratura popolare*, p. 56, 1877.

43. The Broomfield Hill.

P. 391. Josyan, in *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, preserves her chastity by the use of a rune.

'I shall go make me a writ,
Thorough a clerk wise of wit,
That there shall no man have grace,
While that letter is in place,
Against my will to lie me by,
Nor do me shame nor villany.'
She did that letter soon be wrought
On the manner as she had thought;
About her neck she hanged it.

Ellis's *English Metrical Romances*, London, 1848, p. 256.

391 b, note †. The text of Harleian MS., 2270, compared with another copy in Harleian MS., No 5259, is given in Wright's *Latin Stories*, p. 114, No 126, Percy Society, vol. viii. R. Köhler.

In the *Lai de Doon*, ed. G. Paris, Romania, VIII, 61 ff, those who sleep in the bed are found dead in the morning, and Doon simply sits up all night. R. Köhler.

393 b, last line but one. Uhland, No 104, in *Niederdeutsche Volkslieder*, herausgegeben vom Verein für niederdeutsche Sprachforschung, p. 40, No 63.

44. The Twa Magicians.

P. 400 a. Add to the French ballads: **P**, 'Mignonne,' Guillon, p. 248, Ain; **Q**, *Mélusine*, I, 338 f, Carcasonne.

401. **Persian.** Chodzko, *Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia*, p. 487, No 61, Songs of the Ghilanis. This and French **Q** are noted by Hasdek in the Roumanian periodical *Columna lui Traian*, 1876, p. 44, 1877, p. 301, apropos of 'Cucul și Turturica.' **Dalmatian.** Francesco Carrara, *Canti del popolo dalmata*, Zara, 1849, p. ix. *Revue des Traditions populaires*, I, 98. R. Köhler.

402 a, last paragraph. The Welsh text, with an English translation, is given by Stephens, *Literature of the Kymry*, p. 170: cf. pp. 174, 175. G. L. K.

401. In the *Kalevala*, Ilmarinen, after the death of his first wife, steals her younger sister, who is very unwilling to accompany him. She threatens to break his sledge to pieces, but it is made of iron. She will turn into a salmon (Schnäpel) in the sea; he will give chase in the form of a pike. She will become an ermine; he an otter, and pursue her. She will fly off as a lark; he will follow as an eagle. Here the talk of transformation ends: Rune 37, vv. 148-178. The next morning Ilmarinen in his wrath turns the maid into a gull. *Kalewala*, übertragen von Schiefner, pp. 226-228. G. L. K.

45. King John and the Bishop.

P. 404 a. The Two Noble Kinsmen, V, ii, 67, 68, Daughter. How far is 't now to the end o the world,
my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.

G. L. K.

404 b. Death the penalty for not guessing riddles. There is no occasion to accumulate examples, but this Oriental one is worth mentioning. In the tale of Gôsh-i Fryânô, Akht, the sorcerer, will give three and thirty riddles to Gôsh, and if Gôsh shall give no answer, or say, I know not, he will slay him. After answering all the riddles, Gôsh says he will give Akht three on the same terms, and the sorcerer, failing to solve them, is slain. *Ardâ-Vîraf*, *Pahlavi* text, etc., Haug and West, *Bombay and London*, 1872, pp. 250, 263 f. This tale Köhler has shown to be one with that of the fine Kirghish lay 'Die Lerehe,' in Radloff, *Proben der Volks-litteratur der türkischen Stämme Süd-Sibiriens*, III, 780: see *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, XIX, 633 ff.

Additions to the literature, by Dr R. Köhler.

405 b. The tale cited by Vincent of Beauvais is told by Étienne de Bourbon, A. Lecoy de la Marche, *Anecdotes historiques, légendes et apologues*, tirés du recueil inédit d'Étienne de Bourbon, No 86.

In an as yet unprinted fifteenth-century Low German poem on the Seven Deadly Sins (Josefs Gedicht von den sieben Todsünden . . . nach der Handschrift bekannt gemacht von Dr Babucke, Oster-Programm des Progymnasiums zu Norden, 1874, p. 18), a king puts an abbot four questions :

De erste vraghe was, wor dat ertrike wende
Unn were hoghest, eft he dat kende;
De ander, wor dat unghelucke queme
Unn bleve, wan dat eyn ende neme;
Dat drudde, wo gud de konig were na rade
Wan he stunde in synem besten wade;
De verde, we syner eldermoder beneme
De maghedom unn dar wedder in greme.

The abbot's swineherd, named Reyneke, answers:

Die crste vraghe, wor de erde hoghest were,
Reyneke sede: In deme hemmel kommet, here,
By dem vadere Cristus syn vordere hant,
Dar is de hoghe unn keret de erde bekant.
De andere, wor dat lueke ghinghe an,
Dar moste dat ungelueke wenden unn stan,
Unn kende nerghen vorder koumen.
Dat hebbe ik by my sulven vornomen:
Ghisterne was ik eyn sweyn, nu bin ik beschoren,
Unde byn to eyneme heren koren.

The replies to the third and fourth questions are wanting through the loss of some leaves of the MS. As to the first question, compare the legend of St Andrew, *Legenda Aurea*, ed. Grässle, p. 21, *ubi terra sit altior omni coelo*; to which the answer is made, *in coelo empyreo, ubi residet corpus Christi*. See, also, Gering, *Íslendzk Æventýri*, No 24, I, 95, II, 77, and note. For the fourth question see Kemble's *Salomon and Saturn*, p. 295, and Köhler in *Germania*, VII, 476.

408 b. Other repetitions of the popular tale, many of them with the monk or miller *sans souci*. Bartseh, *Sagen, Märchen u. Gebräuche aus Meklenburg*, I, 496 (Pater ohne Sorgen); Asbjørnsen, *Norske Folke-Eventyr*, Ny Samling, 1876, p. 128, No 26; Bondeson, *Halländske Sagor*, p. 103, No 27; the same, *Svenska Folksagor*, p. 24, No 7 (utan all sorg), cf. p. 22, No 6; Wigström, *Sagor och Äfventyr uppdecknade i Skåne*, p. 109, in *Nyare bidrag till kännedom om de svenska landsmålen och svenska folklif*, V, 1; Lespy, *Proverbes du Pays de Béarn*, p. 102; Bladé, *Contes pop. de la Gascogne*, III, 297; Moisant de Brieux, *Origines de quelques coutumes anciennes*, etc., Caen, 1874, I, 147, II, 100; Armana prouençau, 1874, p. 33 (parson, bishop, gardener, middle of the earth, weight of the moon, what is my valuation? what am I thinking?); Pitré, *Fiabe, Novelle, etc.*, II, 323, No 97 (senza pinseri); Imbriani, *La novellaja fiorentina*, etc., p. 621, V (Milanese, senza pensà); Braga, *Contos tradicionaes do povo portuguez*, I, 157, No 71, previously in *Era Nova*, 1881, p. 244 (sem cuidados), and No 160; Krauss,

Sagen u. Märchen der Südlaven, II, 252, No 112 (ohne Sorgen); Erman, *Archiv für die wissenschaftliche Kunde von Russland*, XXIV, 146 (Czar Peter, kummerloses Kloster); Vinson, *Le Folk-Lore du Pays basque*, p. 106; Cerquand, *Légendes et recits pop. du Pays basque*, No 108.

Unterhaltende Rätsel-Spiele in Fragen u. Antworten, gesammelt von C. H. W., Merseburg, 1824, has the story of king, abbot, and shepherd, with the three riddles, How far is it to heaven? How deep is the sea? What is better than a gold coach? The shepherd prompts the abbot, and the abbot answers the king in person. The answer to the third is, the rain that falls between Whitsuntide and St John's. For this reply compare *Archiv für slavische Philologie*, V, 56, lines 25-36.

408 note *. Add the Æsopian tale, P. Syrku, *Zur mittelalterlichen Erzählungsliteratur aus dem Bulgarischen*, *Archiv für slavische Philologie*, VII, 94-97.

410 a. The Jewish-German story is given in Grünbaum's *Jüdischdeutsche Chrestomathie*, 1882, pp. 440-43. The third question is, What am I thinking? with the usual answer.

410 b. Some additions to the literature in Keller, *Fastnachtsspiele*, Nachlese, p. 338, note to 199.

46. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship.

P. 415 a. Ein taub hat kein hungen: R. Köhler, in *Weimarisches Jahrbuch*, V, 344, 22.

416 a, second paragraph. Liebrecht's *Abstract of Sakellarios's ballad* is repeated in Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 162 ff.

416, note †. See R. Köhler, *Die Pehlevi-Erzählung von Gôsht-i Fryânô*, etc., in *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, XXIX, 634-36.

417, note †. The one stake with no head on it occurs in the *Kalevala*. Lemminkäinen, going to the Northland, is warned by his mother that he will find a courtyard planted with stakes, with a head on every stake but one, on which his head will be stuck. Schiefner, *Rune 26*, vv. 315-22, p. 163. G. L. K.

417 b. Similar are 'Las tres adivinanzas,' Marin, *Cantos pop. españoles*, I, 395; 'Soldatino,' *Archivio per Tradizioni popolari*, I, 57.

418 a. Drolleries. See R. Köhler's article on Hagen, No 63, in *Germania*, XIV, 269, written in 1868, to which, Dr K. informs me, he could now make numerous additions.

49. The Twa Brothers.

P. 437 b. Add, though perhaps superfluous: Passow, p. 316, No 437, vv. 37, 38; Legrand, *Recueil de Chansons pop. grecques*, p. 220, v. 24 ff, p. 330, v. 17 ff; Aravandinos, No 435, v. 7 ff.

53. Young Beichan.

P. 463 a, first paragraph. The French ballad in Poésies pop. de la Frane, MS., IV, fol. 404; printed in Mélusine, II, col. 44. Another copy in Mélusine, I, col. 123.

476. Substitute for **L** this broadside: 'Lord Bateman.'

1 Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree ;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would go see.

2 He sailed East, and he sailed West,
Until he came to proud Turkey,
When he was taken and put to prison,
Until his life was almost gone.

3 And in this prison there grew a tree,
It grew so stout and strong,
Where he was chained by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

4 This Turk he had one only daughter,
The fairest creature my eyes did see ;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And swore Lord Bateman she would set free.

5 'Have you got houses ? Have you got lands ?
Or does Northumberland belong to thee ?
What would you give to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set you free ?'

6 'I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland belongs to me ;
I 'll give it all to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set me free.'

7 O then she took me to her father's hall,
And gave to me the best of wine,
And every health she drank unto him,
'I wish, Lord Bateman, that you were mine !'

8 'Now in seven years I 'll make a vow,
And seven years I 'll keep it strong,
If you 'll wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man.'

9 O then she took him to her father's harbour,
And gave to him a ship of fame :
'Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,
I 'm afraid I neer shall see you again.'

10 Now seven long years are gone and past,
And fourteen days, well known to thee ;
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

11 But when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,
So boldly she did ring the bell ;
'Who 's there, who 's there ?' cried the proud porter,
'Who 's there ? come unto me tell.'

12 'O is this Lord Bateman's castle ?
Or is his Lordship here within ?'
'O yes, O yes,' cried the young porter,
'He 's just now taken his new bride in.'

13 'O tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady
Who did release him when close confined.'

14 Away, away, went this proud young porter,
Away, away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber ;
Down on his bended knees fell he.

15 'What news, what news, my proud young porter ?
What news hast thou brought unto me ?'
'There is the fairest of all young creatures
That eer my two eyes did see.'

16 'She has got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she has got three,
And as much gay clothing round her
As would buy all Northumberland free.'

17 'She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady
Who did release you when close confined.'

18 Lord Bateman he then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying, I will give all my father's riches,
That if Sophia has crossed the sea.

19 Then up spoke the young bride'[s] mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free :
You 'll not forget my only daughter,
That if Sophia has crossed the sea.

20 'I own I made a bride of your daughter;
She's neither the better or worse for me;
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three.'

21 Lord Bateiman prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee:
'I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now since Sophia has crossed the sea.'

Pitts, Seven Dials.

P. 485 a, and p. 21, note. See, further, on reproaching or insulting elves and the like, Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, pp. 54-56: Cassel, *Der Schwan*, 1863, p. 14. F. Liebrecht.

Bladé, *Contes populaires de la Gascogne*, II, 8, 9. G. L. K.

485 b. C. The second stanza was accidentally omitted. It is :

'What's that ye hae on your back ?'
'It's my dinner and my book.'

487, note. The scene between St George and the maiden is woven into a Greek tale, 'Der Goldäpfelbaum und die Höllenfahrt,' Halin, No 70, II, 55. See, also, George's legend in Bezsonof, Kalyeki Perekhozhie, I, 506, 509, 520, Nos 117, 118, 120.

496 a. This copy of 'The Twa Sisters,' Z, a variety of R, was derived from ladies in New York, and by them from a cousin.

1 There was a man lived in the West,
Sing bow down, bow down
There was a man lived in the West,
The bow was bent to me
There was a man lived in the West,
He loved his youngest daughter best;
So you be true to your own true-love
And I'll be true to thee.

2 He gave the youngest a beaver hat;
The eldest she was mad at that.

3 He gave the youngest a gay gold ring;
The eldest she had nothing.

4 As they stood by the river's brim,
The eldest pushed the youngest in.

5 'Oh dear sister, hand me your hand,
And I'll give you my house and land.

6 'Oh dear sister, hand me your glove,
And you shall have my own true-love.'

7 First she sank and then she swam,
She swam into the miller's dam.

8 The miller, with his line and hook,
He caught her by the petticoat.

9 He robbed her of her gay gold ring,
And then he threw her back again.

10 The miller, he was burnt in flame,
The eldest sister fared the same.

503 a, fourth paragraph. Add: Bellermann, p. 100, No 12.

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54. The Cherry-Tree Carol.

P. 1. Printed in Bullen's Carols and Poems, 1886, p. 29, with the stanzas in this order: A 1-8, B 8, A 9, B 9-15, B 17. Bullen remarks, As regards the text of this carol, no two copies are found to agree, and one is obliged to adopt an eclectic method: p. 252.

A Dutch carol, keeping the palms, J. A. and L. J. Alberdingk-Thijm, *Oude en nieuwe Kerstliederen*, p. 174, No 87.

55. The Carnal and the Crane.

P. 7. Printed in Bullen's Carols and Poems, 1886, p. 49, with Sandys's text, a.

Legend of the Sower. I omitted to mention 'La Fuito en Egypto,' in Arbaud, I, 33 ff. The legend of the sower is the subject of a carol in the *Bible des Noëls*, printed at Caen: Beaurepaire in *Le Héritier, Littérature pop. de Normandie*, p. 81 f. Also, of a Dutch carol, J. A. and L. J. Alberdingk-Thijm, *Oude en nieuwe Kerstliederen*, p. 138, No 70.

Victor Smith gives two copies in *Noëls du Velay et du Forez, Romania*, VIII, 420 f. R. Köhler. In the second the quail plays the part of the partridge, the swallow befriends the Virgin. V. Smith refers also to Eugène Muller, *Chansons de mon Village*, journal *Le Mémorial de la Loire* du 23 septembre, 1867.

Dr R. Köhler has furnished me with these additional references.

A French Life of the Virgin, cited from a MS. of the thirteenth century, by Reinsch, *Pseudo-Evangelien*, pp. 60-64.

Ferdinand Wolf, *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Literatur*, III, 73, cites from Didron, *Annales Archéologiques*, XVI, 315, 1856, a mystery of The Flight into Egypt, which has the legend of the Sower, in *Noëls dramatiques des Flamands de France*, publiés

par l'abbé Carnel. This mystery was apparently written in the eighteenth century, for representation by a charity-school.

The legend is popularly preserved in Ireland, and a species of beetle is the Virgin's enemy, in place of the partridge or quail (p. 8, note †): E. Adams in Transactions of the London Philological Society, cited by Rolland, *Faune populaire de la France*, III, 326. The same story in Notes and Queries, Fourth Series, X, 183.

The miraculous harvest is the subject of a Catalan popular tale, 'La Menta y 'l Gaitx,' *Maspons y Labrós*, Lo Rondallayre, II, 28. A hawk seconds the mint in calling out, Under the sheaf! Again, simply, without the trait of the malicious plant or bird, in *Leite de Vasconcellos*, *Tradições pop. de Portugal*, p. 106. (Juniper, according to Italian tradition, saves the Virgin during her flight, when broom and chick-pea are on the point of revealing her whereabouts by their noise: *De Gubernatis, Mythologie des Plantes*, II, 153.)

The legend has been transferred by tradition to St Radegund, *Aeta Sanctorum Augusti*, III, 66; to St Macrina, pursued by Gargantua, *Sébillot, Gargantua dans les Traditions populaires*, p. 173; and even to Luther, von Schulenburg, *Wendische Volkssagen*, p. 47. It is cited from the 145th book of the works of Bernard de Bluet d'Arberes, by P. L. Jacob, *Dissertations Bibliographiques*, p. 195.

56. Dives and Lazarus.

P. 10. Printed in A. H. Bullen's *Carols and Poems*, 1886, p. xviii, from a Birmingham broadside of the last century, differing only in a few words from **A**.

57. Brown Robyn's Confession.

P. 13. I neglected to refer to the throwing over of Bonnie Annie in No 24, I, 244. Add: 'Les Pèlerins de Saint-Jacques,' Decombe, *Chansons pop. d'Ille-et-Vilaine*, p. 284, No 98.

As to detention of ships by submarine people, see R. Köhler, in *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, XXIX, 456-458.

15. For other cases of guilty men who endanger ships being ascertained by lot and thrown into the sea, see R. Köhler's *Vergleichende Anmerkungen*, prefixed to Karl Warnke's edition of the *Lais of Marie de France*, p. C, Eliduc, I. Köhler cites 'Tristan le Léonois,' in which Sadoc, a nephew of Joseph of Arimathea, is the offender who is thus disposed of. Wesselofsky, *Archiv für slavische Philologie*, IX, 288 ff (as pointed out to me by Dr Köhler), makes the admirable suggestion that Sadok (in Hebrew, The Just) is the original of the Russian Sadko.

The story of Sadko, in Miss Hapgood's *Epic Songs of Russia*, p. 313.

19 b. Mermaids boding storms: Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, ed. 1881, p. 15. G. L. K.

58. Sir Patrick Spens.

P. 20 b. **A** a is translated in Seckendorf's *Musenalmanach für das Jahr 1808*, p. 9.

59. Sir Aldingar.

P. 33, note. Octavian, ed. Sarrazin, p. 8, 195 ff, p. 72, 157 ff.

40 a, the second paragraph. There are five copies of the Färöe ballad. The copy in the *Antiquarisk Tidskrift* was made up from four. A fifth, printed by Hammershaimb in *Færøsk Anthologi*, p. 188, No 25, has a widely divergent and very inferior story. There is no ordeal by battle. Óluva asks to be subjected to three probations, sea, fire, and a snake-house, and comes off triumphantly. Mýlind, her slanderer, is so absurd as to propose to try the snake-house, and is torn to pieces ere he is half in. Óluva goes into a cloister.

60. King Estmere.

P. 49, note †. "Was lough a loud laughter the reading of the folio?" "A loud laughter the lade loughed," *Percy Folio*, I, 190, 'The Lord of Learne,' v. 215. G. L. K.

51, and 54, stanza 49. Riding into Hall. Sir Percival rides so close to King Arthur that his mare kisses Arthur's forehead, v. 494 ff; knocks off the king's hat, Chrestien de Troyes, 2125 ff (the kissing is a mistranslation); he binds his mare in the hall, v. 599, *Thornton Romances*. Lancelot rides into hall in *Morte Arthur*, v. 1555, p. 60, ed. Furnivall. Dame Tryamour rides into hall in the English *Launfal*, v. 973 ff, Ritson, *Met. Rom.*, I, 212; Lanval, v. 617 ff, Warnke, *Lais der Marie de France*, p. 111.

Floris ende Blancesfloer, ed. Moltzer, p. 29, v. 1055: F. Liebrecht.

Floire et Blanceflor, ed. Du Méril, v. 665 f, p. 28. *Torrent of Portugal*, ed. Halliwell, v. 1143 ff, p. 49: *Torrent* and others ride into the king's hall during meat, *Torrent* even 'up to the lady.' *Le Bel Inconnu*, ed. Hippéau, vv. 71-89, p. 4. *Ipomydon*, ed. Weber, vv. 1651 ff, III, 341: *Ipomydon*, disguised as a fool, goes to the king's court on a rouncey, and when told to go to meat ties his horse 'fast him by'; into the hall came riding a may. G. L. K.

51 b, the third paragraph. "En ces temps-là, dit la *Chronique Générale d'Espagne*, les rois, comtes, nobles, et tous les chevaliers, afin d'être prêts à toute heure, tenaient leurs chevaux dans la salle où ils couchaient avec leurs femmes: Taine, *Les Origines de la France contemporaine*, I, 10 f." F. Liebrecht. "E

assy los reyes e condes e los altos omes e todos los otros caualleros que se presçiauan de armas, todos parauan los cauallos dentro en las camaras donde tenien sus lechos donde dormian con sus mugeres, porque, luego que oyan dar el apellido, touiessen prestos sus cauallos e sus armas, e que caualgassen luego sin otra tardança ninguna." Crónica de España, ed. 1541, Third Part, fol. celxxv.

61. Sir Cawline.

P. 56. I have omitted to refer to the close resemblance to Sir Eglamour, Thornton Romances, p. 121, Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, II, 341. See 'Sir Lionel,' I, 209.

56 b, line 19 f. Compare the sword given by Crisabelle to Sir Eglamour, v. 265 f:

Saint Poule fonde hyt in the Grekes sea.

57 a. In the *Lai de l'Espine*, erroneously ascribed by Roquefort to Marie de France, the hero, holding watch for the sake of adventure at the Gué de l'Espine, en la nuit de la Saint Jéhan, tilts with eldritch knights and wins a horse from one of them. The horse disappears, much as in the story in Gervase of Tilbury. G. L. K.

62. Fair Annie.

P. 67, note ‡. More eases in Dr R. Köhler's annotation to 'Le Fraisne,' Warnke, *Lais der Marie de France*, p. LXIV ff. See, also, Liebrecht, *Germania*, XXVIII, 114 f. [The passage concerning Guinea negroes, Köhler, p. LXXIV, occurs also, perhaps originally, in Astley's *Voyages*, III, 83, whence it is cited by Sir John Lubbock, *Mental and Social Condition of Savages*, p. 36, ed. 1882. G. L. K.]

63. Child Waters.

P. 85 b. Percy's ballad is translated in Seckendorf's *Musenalmanach für das Jahr 1808*, p. 120.

66. Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet.

P. 127 a. Sword in bed.

Add the following references, communicated by Dr R. Köhler. Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, Nos 39, 40, I, 272, 279; Bladé, *Contes p. de la Gascogne*, I, 284; Leskien u. Brugman, *Litauische Volkslieder u. Märchen*, p. 394, *Märchen* 11, and Wollner's note, p. 548; Pio, *Νεοελληνικά Παραμύθια*, No 10, p. 174; a Latin tale in *Jahrbuch für romanische u. englische Literatur*, XI, 231; Prym u. Socin, *Syrische Sagen u. Märchen*, No 7, p. 25; Gaster, *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sagen- u. Märchenkunde*, p. 28; Generides, ed. Furnivall, p. 202, v. 6511 ff, ed. Wright, 3921 ff; the French

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Bevis of Hampton, and (through Amis and Amiloun) one version of the Seven Sages, epitomized in *Loiseleur des Longchamps*, *Essai sur les Fables indiennes*, Rajna, *Ricerchi intorno ai Reali di Francia*, p. 121, and *Origini dell' Epopea franeese*, p. 406; Lane, *Thousand and One Nights*, III, 346, Story of Seyf El-Mulook (A. Weber); Weber, *Ueber eine Episode im Jaimini-Bhārata*, *Monatsberichte der Berliner Akademie*, 1869, p. 40; Reinisch, *Die Nuba-Sprache*, I, 190; Consiglieri Pedroso, *Portuguese Folk-Tales*, *Folk-Lore Society*, No 25, p. 100 (lance for sword).

The King of the Crows (a man by night) puts a naked sword between himself and his wife. Bladé, *Contes pop. de la Gascogne*, I, 21. G. L. K.

127 b. Jumping over tables. See, also, I, 502 a, note to p. 194, and 502 b, note to 198 b. Add to the Polish ballads in the last, Roger, p. 13, Nos 25, 26: in 25 the bride jumps three, in 26 she jumps four and knocks over a fifth with her foot. R. Köhler notes a Slavic ballad of the same set, translated by Max Waldau, *Deutsches Museum*, 1851, I, 134. Nastasya (see I, 200) jumps over a table to get to Dobrynya, Hilferding, col. 810, No 157; Miss I. F. Hapgood's *Epic Songs of Russia*, p. 267.

Herr Lave, in the favorite and excellent Scandinavian ballad, 'Herr Lave og Herr Jon,' jumps over the table when he is told "nu sover Hr. Jon hos unge Bruddin," Kristensen, II, 304, No 86, C 13: so Kristensen, I, 172, No 62, A 5; Wigström, *Folkdiktning*, I, 71, No 34, stanza 15; Öberg, *Filikromen*, III, 32, 35, stanza 15; Grundtvig, No 275, 'Hr. Find og Vendel rod,' stanza 12. Liebrecht, *Englische Studien*, IX, 447, adds E. Wigström, *Folkdiktning*, I, 14, 'Agneta och bergamannen,' stanza 18.

Alexander, in disguise, jumps over Darius's table, Kyng Alisaunder, 4236-39, Weber, I, 174; Garadue jumps the table in the *Lai du Corn*, Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, vv. 551-54, p. 340. The Soudan of Dammas, Kyng of Tars, vv. 97 ff, Ritson, II, 160, and King Richard, Richard Coer de Lion, vv. 1795-98, Weber, II, 71, smite the table down. G. L. K.

67. Glasgerion.

P. 137 a, second paragraph. Landau notes various unpleasant stories resembling Boceaccio's, *Quellen des Dekameron*, pp. 70 f, 74 ff, ed. 1884.

137 a, note *. The comparison between Chaucer's *Glaseurion* and the Welsh Geraint had already been made by Price, *Essay on the Remains of Ancient Lit. in the Welsh, etc.*, 1845, *Literary Remains of the Rev. Thomas Price*, 1854, I, 152. G. L. K.

137 b, line 18. Insert: Briz, V, 73.

Line 20. Add: the harping of Wäinämöinen, *Kalevala*, Rune 41, v. 31 ff, Schiefner, p. 240. Daghda, the Druid, performs in the hall of his enemies the three feats which give distinction to a harper: makes the women cry tears, the women and youth burst into

laughter, and the entire host fall asleep. O'Curry, *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, III, 214: cf. D'Arbois de Jubainville, *Cours de la Litt. Celtique*, II, 190 f. G. L. K.

68. Young Hunting.

P. 143, note ‡. *Danske Samlinger, Norske Magasin*, are cited by Grundtvig, IV, 151.

143. Discovery of drowned bodies. See, further, Dennys, *The Folk-Lore of China*, p. 64; Liebrecht, *Volkskunde*, p. 332, No 169, and *Englische Studien*, IX, 447; *Mélusine*, II, cols 252, 253.

69. Clerk Saunders.

P. 158 b, at the end of the first paragraph. Supply the Portuguese versions, accidentally omitted: 'Dona Branca,' Braga, *Cantos pop. do Archipelago açoriano*, p. 233; 'Dom Alberto,' p. 236, 'Flor de Marilia,' p. 237.

72. The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford.

P. 174. Add to the Spanish and Italian ballad: 'Les trois Clercs,' Decombe, as above, p. 267, No 93; 'Les trois Écoliers,' *Mélusine*, I, col. 243 f; 'La Légende de Pontoise' (corrupted), *Poésies p. de la France*, MS., I, fol. 82, *Mélusine*, II, 18 f.

73. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.

P. 179 b. F. After Kinloch MSS, III, 127, insert: and Dr John Hill Burton's papers.

182. Green and blue.

" Oh green's forsaken,
And yellow's forsworn,
And blue's the sweetest
Color that's worn."

This is given (apropos of an emerald engagement-ring) as a popular rhyme in William Black's *Three Feathers*, chap. ix. The scene is in Cornwall.

" Then shall ye were a shelde of blewe,
In token ye shall be trewe,"

says the king's daughter of Hungary in the *Squyr of Lowe Degre*, vv. 205, 206, Ritson, III, 153. See Rochholz, *Altdeutsches Bürgerleben*, pp. 277, 278. G. L. K.

75. Lord Lovel.

204 and 212.

J

Communicated by Mr Macmath, as derived from his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, who learned it from her mother, Janet Spark, Kirkcudbrightshire.

1 Lord Lovel was standing at his stable-door,
Kaiming down his milk-white steed,
When by came Lady Anzibel,
Was wishing Lord Lovel good speed, good
speed,
Was wishing Lord Lovel good speed.

2 'O where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she
said,
'O where are you going?' said she:
'I'm going unto England,
And there a fair lady to see.'

3 'How long will you stay, Lord Lovel?' she
said,
'How long will you stay?' says she:
'O three short years will soon go by,
And then I'll come back to thee.'

P. 205 a, note. Add: (28) a copy in B. Seuffert, *Maler Müller*, Berlin, 1877, p. 455 f: R. Köhler. (Dropped in the second edition, 1881.)

205 b, note *. The Finnish version is 'Morsiamen kuolo,' *Kanteletar*, 1864, p. viii.

P. 206. Add: Decombe, 'Derrièr la Trinité,' p. 210, No 75, 'En chevauchant mon cheval rouge,' p. 212, No 76; Ampère, *Instructions*, p. 36, *Bulletin du Comité*, etc., I, 252, 'Les chevaux rouges.'

77. Sweet William's Ghost.

P. 227, note ‡. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Introduction to The Pirate*, ed. 1846, p. viii, and note, p. 136, informs us that the old woman was Bessie Millie, living at Stromness, Pomona, Orkney (not Shetland). W. Macmath.

227 b. Asking back troth. The Child of Bristow's father, who has been charged by his son to come back from purgatory at intervals of a fortnight, asks back his troth three times, and gets it after he is ransomed by his son: Hazlitt, *Early Popular Poetry*, I, 120, 124, 128.

78. The Unquiet Grave.

P. 235 a. Add these versions of the tale of the child that is obliged to carry its mother's tears in a pitcher, or whose clothes are wet with its mother's tears: 'Das Thränenkrüglein,' Bechstein, *Märchenbuch*, 1845, p. 109, 1879, p. 110; Wucke, *Sagen der mittleren Werra*, 1864, I, 133; also, II, 31; Krainz, *Mythen u. Sagen*

aus dem steirischen Hochlande, p. 405, No 309 [and Sagen aus Steirmark, p. 50, No 44]; Jäcklin, Volks-thümliches aus Graubünden, Cur, 1878, p. 18, versified by the editor; Friedrich Müller, Siebenbürgische Sagen, 1857, p. 47, No 64, and Wien, 1885, No 87; von Shulenburg, Wendische Volkssagen, p. 238; Krauss, Sagen u. Märchen der Südslaven, II, 307, No 132. J. W. Wolf, Deutsche Märchen u. Sagen, p. 162, No 42, gives the story from Thomas Cantipratensis, and in a note, at p. 595, says, dieselbe Sage ist auch muhammedanisch, doch muss ich leider die nähere Nachweise darüber für ein anderes Mal ersparen. R. Köhler.

Schambach u. Müller, Niedersächsische Sagen, No 233, p. 220, and note at p. 364; Lüttolf, Sagen aus Luzern, p. 515. G. L. K.

236 a. Better in the Pahlavi text, *Ardā-Virāf*, Haug and West, Bombay and London, 1872, ch. 16, p. 165. Srōsh, the pious, and Åtarō, the angel, said thus. This river is the many tears which men shed from the eyes as they make lamentation and weeping for the departed. They shed those tears unlawfully, and they swell to this river. Those who are not able to cross over are those for whom, after their departure, much lamentation and weeping were made, and those who cross more easily are those for whom less was made. Speak forth to the world thus: When you are in the world, make no lamentation and weeping unlawfully; for so, much harm and difficulty may happen to the souls of your departed.

236 b. Add: the legend *Santo Antonio e a Princeza*, Estacio da Veiga, Romanceiro do Algarve, p. 178, Hardung, Romanceiro Portuguez, II, 151f; and to note †, Jacobs, Anthologia Græca, II, 799, Appendix Epigrammatum, 125, ed. 1814. F. Liebrecht.

80. Old Robin of Portingale.

P. 240 a. Add: 'Willie's Fatal Visit,' Buchan, II, 259 f, stanza 5; 'Wallace and his Leman,' p. 226, stanza 2.

240 b, second paragraph, fourth line. Say: burns or cuts.

And with a knyfe son gerte he schare
A crose appone his schuldir bare.

Sir Isumbras, Thornton Romances, ed. Halliwell, p. 94, v. 135 f.

King Richard, in *Richard Coer de Lion*, v. 1726, Weber, II, 68, says: "Upon my flesch I bare the croys." Certain young men who had refused to take the cross, having got worsted in a fight with robbers, condignly, three days afterwards, crucem quem antea spreverant in carne sibi invicem ultronei affixerunt. Giraldus Cambrensis, *Itinerarium Cambriæ*, ii, 7, Opera, ed. Dimock, VI, 126. G. L. K.

81. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.

P. 243 b, third paragraph. Heathen child: so Sir Beues of Hamtoun, v. 3558, p. 136 (Maitland Club).

244. For wiping or whetting the sword, see further under No 99, p. 378.

89. Fause Foodrage.

P. 297 a, third paragraph. A Färöe version, 'Sveinur í Vallalíð,' one of five known, is printed by Hammershaimb, *Færøsk Anthologi*, No 19, p. 124.

90. Jellon Grame.

P. 303 b, the first paragraph. Add to Bugge, No 5, Landstad's version, No 18, stanzas 6, 7, p. 224. The trait of the extraordinary growth of the boy who is to avenge his father is preserved also in the Färöe 'Sveinur í Vallalíð' (a variety of 'Ung Villum,' II, 297 a), Hammershaimb, *Færøsk Anthologi*, p. 131, stanzas 44, 45. Again in 'Ivar Erlingen og Riddarsonen,' Landstad, No 13, stanzas 22, 23, p. 161. Sigurd grows more in one month than other bairns in six in some Färöe versions of 'Regin Smith,' as Lyngbye, p. 58, stanzas 33, 34; the verses having, perhaps, been adopted from other ballads: see Hammershaimb, *Sjúrðar kvæði*, p. 6, note 2. This marvellous growth occurs in some popular tales, as 'Der Grindkopf' (Italian), Köhler, in *Jahrbuch für rom. u. eng. Literatur*, VIII, 253, Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Volksmärchen*, I, 158, No 26.

91. Fair Mary of Wallington.

P. 310 b, last paragraph, eleventh line. After Wunderhorn, etc., insert: 'Von der jungen Markgräfin,' Seckendorf's *Musenalmanach für das Jahr 1808*, p. 23.

93. Lamkin.

P. 320 and 339.

W

'Bloody Lambkin,' communicated by Mr Macmath as derived from his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, who learned it from her aunt, Minnie Spark, Kirkeudbrightshire.

* * * *

1 And it was weel built,
without and within,
Except a little hole,
to let Bloody Lambkin come in.

* * * *

2 He stabbed her young son,
wi the silver bodkin,
Till oot o the cradle
the reed blude did rin.

3 'Oh still my babe, nourrice,
still him wi the keys :'
'He'll no be still, madam,
let me do what I please.'

4 'Oh still my babe, nourrice,
still him wi the knife :'
'He'll no be still, madam,
na, no for my life.'

5 'Oh still my babe, still my babe,
still him wi the bell :'
'He'll no be still, madam,
till ye come down yoursel.'

6 'How can I come down,
this cold frosty night ?
I have neither coal nor candle,
for to show me light !'

* * * *

7 'O haud your tongue, nourrice,
sae loud as ye lee ;
Ye'd neer a cut finger
but I pitied thee.'

95. Maid Freed from the Gallows.

P. 349 b. Add: Antonovitch and Dragomanof, Historical Songs of the Little-Russian People, Kief, 1874, I, 102, No 34; Chodzko, Les Chants historiques de l'Ukraine, p. 72. A Cossack writes to his father from prison, begging to be ransomed. 'How much?' asks the father. 'Eight oxen to every house, with their plows.' If he must give so much, the son will have to die. The son writes to his mother. 'How much do they ask?' 'Eight milch-cows, with their calves.' At that rate he will have to die. He writes to his love. 'How much must be paid?' 'Seven hundred ducks from each house.' She would rather part with all she has than let him die.

100. Willie o Winsbury.

P. 398. This copy, **J**, which resembles **D**, was communicated by Mr Maemath as derived, September 13, 1886, from his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, who learned it above fifty years ago at Airds of Kells, Kirkcudbrightshire, from the singing of Samuel Galloway. "Barborough may be spelt Barburgh, Barbara, or even, perhaps, Barbary."

1 There was a lass in the North Country,
And her clothing it was the green,

And she's looked ower her father's castle-wa,
For to see her father's ships sail in, in,
For to see her father's ships on sea.

2 'What aileth thee, dear daughter ?' he said,
'What makes thee so pale and wan ?
I'm afraid you've got some sore sickness,
Or have lain wi some young man, man,
Or have lain wi some young man.'

3 'O I have got no sore sickness,
Nor I've lain with no young man ;
But the thing that grieves me to the heart
Is my true-love is staying too long.'
That my true-love, etc.

4 'O is he a lord, or a duke, or a knight,
Or a man of birth or fame ?
Or is he one of my own servant-men,
That is lately come from Spain ?'

5 'He's neither a lord, nor a duke, nor a knight,
Nor a man of birth or fame ;
But he is one of your own servant-men,
That is lately come from Spain.'

6 'O call him down, the Spanish dog,
O call him down to me,
For before eight o'clock next morning
Hanged he shall be, be,
Aye, hanged on a tree.'

7 'It's oh forbid, dear father,' she said,
'That anything there should be,
For if that you hang John Barborough,
You'll get nae mair good o me.'

8 He's called down his merry men all,
By one and by two and by three ;
John Barborough was to be the first,
But the last man down came he.

* * * * *

9
For every pound that he laid down,
John Barborough laid down three.

Dr Davidson has given me a stanza, derived from Aberdeenshire, which is close to **G** 10.

She turned her right an round about,
Wi the saut tear in her ee :



'O gin ye hang my True Tammas,
Ye 'se never see guid o me.'

To be Corrected in the Print.

I, 67 a, line 15. *Read Trundeson.*
279 b, note §, first citation. *Read 31² for 29².*
319, note *, second line. *Read later for Latin.*
322, note *, last line but one. *Read baciata.*
392 b, third line. *O has dropt out of Oesterley.*
392 b, third paragraph, second line. *Read husband's sons are.*
400 b, first line. *Read si.*
400 b, sixth line from the bottom. *Read Čelakovský.*
407 b, second paragraph, last line but one. *Read abbot be cook.*
486 a, **CC**, first line, and 504 a, 219 b, fifth line. *Read Schlossar.*

II, 10 b, second paragraph, last line. *Read 97 for 47.*
78 b, stanza 26². *Read frae for from.*
82 a, third stanza from the bottom, second verse. *Read Orris.*
85 a, first paragraph, last line. *Read J 30 for F 30.*
99 a, **A** 31¹, third line. *Read 32⁸ for 31¹.*
133, **D** 4¹. *Read Lord Ingram.*
136 b, second paragraph, second line. *Read III, 113-118.*
137 b, third paragraph, second line. *Read Barnard.*
143, note ‡. *Read Samlinger . . . Norske Magasin.*

185 a, stanza 21⁸. *Drop the.*
206 a, third paragraph (7), and 215 b, second paragraph, last line but four. *Read Aravandinos.*
215 b, second paragraph, last line but five. *Read 89 for 29.*
256, **K** 2⁴. *Read in o my arms.*
326, stanza 8¹. *Read O go please it.*
352, stanza 20². *Read No tho (No having been arbitrarily struck out).*

It is intended to follow the spelling of sources or to note departures from it. The following undesigned variations from the spelling of the texts have been observed. Undoubtedly there are others. All that shall be detected will be registered, and literal conformity restored if the opportunity shall offer.

I, 145 b, 21². *Read silver-shode.*
II, 48 a, **C** 1³. *Read rottens.*
78, 4⁸. *Read welcome.*
78, 22². *Read angring.*
78, 24². *Read bot.*
91, **D** 24⁸. *Read ha an.*
91, **D** 27¹, 2. *Read ye 'el.*
91, **D** 29⁸. *Read mether an.*
107, **D** 15². *Read spak.*
108, **E** 2⁴. *Read die.*
111, notes, **E** 1⁸. *Read labour.*
190, **F** 13⁴. *Read Te.*
207, **B** 3¹. *Read whan.* 4⁸. *Read lang.*
209, **D** 4⁴. *Read fair.* 5⁴. *Read aw.*
248, **D** 1⁸. *Read Levingstone.*
248, **D** 5⁸, 7¹, 14². *Read gowd.*
326, 12¹, 17¹. *Read nursy.*

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